

# OVID's EPISTLES.

Translated into

*Ovidius Naso*  
15

ENGLISH VERSE; [*Ep. Heroid.*]

With Critical Essays and Notes.

Being part of a Poetical and Oratorical Lecture, read in  
the Grammar-School of *Ashford*, in the County of  
*Kent*; and calculated to initiate Youth in the first  
Rudiments of Taste.

By ST: BARRETT, A. M.

Master of the said School.

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OVID'S

EPICUREAN

THE

ENGLISH

THE



T O

Sir Wyndham Knatchbull Wyndham,

B A R O N E T:

Patron of the Free-Grammar School

of *Ashford*

in the County of *Kent*,

This WORK,

designed for the Use of the said School,

is humbly inscribed,

by

The A U T H O R.

THE JOURNAL OF

JOHN R. KELLY

1860-1861

TO THE  
R E A D E R.

**T**IS frequent to meet with Gentlemen of a thorough school-education, and great proficiency in the learned languages; who yet, 'till they converse with men of taste, have no idea of the beauties of the Classics, or, indeed, true sense of their words: their school-masters, either from want of skill, or time, having never initiated them into either. In order to obviate which defect, I instituted, for my youth in the upper classes, a course of poetical lectures, instead of a common exercise, for one night in the week: which, begining with this author, runing through select pieces of our own, as well as the Latin and Greek writers, and ending with Longinus, contributes  
no



no little towards forming their taste, and more fully explaining the short hints they receive from me, when up at lesson. The notes, therefore, of the ensuing work, are classical only and critical ; calculated for the uses abovementioned : those for the history and explanation of the author being to be found in other editions : and it being my care to have it rendered to me, not only in the true sense, but also in good language, before we proceed to remarks upon it's beauties. Part of this impression is reserved for the use of my Scholars ; and part offered to the Publick ; if by chance any of my brethren chuse to make the same use of it, I do ; or the use I make of other translations of the superior class of poets ; namely, to suffer my scholars to compare them with the originals, after the lesson is said, and not before : or if any Gentleman, such as I mentioned above, has attained language without taste ; he may draw from hence  
the

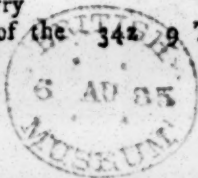
the first principles of it. And I doubt not but such as are masters of both, if this translation should fall in their way, will readily excuse it's defects, as coming from hands too full of business, to write correctly; and pardon the triteness of many observations, as being the keys for the first opening of young minds only.



The

The reader is desired to correct the following ERRATA, which affect the sense; and excuse a few less material ones of punctuation, &c. occasioned by the author's great distance from the press.

Page	Line		Page	Line	
8	10	N. <i>for</i> 52 <i>read</i> 57	222	16	N. <i>f.</i> him <i>r.</i> have
31	6	N. <i>f.</i> 21 <i>r.</i> 25	239	2	N. <i>f.</i> see <i>r.</i> sees
25	14	N. <i>f.</i> intensi <i>r.</i> infensi	241	17	N. <i>f.</i> his <i>r.</i> hic
35	2	N. <i>f.</i> passivæ <i>r.</i> passivi	248	4	N. <i>f.</i> impress'd <i>r.</i> im-
50	14	T. <i>f.</i> becomes <i>r.</i> become			presses
55	4	T. <i>f.</i> glisly <i>r.</i> grisly	250	2	N. <i>dele</i> the
59	14	N. <i>f.</i> courses <i>r.</i> courfers	262	6	T. <i>f.</i> to <i>r.</i> too
64	5	T. <i>f.</i> punish <i>r.</i> punish'd	264	7	N. <i>f.</i> to <i>r.</i> on
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68	8	N. <i>f.</i> fights <i>r.</i> fighs			timus
89	last	N. <i>f.</i> successful <i>r.</i> suc-	282	7	T. <i>f.</i> no <i>r.</i> nor
		cessless	288	3	T. <i>f.</i> to <i>r.</i> too
93	7	N. <i>f.</i> persons <i>r.</i> person.	ibid.	4	T. <i>f.</i> too <i>r.</i> to
110	1	T. <i>f.</i> express'd <i>r.</i> repress'd	ibid.	5	T. <i>f.</i> brawner <i>r.</i> braw-
163	7	N. <i>f.</i> makes <i>r.</i> make			nier
165	4	N. <i>f.</i> in <i>r.</i> is	295	2	N. <i>f.</i> uno versu <i>r.</i> uno
166	10	T. <i>f.</i> may <i>r.</i> my			in versu.
170	3	N. <i>f.</i> in equal <i>r.</i> in an e-	306	3	T. <i>add</i> are
		qual	310	16	N. <i>f.</i> my <i>r.</i> may
189	9	T. <i>f.</i> that plain <i>r.</i> on	311	1	T. <i>dele</i> are
		that plain	321	17	T. <i>f.</i> your <i>r.</i> you
191	3	N. place the comma af-	ibid.	18	T. <i>f.</i> you <i>r.</i> your.
		ter alike	335	17	T. <i>f.</i> penitent <i>r.</i> peni-
201	2	N. <i>f.</i> carried <i>r.</i> carry			tent
204	8	N. <i>f.</i> of verse <i>r.</i> of the	342	9	T. <i>f.</i> the <i>r.</i> and.
		verse			



P E N E L O P E

T O

U L Y S S E S.

B



## The ARGUMENT.

*PENELOPE, the daughter of Icarius, was wife to Ulysses, king of Ithaca and some neighbouring isles in the Ionian sea, on the western coast of Greece; by whom she had a son named Telemachus. During her husband's absence for ten years at the siege of Troy, where he performed wonders by his valour and conduct, and ten years more wandering about the seas, where he endured still greater hardships, she was pestered at home by a number of suitors, who lived upon her all the while in a luxurious manner. She, hoping the speedy return of her husband, by various artifices put off, from time to time, both them and her father Icarius; who, believing Ulysses to be really dead, solicited her also to make a second choice. Whenever a foreign sail arrived, she wrote by the crew to her husband, if by chance they should meet him on the seas; and this we may suppose to have been one of those letters.*

# PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

**T**HIS, still your wife, myling'ring Lord! I send:  
Yet be your answer personal, not penn'd.

## ESSAY.

My dear youth,

**T**HE first things observable in writings, in a critical view, are the sentiment or thought, and the expression or diction; for although the word *style* be used by some writers as synonymous with the latter, yet in my opinion it has rather a complex sense, including both together. The sentiment should be various, according to the kind of writing in which it is employed. In epic it should be grand and noble, in tragic bold and animated, in comic facetious and droll, in elegiac solemn and querulous, and in the epistolary easy and domestic. And the expression should suit the complexion of the thought; in heroics sublime and lofty, in tragedy commanding and sonorous, in comedy light and chearful, in elegy soft and mournful, and in epistle common yet musical. Just as Horace has described the variety in characters on the stage:

————— *Tristia mœstum*  
*Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;*  
*Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.*  
Art. Poet. lin. 105.

The varying face should ev'ry passion show,  
And words of sorrow wear a look of woe:  
Let it in joy assume a vivid air;  
Fierce when in rage; in seriousness severe.

FRANCIS.

Sunk now is Troy, the curse of Grecian dames!  
(Her king, her all, a worthless prize!) in flames.

## ESSAY.

This short observation will suffice, by way of foundation, for you, on which to fix your judgment upon writings in every branch; for, according as they agree with or differ from this, let the names of the authors be ever so great, be assured that the performance is good or bad. Now there are several reasons why I chose to found my lecture upon Ovid, preferably to any other classic. The first is, because he was a gentleman both by birth and education, which cannot be said for many of the ancient Roman poets. Hence we account for that uncommon ease and flow of expression, for which he stands eminently distinguished among the best writers; and nothing contributes more towards perfection in writing, than variety of good phrase; it keeps the attention awake even to trifles, and diversifies what would otherwise disgust by recurring too frequently; it has this good effect in particular, to produce the same faculty in the reader. For which reason Ovid must needs be an author very proper for the perusal of youth.

Secondly, as when you arrive at maturity of judgment and taste, I should be delighted to observe in you the chasteness of Virgil's, and the correctness of Horace's, expression; so, at present, I should not be displeased you should have the luxuriance of Ovid's. For Tully, who had studied more, and knew better, than any man that ever lived, the surest methods of education, judged exuberance to be a most promising sign in youth, that there might be something afterwards to prune away.

And, lastly, as the same author observes upon friendship, that it arises chiefly from a similitude of studies and inclinations in the parties; so Ovid, whose manner, fancy, turn, and expression, are all juvenile, is, for the same reason, of all others, most likely to strike in with the taste of persons of your age. And I need not inform  
you



PENELOPE to ULYSSES. 5

O had, by storms (his fleet to Sparta bound), 5  
 Th' adult'rer \* perish'd in the mad profound !  
 Cold in a widow'd bed I ne'er had lay,  
 Nor chid with weary eyes the ling'ring day :  
 Nor the protracted nuptials to avoid,  
 By night unravell'd what the day employ'd. 10

\* Paris.

ESSAY.

you with how much more ease instruction proceeds, when it is made a pleasure, than when a task ; or that nothing contributes more to your improvement, than affection both for your instructor and the author you read.

So much have I thought proper to say of Ovid in general ; what may be added in particular, concerning the excellence of these his epistles, with other useful dissertations, I must postpone, for the opening some of my succeeding lectures, that I may not burden your memory too much at one time. As this epistle is wrote upon the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*, which you are not yet able to read in the original, we will, for the better explication of it, make use of Pope's excellent translation, in the passages referred to both in that and the *Iliad*, if any occur in the latter.

NOTES.

Versu 1<sup>o</sup>. *Tua* Penelope ; your *affectionate* Penelope ; for *meus* and *tuus*, with the Latins, most assuredly carried in them the strength of reciprocal affection : as *mi Pamphile*, in Terence, must necessarily be rendered my *dear* Pamphilus, or we fall short of it's real sense : a tacit confirmation of the old proverb, That each thinks his own geese swans.

Versu 2<sup>o</sup>. *Ipse* ; in person ; for to render that pronoun so, will contribute greatly towards clearing up many passages in good authors.



When have not fancied dangers broke my rest?  
 Love, tim'rous passion! rends the anxious breast,  
 In thought I saw you each fierce Trojan's aim;  
 Pale at the mention of bold Hector's name!  
 Whose spear when brave Antilochus embu'd, 15  
 By the dire news awoke, my fear renew'd.  
 Clad in dissembled arms Patroclus died:  
 And, "Oh the fate of stratagem!" I cried.  
 Tlepolemus, beneath the Lycian dart,  
 His breath resign'd, and rous'd afresh my smart. 20  
 Thus, when each Grecian press'd the bloody field,  
 Cold icy horrors my fond bosom chill'd.  
 But Heav'n, indulgent to my chaste desire,  
 Has wrapp'd (my husband safe) proud Troy in fire:

## NOTES.

Versu 18°. *Dolus*; a stratagem in war: So Virgil:

—— dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit?

who asks whether an enemy accomplishes it by stratagem or by valour?

Line 15. This appears to have been either a mistake of Penelope's in the name, or some unconfirmed news from the army before Troy; for we find Antilochus alive in the 23d book of the Iliad, some time after Hector's death.

Line 18. As the whole of this epistle is very natural, so particularly Penelope's exclamation in this place: Ulysses's great talent lay in stratagem, and she might fear his meeting the like fate. For the history of Patroclus's death, see Pope's Iliad, book xvi. line 907.

Line 19. See Pope's Iliad, book v. line 776.

The Grecian chiefs return, each altar shines,      25  
 And spoils of Asia grace our native shrines.  
 Gifts, for their lords restor'd, the matrons bring ;  
 They Trojan fates o'ercome, triumphant sing ;  
 Old men and trembling maids admire the songs, 29  
 And wives hang, list'ning, on their husbands' tongues.  
 Now, drawn in wine, fierce battles meet their eyes,  
 And Ilion's tow'rs in miniature arise :  
 " There stretch'd Sigeon plains, here Simoïs flow'd :  
 " And there old Priam's lofty palace stood.  
 " Here Peleus' son encamp'd, Ulysses there ;      35  
 " Here Hector's corpse distain'd the rapid car."

NOTES.

Line 26. *The spoils of Asia.*] The Greeks had the complaisance to call all other nations Barbarians ; so that the word *barbara* signifies only *extra Græciam*.

Versu 27°. *Nymphæ*, spouses ; not in the common sense, but the derivative ; for *νύμφη* in Greek signifies a spouse.

Versu 28°. *Fata*, the fatal circumstances, without which Troy could not be taken ; as the palladium, &c.

Versu 31°. *Monstrat*, points out with his finger ; so Horat. Od. lib. iv. od. 3.

Totum muneris hoc tui est  
 Quod *monstror* digito prætereuntium,  
 Romanæ fidicen lyræ.

Versu 35°. *Tendebat*, pitched his tent ; i. e. stretched the canvas of it.

Versu 36°. *Admissus*, full speed or gallop ; for in that pace the rage of Achilles dragged the body of Hector round the walls of Troy.

Of this the Pylian sage, in quest of thee  
 Embark'd, your son inform'd ; his mother he.  
 He told how Rhesus and how Dolon fell,  
 By your wise conduct and Tydides' steel ; 40  
 That doom'd by heavy sleep oppress'd to die,  
 And this prevented, a nocturnal spy !  
 Rash man ! unmindful what your friends you owe,  
 Night's gloom to tempt, and brave a Thracian foe  
 By one assisted in the doubtful strife ; 45  
 To me how kind ! how provident of life !  
 Still throb'd my breast, 'till, victor, from the plain,  
 You join'd, on Thracian steeds, th' allies again.  
 But what to me avails high Ilium's fall,  
 Or foil continued o'er its ruin'd wall ; 50  
 If still, as when it stood, my wants remain ;  
 If still I wish you in these arms in vain ?

## NOTES.

Line 37. See Pope's *Odyssey*, book ii. line 456.

Line 38. See Pope's *Iliad*, book x.

Versu 42°. *Tangere*, to reach or arrive at ; in a figurative sense.

Versu 43°. *Unus* for *unicus* ; one person only.

Versu 45°. *Sinus*, the overflowing loose part of the garment over the bosom, as in the Roman gown. But here the sense is figurative, for it signifies the part covered by it, or the breast.

Line 52. This is one species of what I shall call mechanic or artificial poetry, or suiting the language to the idea. You will find a parallel example in Horace, book I. sat. viii. line 40.

*Singula quid memorum ?—quo pacto alterna loquentes,  
 Umbræ cum Sagana resonârint triste & acutum ?*

Not

Troy sack'd to others, yet to me remains,  
Tho' Greeks, with captive oxen, till her plains,

NOTES.

Not to be tedious, and repeat  
How *flats and sharps in concert* meet,  
With which the ghosts and hags maintain  
A dialogue of passing strain. FRANCIS.

Where I cannot but observe to you, that I wish the translator had made use of the word *discordant*, instead of *in concert*; because so the line would, like that of the original, have almost set one's teeth on edge, and perfectly expressed the sense, as well as preserved the beauty of his author.

Pope, in his excellent Essay on Criticism, (as will in it's place, when you come to be lectured upon it, at full be explained) terms this making the sound an eccho to the sense. But I apprehend that definition takes in but a part; for the best antient poets excelled, in thus painting to the eye as well as to the ear. Virgil, describing his house-wife preparing her wine, exhibits the act of the fire to the eye:

Aut dulcis musti Vulcano decoquit humorem,  
Et foliis undam trepidi dispumat aheni.

Georg. I. lin. 295.

Or on the luscious must while bubbles rise,  
With leaves the trembling cauldron purifies.

WARTON.

For the line (if I may be allowed the expression) boils over; and, in order to reduce it to it's proper bounds, you must, with her, skim off the redundant syllable. And, in another place, the awkwardness and hobbling of his dancing rustic is as visible from the formation of the line.

— Cereri



Ripe harvests bend, where once her turrets stood;  
 Rank is her soil, manur'd with Phrygian blood. 56  
 Harsh, on the ploughs, mens bones half buried found,  
 And grass each ruin'd mansion hides around.

Yet, hid in distant climes, my conq'ror stays;  
 Unknown the cause of these severe delays! 60

No foreign merchant to our isle resorts,  
 But question'd much of you, he leaves our ports;  
 Hence each departing sail a letter bears,  
 To speak (if you are found) my anxious cares.

Our son to Pylos cut the briny wave; 65  
 But Nestor's self a dubious answer gave:  
 To Sparta next:—nor ev'n could Sparta tell  
 What seas you plow, or in what region dwell.

Better had stood Apollo's sacred wall:  
 O could I now my former wish recall! 70

## NOTES.

— Cereri tortâ redimitus tempora quercu,  
*Det motus incompósitos, & carmina dicat.*

Georg. I. lin 350.

Presume not, swains, the ripen'd grain to reap,  
 'Till, crown'd with oak, in antic dance ye leap.

WARTON.

Versu 53°. *Seges*, sometimes corn land; sometimes standing corn: here in the latter sense.

Line 67. *To Sparta next.*] See Pope's *Odyssey*, book iv. line 1.

Versu 68°. *Votis*. Though *votum* and *preces* are frequently synonymous, yet, in reality, they differ; for the latter might subsist without the former, and not vice versa.

War my sole dread, the scene I then should know ;  
 And thousands then would share the common woe :  
 But all things now, not knowing what to fear,  
 I dread ; and give too large a field to care.  
 Whole lists of dangers, both by land and sea, 75  
 Are muster'd, to have caus'd so long delay.

But while your conduct thus I fondly clear,  
 Perhaps (true man !) you court some foreign fair ;

NOTES.

versâ. *Votum* was a sort of religious bargain, made by the votary with his God ; " Grant me this, and I promise " such a sacrifice, temple, &c." Hence, if what the votary prayed for came to pass, he was then *voti reus*, or *damnatus*, under an obligation to pay his vows.

Versu 76°. *Peregrino*, of or belonging to a whore. Thus, in the holy Scriptures, a strange woman, a stranger, and a whore, are synonymous terms. For, in those early times, there was so much of primitive simplicity and native modesty remaining, even among heathens, that the business of a whore was too scandalous a trade to be carried on in a woman's own country. Thais's account of her mother's travels and her own, in Terence's Eunuch, will sufficiently illustrate what I say :

Samia mihi mater fuit, ea habitabat Rhodi.

So that the mother had removed from Samos to Rhodes, and the daughter from Rhodes to Athens, to avoid odium. How different this from the present practice even in Christian countries ; so that we may be pardoned for using the poet's exclamation, O tempora ! O mores !

Line 78. *True man !*] The words in the original are, *quæ vestra libido est*, a remarkable phrase, importing, considering how lustful ye men are ; and, as all the difficulties

Perhaps you rally your domestic loves,  
 Whose art the snowy fleece alone improves. 80  
 No!—may I err, and start at false alarms;  
 May nought but force detain you from my arms.  
 Urg'd by a father's right again to wed,  
 Firm I refuse, still faithful to your bed!  
 Still let him urge the fruitless vain design; 85  
 I am—I must be—and I will be thine.  
 Tho' melted by my chaste desires, of late  
 His rig'rous importunities abate.  
 Of teasing suitors a luxurious train, 89  
 From neighb'ring isles have cross'd the liquid plain.

## NOTES.

ties of Grammar are best reconciled by filling up the ellipses; so will this idiom become easy, if we place *cum repute* before it.

There is a secret beauty in this passage; for the poet makes his heroine suspect the truth. See Ulysses's loves for Calypso, Circe, &c. in Homer's *Odyssey*. And of the same nature is that charming prophecy of Cassandra, in *Enone* to *Paris*, Line 115; the curses of *Hypsypile*, from line 152 of the original, to the end of her epistle; and all those noble predictions in *Virgil*, both of the grandeur of the Roman state, and its particular members, with all that refined address to his patron *Augustus*, in his sixth *Æneid*. The poets, living after the facts, and writing on subjects remote from their own age, took the opportunity of foretelling real history.

Versu 85\*. *Pietas* has all kinds of affection included in it, and its sense must be determined by the occasion. *Pietas in parentes* is filial duty; here it signifies *pietas in maritum*, or conjugal affection.

Line 89. *Of teasing suitors, &c.*] Ovid, who, as he elsewhere informs us, was bred to the Bar, had made great

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

13

Here uncontroul'd th' audacious crews resort, 91

Rifle your wealth, and revel in your court.

Pisander, Polybus, and Medon, lead,

Antinoüs and Eurymachus succeed,

With others, whose rapacious throats devour [95

The wealth you purchas'd once, distain'd with gore.

Melanthius add, and Irus, hated name!

A beggar rival to compleat our shame.

Three, helpless three! are here; a wife not strong,

A sire too aged, and a son too young. 100

He late, by fraud, imbark'd for Pylos' shore,

Nigh from my arms for ever had been tore.

Heav'n grant the youth survive each parent's date,

And no cross chance reverse the course of fate.

NOTES.

great proficiency in oratory, had not his passion for the Muses diverted his application. Yet we see the art of rhetoric interspersed throughout all his works, and an uncommon closeness of reasoning, however disguised by a *lufus verborum*. And the lawyer no where appears more strongly, than towards the close of this epistle. The point to be carried was, to make Ulysses precipitate in his return home, he makes Penelope, therefore, draw up, as it were in line of battle, the powerful faction of the suitors on the one side, and the weak resistance of a poor old man, a boy, and a woman, on the other; the enemy was in possession of every thing, and his whole family, all that was dear to him, ruined, if he was not speedy in coming to their succour. For the power and insolence of the suitors, see Pope's *Odyfsey*.



Your nurse and herds-man join this wish of mine,  
And the just keeper of your bristly swine. 106

By age your fire disarm'd, and waisting woes,  
The helm resigns, amidst surrounding foes.  
This may your son resume (when years allow),  
But oh! a father's aid is wanted now. 110

Nor have I strength his title to maintain,  
Haste then, our only refuge, o'er the main.

A son, and long may Heav'n the blessing grant,  
You have, whose years a fire's instructions want.

## NOTES.

Versu 104°. *Cura for curator.*] The greatest officers under ancient kings were such persons as superintended their flocks, herds, &c. And the best classics, when they represented ancient times, judiciously kept close to the manners then in vogue. The contrary practice to this has led many of the Moderns into most palpable mistakes and ridiculous inconsistencies; so that the simplicity expressed in these lines is so far from being a blemish, that it is, in fact, a very great beauty: and the modern critic, who is offended with the mention of a sty, however he may pride himself upon his false delicacy, is either too short-sighted to penetrate into real nature, or has a stomach too nice to digest the noblest reliques of antiquity.

Lines 99, 107, and 113, contain (for I intend this note as an appendage to the last, and have disjoined it only to make the observation more clear) one, perhaps, of the tenderest and best-applied amplifications in the world. The repetition in general, by the best writers, is made but once, even on the softest occasions; as by our countryman Milton, in his *Paradise lost*, book iv. line 641. whereas Ovid, still to heighten the appearance of distress, and show the necessity of immediate assistance, has made Penelope do it twice.

Think how Laërtes drags an age of woes,  
In hope that you his dying eyes may close.  
And I, left youthful in my early bloom,  
Shall aged seem; how soon foe'er you come.

NOTES.

Line 116. It was customary for the nearest relations to close the eyes, compose the limbs, and catch the flying breath, of dying persons; and it was accounted a great curse to be deprived of it, as we may collect from Homer, as translated by Pope.

On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night,  
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,  
Points to the fleet:—"For, by the Gods, who flies,  
"Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies.  
"No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,  
"No friendly hand his fun'ral pile compose."

But, before I close this lecture, I cannot help doing justice to that excellent translator, in observing, that he was capable of even improving upon the greatest beauties of the Ancients; for this passage in the original is applauded by Longinus, the greatest critic of antiquity, because the speech is not ushered in with *he said, he spoke*, for that would have retarded the impetuosity of the hero; but whereas Homer begins the speech with the verse; Pope, with still greater judgment, has not only added to the rapidity of the passage, by throwing away all the conjunctions, by the figure asyndeton; but has also increased greatly both the impetuosity and surprize, by breaking into the speech in the middle of the line.

The first of these is the question of the

second is the question of the

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### THE READER.

The first of these is the question of the

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PHYLLIS

TO

DEMOPHOON.

C



## The ARGUMENT.

*PHYLLIS*, daughter of *Lycurgus* king of *Thrace*, had kindly received *Demophoon*, the son of *Theseus* and *Phædra*, cast on her shores by a tempest, in his return from the siege of *Troy*. After being treated hospitably some time, hearing of the death of *Mnestheus*, who had supplanted his father in the kingdom of *Athens*, and thinking it a favourable conjuncture for recovering his loss, he set sail for that place, promising *Phyllis* to return in the space of one month. He had now been absent four; when, tired out with expectation, and suspecting his design to be what it really was, to return no more, she sends him this epistle.

## PHYLLIS to DEMOPHOON.

**Y**OUR stay, Demophoon, past the time pro-  
long'd,  
Your Thracian maid remonstrates how she's wrong'd.

### ESSAY.

**T**HE reason I gave you in my former lecture, why I preferred Ovid, on which to found this course, was, because he is a juvenile author, and consequently more suitable to the taste of youth. And why I chose his Epistles, in preference to his other works, was, because, in the opinion of the best critics, they are his masterpiece. And, what is much more to the purpose, they are wrote upon the principal arguments of antiquity, and contain the flowers of that delicious garden collected into one garland. He has followed, on the same subjects, all the great masters, as well of Latin as Greek poetry; and, by the assistance of a most extensive and happy vein, been enabled to improve upon most of them. Briseis to Achilles will be read with more pleasure, when considered as the argument of the Iliad, and Penelope to Ulysses, as bearing the same relation to the Odyssey, of Homer. Dido to Æneas may be looked upon as the epilogue to that divine episode, the fourth book of Virgil's Æneid. Hypsipyle and Medea to Jason, contain all that the writers of the famous Argonautic expedition have in them; and Deianira to Hercules, the no less illustrious labours of that hero. In a word, whatever is remarkable in the fabulous history of the Greeks, whence all the grand topics of poetry are derived, may be found here, in a small volume, most beautifully portrayed.

Thus much may be said for the extent of his subject, and consequently it's variety; a circumstance not less engaging. On which account it must be particularly

Back to these shores you bargain'd to return,  
 E'er once bright Phœbe join'd each growing horn:  
 Her change four times, four times her full, renew'd,  
 No Attic vessel plows the Thracian flood. 6

## ESSAY.

agreeable to such as want to see, in a small map, all the wonders of poetic ground. And I cannot help admiring, why, of all others, this is not a book universally used in schools; since, without a thorough knowledge of this part of fabulous history, 'tis impossible to understand other classics perfectly; and in allusions to it, the principal beauties of all poetical compositions, in a great measure, consist.

## NOTES.

Line 5. *Her change four times, four times, &c.*] The use which good poets make of this species of amplification is very remarkable. By the repetition of a single word, Virgil, for instance, exhibits the thing to the eye, as well as if it was acted on the stage. Thus Halenor, encompassed by Turnus's army, is described as seeing

Hinc acies, atque hinc acies astare Latinas.

Æn. lib. ix. vers. 550.

He tries to escape one way, and there is *hinc acies*; he hastily turns round and endeavours to fly the other, and there is *hinc acies*; the line, like the enemy, presents the same prospect both ways. So again, where the two armies come to an engagement, you see the two lines extended against each other, and the combatants foot to foot and man to man.

Haud aliter Trojanæ acies, aciesque Latinæ,  
 Concurrunt; hæret pede pes, densusque viro vir.

Æn. lib. x. ver. 360.

I look

Count but, as lovers count, what days are gone,  
 My just complaint arrives not then too soon.  
 Long had I hope : for ills we credit late :  
 Nay still my passion stands prepar'd to cheat. 10  
 Delusive to myself, but kind to you,  
 I promis'd a return each wind that blew.  
 Curs'd was old Theseus, as averse to part ;  
 Yet he, perhaps, was guiltless of my smart.  
 Sometimes I fear'd, lest, steering for our coast, 15  
 By hoary waves absorb'd, your ship was lost.  
 Oft, traitor ! for your safety have I pray'd ;  
 And smocking incense on the altar laid.  
 When winds and seas were calm, and clear the skies ;  
 " Now, if he 's well (I cry), he comes, he flies."  
 In your excuse, my loves, industrious, feign 21  
 All causes, that impatient haste detain.  
 But my slow youth not fondest loves restore,  
 Nor all th' ethereal pow'rs by whom he swore.  
 To winds your sails you gave, your words to air ;  
 Your sails as punctual, as your words sincere ! 26

## NOTES.

I look upon it, that a translator is under an indispensable necessity of copying these excellencies ; but even Pitt, in both these passages, if he saw the beauty of them, hath neglected to imitate it.

Versu 14°. *Curfus*, a voyage : so *curro*, to sail.

Versu 21°. You have Ovid here in perfection, he loves a turn at his heart. There is nothing more difficult to transfuse from one language to another ; but if we fail in doing it there is this to comfort us, that it is what in our author deserves least to be preserved.



What have I done—besides unwisely lov'd?  
 That guilt with you a merit should have prov'd;  
 One crime is mine, a criminal to save  
 From a deaf executioner, the wave: 30  
 For this, stern Vengeance may from Heav'n be due;  
 Yet sure it claims a kind return from you.

Where's now your honour; where the oaths you  
 swore;

Your faith, and that so oft'attested pow'r?  
 Where promis'd Hymen, lord of social cares? 35  
 Whose guardian pledge dispers'd my virgin fears?  
 By boist'rous seas, which frequent tempests toss,  
 Which oft' you 'd cross'd, yet doom'd again to cross:  
 By him, you swore (feign'd author \* of your race);  
 Whose awful presence calms the liquid space; 40  
 By Venus, and those arms, whose force I know,  
 Love's cruel torches, and unerring bow:  
 By Juno, guardian of the nuptial night,  
 And yellow Ceres, and her mystic rite:

\* Neptune.

#### NOTES.

Versu 42°. *Tædiferæ Deæ.*] Ceres was usually represented with a torch in her hand, as seeking her daughter Proserpine, whom Pluto had carried off. The poet judiciously closes Demophoon's attestations with this; he being an Athenian, and in Attica the mysteries of this Goddess were held most sacred. For the Ancients had not only local oaths, as well as deities, but also proprietary ones, belonging to each sex; as we learn from Juvenal, who represents the servant of a petit-maitre copying his master in the use of a female oath.

Et

PHYLLIS to DEMOPHOON.

23

If from each injur'd pow'r due vengeance flies, 45  
Can one false head for all their wrath suffice?

But more, I mad repair'd his shatter'd ship,  
Safe to desert me, and defy the deep :  
New oars I lent, to fly me o'er the tide ;  
Kill'd by the weapons my own hands supply'd. 50  
Smooth words prevail ; which copious from you fell ;  
Your race and noble pedigree prevail :  
Your tears prevail : can these too artful grow,  
Break Nature's dictates, and obedient flow !  
Heav'n too prevails : yet why this various snare? 55  
Each was sufficient to deceive the fair.

Not that my ports were open to your need  
I grieve ; but for the follies that succeed.  
For hospitable rights perform'd, my guest  
Is made the partner of my bed and breast. 60

NOTES.

Et per Junonem domini jurante ministro.

Sat. ii. ver. 98.

————— And to compleat the farce,  
His servant not by Jove but Juno swears. TATE.

Versu 49°. *Blandis*, coaxing, flattering.

Versib. 49°, 50°, 51°, & 53°. The repetition of the word *credidimus* has in it a very great beauty, and contributes greatly towards excusing Phyllis, by multiplying the snares that were laid for her ; and at the same time renders the passage more pathetic and affecting.

Versu 57°. *Cumulâsse*, gave more than was required. The *cumulus* was the *over-measure*, or, as it is vulgarly called, the *blessing* in a bargain.

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O had the night before it been my last !  
 With honour, Phyllis, you had dy'd, and chaste.  
 My merit bad me hope for better things ;  
 Hope is well grounded, that from merit springs.  
   'Tis cheap-bought fame to cheat the simple fair ;  
 Her easy faith should teach your art to spare.   66  
 Heav'n grant it be the total of your fame,  
 T' have snar'd in one the lover and the dame.  
 Fix'd be your statue, with the Egean race ;  
 Your fire \* with titles big the first in place.   70  
 Sinis and Scyron, cruel robbers ! read,  
 With stern Procrustes, and his standard bed.  
 The Minotaur's mix'd form, half-bull, half-man ;  
 Proud Thebes subdu'd, and cruel Centaurs slain :  
 Grim Pluto foil'd, the tyrant of the dead !   75  
 And the thin hosts in Hell's tremendous shade :  
 Your statue next shall this inscription bear,  
 " This youth deceiv'd the lover and the fair."

\* Theseus

#### NOTES.

Versu 60°. *Honestia*, with honour, with virtue.

Line 65. The well applied irony of this passage could not but have great influence on a hero, emulous of his father's valour and glory. The contrast is too strong and glaring not to touch him very sensibly ; and after enumerating so many glorious actions of the father's for the benefit of mankind, to be able to conclude, as in the next paragraph, that his degenerate son had copied none of his best, but only one of his worst, actions, and that this was the only token by which he could prove his parentage, could not but sting beyond the power of bearing.

Your father's only blemish you retain,  
 False to your loves, like him, you cross the main :  
 Of all his virtuous deeds you copy none ; 81  
 In nothing but in perfidy his son !  
 The Cretan dame †, nor envy I her fate,  
 Found, in the joyous God, a better mate,  
 And high o'er harness'd tygers rides in state. 85 }  
 Me Thracians, once repuls'd, refuse to wed ;  
 For, natives scorn'd, I join'd a foreign bed.

† Ariadne.

NOTES.

Line 86. *Me Thracians, &c.*] It may not be amiss, on this occasion, to caution each of you to be particularly careful, when you are grown up to be men, how you encourage any lady to relinquish her virtue, her honour, or views in life, out of compliment to you. For you will thereby give her the advantage of urging even the indiscretion of her own conduct, as an argument to excite your fondness. And often, although the sacrifice made in your favour be highly to the loss of both parties, and a deadly dart sticking in your side. So you find Dido, in the same strain with Phyllis, plying her lover with the merit of having sacrificed greater views in his favour.

Te propter Lybicæ gentes, Nomadumque tyranni  
 Odere ; intensi Tyrii : te propter eundem  
 Extinctus pudor, & quâ solâ fydera adibam  
 Fama prior. ——— Æneid. lib. iv. ver. 321.

For thee Numidian kings in arms conspire,  
 For thee have I incens'd the sons of Tyre ;  
 For thee I lost my honour, and my fame,  
 That to the stars advanc'd my glorious name.

PITT.  
 For

" To learned Athens let her go (they say)  
 " And warlike Thrace some worthier prince obey.  
 " Events, unerring guides! distinctly show 90  
 " The secret springs whence human actions flow."

But never, never, may the wretch succeed,  
 Who from th' event alone condemns the deed.  
 Should your kind vessel cut our foaming brine,  
 Yet, yet, I well had plac'd myself and mine! 95  
 Vain wish! for, thoughtless of my realms, no more  
 You wash your weary limbs on Thracia's shore.

Still your departure rises to my sight,  
 When the mann'd fleet stood ready for it's flight;  
 You dar'd, flung round your lover's neck, embrace,  
 And with enraptur'd kisses print my face. 101  
 Your tears with mine, a mingled stream, you join'd,  
 And chid, with fond complaint, th' officious wind:  
 With parting accents thus at last you cry'd,  
 " See, Phyllis, you expect me o'er the tide." 105

## NOTES.

For two authors to be alike on these topics, is not imitation or plagiarism in one of them; 'tis the voice of nature; and every good poet and orator has one and the same sentiment, only differently expressed.

Verfu 81°. *Despecti*; flighted; looked down upon; i. e. with scorn.

Verfu 86°. *Notanda*; to be branded; i. e. have a mark of infamy put upon them.

Line 105. No author ever excelled this of our's in description, or the softer scenes: he every where picks out, with consummate judgment, what Longinus calls the *καίρια*, or main-points, and touches them up with

Should I expect, and with impatience burn,  
 For one, who left me never to return?  
 In Thrace should I expect to view again  
 Your sails, which never more shall cross the main?  
 Yet, I expect:—tho' late, return at last;      110  
 Your future faith may still retrieve the past.  
 Why, wretch! that fruitless pray'r?—Some foreign  
     charms,  
 My love's sad bane, detain you from my arms:  
 So totally forgot, that should you hear  
 Your Phyllis nam'd, you 'd ask, "What nymph,  
     "and where?"      115  
 The same, base man! whose hospitable hand  
 Your wand'ring fleet reliev'd on Thracia's strand:

NOTES.

with the nicest delicacy: sure no parting was ever more tender or affecting! and the simplicity of the parting speech, "See, Phyllis, that you expect your Demophoon," is nature in abstract: any thing more laboured in that circumstance would have made one mad. The repetition also of the word *expect*, as in the case just before considered, renders the passage truly moving and elegiac.

Line 114. *So totally forgot.*] 'Tis natural for people in distress to conjure up phantoms, which sometimes prove very difficult to lay again; as this of his total oblivion of her. The thought of it works her up into a passion, which forces from her, by way of upbraiding, a detail of all she had done for him. This, together with the remainder of her epistle, may suffice to convince you of the observation I lately made, that description is one of our author's chief excellencies.



Whose wealth increas'd your nigh-exhausted store ;  
 Who gave you much, yet still design'd you more :  
 When at your feet Lycurgus' kingdoms lay : 120  
 Realms too extensive for a female sway !  
 Stretch'd where cold Hæmus lifts his shady wood,  
 And sacred Hebrus rolls his rapid flood :  
 When by you first my luckless charms were known,  
 And your false hand unty'd my virgin zone : 125  
 The bride-maid fury howl'd amidst the room,  
 Ill-boading screech-owls sung th' approaching doom ;  
 Alecto scream'd, with hissing tresses crown'd,  
 And fun'ral torches cast pale beams around.  
 Now sad, o'er rocks and shrub-grown shores I fly,  
 Where the wide ocean opens to the eye. 131  
 From morn's first blushes to the close of day,  
 Anxious I watch what winds impel the sea.  
 When to my eyes if distant sails appear,  
 Strait I conclude, the Gods have heard my pray'r.

## NOTES.

Versu 112°. *Nomine fœmineo.*] By a woman : a phrase very frequent in the holy Scriptures.

Line 125. *And your false hand unty'd my virgin zone.*] It was a material part of the marriage-ceremony, for the husband to untye the zone of the bride.

Versu 119°. *Torquata.*] Having a *torques* or chain of snakes around her neck.

Versu 126°. *Auguror.*] I collect from augury ; and as that art was but precarious as to certainty, it came to signify plain *guessing* only.

PHYLLIS to DEMOPHOON. 29

Swift I descend ; nor waves my speed restrain, 136

Where ebbs and flows the margin of the main.

Still, as the ships advance, my spirits waste ;

'Midst shrieking menials down I drop at last.

A bay there lies, bent circling to a bow ; 140

It's rocky horns o'erlook the gulph below.

Hence oft' I think to plunge amidst the wave ;

And plunge I will, since you neglect to save.

To Attic shores the pitying tide shall bear

My corpse, unburied, to upbraid you there. 145

Tho' steel or flint in hardness you excel,

Or ev'n yourself, more hard than flint or steel ;

Touch'd (shall you say) with sharpest sense of woe,

" I was not, Phyllis, to be follow'd so."

For poison oft' I thirst, as oft' my breath 150

Wish by sharp steel to quit, a bloody death !

Oft' for this neck a fatal noose I tye,

Once pleas'd within your false embrace to lye.

Thus then resolv'd a speedy death to find,

Long sure I can't demurr about the kind. 155

NOTES.

Versu 130°. *Lingvor.*] I faint, or swoon: i. e. I am left or deserted by my nerves and senses.

Versu 131°. *Falcatus.*] Bent round in the shape of a falx.

Ibid. *Adductus.*] Drawn to a person ; as the string of the bow is, in the act of drawing.

Versu 132°. *Cornua.*] The horns or extream points ; so *cornua lunæ*, *antennarum*, &c. the tips of the moon, sail-yards, &c.

Grav'd on my tomb shall stand your odious name,  
 Branded, in lines like these, with endless blame ;  
 " With death Demophoon Phyllis' love repaid :  
 " The cause he gave, the fatal stroke the maid." 159

## NOTES.

Versu 145. *Invidiosa.*] Odious. So *invidia* in the best authors most frequently signifies odium.

Line 158. As we are indebted to this work of our author for a great deal of fabulous history ; so likewise we shall find every where interspersed, most valuable and beautiful remains of antiquity ; as omens, oracles, prophecies, &c. And as several of his heroines are represented as going to die, he has obliged us with variety of epitaphs : which if we chuse to copy it will be necessary to observe, that their excellence seems to consist in being short, easy, clear, and unforced.



B R I S E I S

T O

A C H I L L E S.



## The ARGUMENT.

*BRISEIS*, that is, the daughter of Briseus (*Hippodamia*), was taken captive and beloved by *Achilles*, when he sacked the city *Lyrnessus*, on the coast of *Phrygia*. He was the son of *Peleus* and the Sea-Goddes *Thetis*, and the bravest of all the allied princes of *Greece*, assembled at the siege of *Troy*. In a quarrel between him and *Agamemnon*, he was obliged to resign her to the generalissimo; but resolving, out of revenge for the indignity, to fight no more for the Greeks, he gave *Hector* and his *Trojans* an opportunity of distressing them greatly, and almost setting fire to their fleet. He gave out also, that the next morning he would sail home with his *Myrmidons*. Alarmed with which report, she dispatched this letter to him.

## BRISEIS TO ACHILLES.

TORN from your arms, your sad Briseis here,  
Presents, in ill-wrote Greek, a suppliant's pray'r.

## E S S A Y.

A THIRD reason why I chose to begin my lecture with Ovid, and this part of his works in particular, was, because all the grand topics of oratory, every thing sublime and pathetic, that we meet with in any of the Greek or Roman rhetorical pieces, are dispersed here and there in his epistles. For instance, Is any one charmed with that stroke of Gracchus's, recorded by Tully in his third book *de Oratore*, and, indeed, more than once copied by him in his Orations, "Quo me miser conferam? quo vertam?—In Capitoliumne?—At fratris sanguine redundat.—An domum?—Matremne?—ut miseram, lamentantemque videam & abjectam?"—and can he pass over without admiration this of Ariadne?

Quid faciam?—quo sola ferar?—vacat insula cultu:—  
Non hominum video, non ego facta boum.—  
Omne latus terræ cingit mare—navita nusquam—&c.

Is any one moved with the mournful opening of the Medea of Euripides, and can he be untouched with

Hei mihi!—cur unquam juvenilibus acta lacertis,  
Phryxeam petiit Pelias arbor ovem?—

Can he read the abrupt beginning of her epistle to Jason without starting?

At—Tibi Colchorum (memini) regina vacavi.

The blots you see my flowing tears have made,  
Yet blots have eloquence, and tears persuade.

True, captives are not licens'd to complain; 5  
Yet bear the freedoms of the lover's pen.

Your right of conquest you too soon resign'd;  
Must I then call you (ah! I must) unkind?

For soon as heralds summon'd me away,  
Tame you resign'd an uncontested prey. 10  
Full gazing in each other's face they move,  
And ask, by dumb surprize, "where now their  
love?"

A short delay had half-remov'd my woe:  
But ev'n without a parting kiss I go:  
Yet floods of tears I shed, and tore my hair, 15  
And seem'd again the captive prize of war.

#### ESSAY.

Or the ending of it, without being left a statue, with  
horror for the consequence?

*Nescio quid certè mens mea majus agit.*

And, in a different kind, can any one be diverted with  
the art of a Tully or Demosthenes, in creating difficul-  
ties in causes, or obviating the arguments of their adver-  
saries; and at the same time be blind to the equal inge-  
nuity of that kind which runs quite through the epistles  
of Acontius and Cydippe? In a word, this work is made  
up of the beauties of Oratory and Poetry, walking hand  
in hand; and if each of those arts singly has charms suf-  
ficient to enrapture the human soul, to how lofty a pitch  
must the pleasure be exalted, when they shine in con-  
junction?

Oft' to return, my guards deceiv'd, I try ;  
 But fears are prevalent, and foes are nigh.  
 Should I proceed ; fierce Trojans might invade,  
 And lead me to attend some royal maid. 20

But grant in prudence I was first resign'd ;  
 Yet why so slow to rage, so long unkind ?

These words Patroclus whisper'd in my ear,  
 " Soon shall you be recall'd ; your griefs forbear."  
 Recall'd ? how false ! for late experience proves 25  
 You cruelly reject your proffer'd loves.

Well you deserve an ardent lover's name,  
 Since aged Phenix, and great Ajax came,  
 A near relation this, a tutor he ;  
 With sage Ulysses, to restore you me. 30  
 Fraught with rich gifts their message they prepare :  
 And urge the soothing violence of pray'r.

## NOTES.

Versu 21°. *Sed data sim.*] Let me have been given up.  
 The *preteritum rei perfectæ imperativi passivæ*. See the  
 Short Paradigm of the Latin Moods and Tenses in the  
 Gentleman's Magazine for April 1754: or *Amplianda*  
*Grammatices Lili, Busbeii, & aliorum*.

Line 28. As this epistle is wrote upon the subject of  
 the Iliad, as that of Penelope was upon the story of the  
 Odyssey, of Homer, it will be very diverting, as well as  
 useful, to run over Pope's translation of that part of his  
 author. For the result of this embassy, and the speeches  
 of it's constituents, each admirable in their way, see the  
 ninth book of the Iliad: in Phenix's speech there is a  
 long detail of the vast number of valuable presents Aga-  
 memnon offered in vain to this implacable hero, to re-  
 gain his friendship.



Twice ten new vases of refulgent brass ;  
 Where labour'd art exceeds the costly mass :  
 Sev'n sacred tripods, each unsullied frame, 35  
 In price, in weight, and workmanship, the same.  
 To these ten talents of pure gold are join'd,  
 With twelve tried coursers, that outstrip the wind.  
 And (what I well could spare) bright Lesbian dames ;  
 Doom'd to survive, like me, their country's flames ;  
 To these they add (but, sure, that right is mine) 41  
 A wife, the choice of great Atrides' line.  
 Have then such presents no prevailing charms ?  
 Gifts, well bestow'd to buy me to your arms !  
 Where 's now, unconstant youth ! your late respect ?  
 What fault of mine deserves this cold neglect ? 46  
 Or wears stern Fortune one continu'd frown,  
 Nor wafts a gentler gale my vessel on ?  
 Raz'd by that hand I saw Lyrnessus' wall ;  
 I, no small portion of my country's fall ! 50  
 I saw, when my three brothers nobly dy'd,  
 Ally'd in birth, nor less in death ally'd !  
 Stretch'd on the bloody ground my husband lay,  
 And sobb'd, I looking on, his life away :

## NOTES.

Line 47. *Or wears stern Fortune, &c.*] As to affect and move was the principal intent of Ovid's heroines, so nothing contributes more to excite pity, than the enumeration of a long train of misfortunes, especially undeserved, and brought upon her by himself. As he had been the instrument of her fall, he was obliged, in honour, to soften her fate to the utmost of his power,

Yet all my losses were in you restor'd :

55

My brother you, my husband, and my lord !

Oft' have you swore by wat'ry Thetis' head,

My fall should raise me to a higher bed.

Yes!—to reject me, when I come endow'd ;

And break, against your int'rest, what you vow'd.

Besides, 'tis said, that, with returning day, 61

In spite of adverse winds, you tempt the sea,

Dire news!—when to my trembling ears it came,

Chill'd was my blood, and damp'd my vital flame.

Then will you go, and leave me wrapp'd in grief? 65

Where shall I find (ah ! where?) the least relief?

Sooner may yawning earth this form devour,

Or Jove, around my head, red light'ning show'r,

## NOTES.

Line 57. *Oft' have you swore, &c.*] Swearing by a deceased friend was a common practice among the heathens, and a sort of oblique deification. I suppose that here our hero's mother was rather pitched upon by Ovid, as being superior in rank to his father Peleus. Not but that it was customary even in lower life ; witness the mother of Barine, Horace's mistress,

*Expedit matris cineres apertos*

*Fallere.*——

HORAT. Lib. ii. Od. 8.

It thrives with thee to be forsworne

By thy dead mother's hallow'd urn.

FRANCIS.

Line 67. *Sooner may yawning earth, &c.*] This wish of Briseis's is an imitation of Dido's imprecation upon herself, if she ever violated the laws of modesty, in the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*.

Than Phthian vessels plow the foaming main,  
 Briseis left, abandon'd, to complain. 70  
 If to salute your country's Gods you burn,  
 And pant, impatient for a quick return ;  
 Can my small weight retard the hasting ship,  
 Or stop your speedy passage o'er the deep ?  
 If not your wife, O ! let me be your slave, 75  
 Hands, fit to cull the snowy fleece, I have.  
 May some bright Grecian dame enjoy your bed ;  
 Whom Gods may own, and you not blush to wed :  
 A match Egina, Peleus, Jove may chuse,  
 Nor ancient Nereus his consent refuse : 80  
 I, your low handmaid, will the distaff bear,  
 And each mean office of domestic care.  
 Yet grant one boon ;—prevent your consort's rage ;  
 For jealous fury my sad fears presage.  
 Nor let her, in your sight, my tresses tear ; 85  
 But inly say, " That captive once was fair."

## NOTES.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,  
 Vel Pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,  
 Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam.

Æn. Lib. iv. ver. 24.

But oh ! may Earth her dreadful gulph display,  
 And gaping snatch me from the golden day ;  
 May I be hurl'd, by Heav'ns almighty fire,  
 Transfix'd with thunder, and involv'd in fire,  
 Down to the shades of Hell, from realms of light,  
 The deep, deep shades of everlasting night. PITT.

Nay, ev'n allow it; so I stay not here,  
Your flights I dread, nor know another fear.

The king, repentant, fues; (what would you  
more?)

And prostrate Greeks your needed aid implore. 90

Subdue yourself; all other things subdu'd;

Nor glut bold Hector with Achaian blood;

Arm, arm; but first your captive maid recall,

Then drive the straggling Trojans to their wall.

These fatal charms first wak'd your vengeful rage,

Let then these charms the wasteful pest assuage. 96

Nor blush at my entreaties to relent;

To arms his consort's cries \* Enides sent

The facts you know; how (all her brothers dead)

The mother curs'd the son's devoted head. 100

\* Meleager.

#### NOTES.

Line 89. There cannot be a better lesson for the management of our passions, than Homer's Iliad. Horace preferred the precepts contained in it, to all that the whole tribe of philosophers had said on the subject. The effect of this quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles before Troy, was, to the former, almost the ruin of himself, his army, fleet, and the whole expedition; and to the latter, of all his peace of mind, his beloved mistress, and more beloved friend Patroclus.

Line 92. As Horace observes, that between Hector and Achilles, *ira fuit capitalis*; so Ovid makes Briseis endeavour, by mentioning his name, and particularly his success, all owing to the absence of her hero, to rouse him again to the fight, a nice touch of the poet's art!



A war commenc'd ; he left the martial plain ;  
 Stern, while his country su'd for aid in vain.  
 His wife alone prevail'd ; O happy she !  
 But weightless words, unminded, fall from me.  
 Yet cease, my 'plaints ! the wife I never play'd ; 105  
 Tho' oft' your captive shar'd her conqu'ror's bed.  
 When fellow-captives me their mistress call ;  
 " Titles (I say) but aggravate my fall."

Then by my husband's dear remains, I swear,  
 Entomb'd in haste amidst the noise of war ! 110  
 By three brave brothers, whom my Gods I call ;  
 Their country's pillars, falling with it's fall !  
 By both our heads, oft' join'd in close embrace,  
 And by your sword, the ruin of my race !  
 Pure, spotless, from Atrides' arms I come ? 115  
 And, if I lye, desertion be my doom.

## NOTES.

Line 105. *The wife I never play'd.*] What particularly embellishes this epistle, are the many nice touches upon the passions : here she plies his generosity, in observing how submissive and unassuming she has ever been. Tho' honoured with his affection and exalted to his bed, yet she has never grown upon it.

Line 115. This is what Agamemnon offers also to swear solemnly in Homer ; so that the contest was not occasioned by his passion for this captive, but in order to humble the insolence of Achilles, by depriving him of her.

With all her charms Briseis I resign,  
 And solemn swear those charms were never mine ;  
 Untouch'd

Tho' you, my hero! would refuse to swear,  
You never knew a joy without me there.

Mistaken Greeks! not grief, but music's charms,  
With some soft nymph detain the youth from arms.  
In Mars's toilsome camp he shuns the fight, 121  
By Venus lifted for the wars of night.

Safer the toil, on downy couches laid,  
The lyre to strike, and clasp the yielding maid,  
Than with the burden of thick mail to bow, 125  
And meet in cumb'rous heavy arms the foe.

Fame, not inglorious ease, you once approv'd,  
And glory, won in bloody battles, lov'd:

## NOTES.

Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,  
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.

POPE.

Line 118. She here discovers a little jealousy, which is an almost infallible sign that there is affection under it; which, together with the succeeding hints, that his love for arms and noble actions were but a flash, and temporary, was no unpromising method to rouse him to action again.

Line 122. *By Venus lifted, &c.*] Ovid is fond of this thought:

Militat omnis amans, & habet sua castra Cupido;

Attice, (crede mihi) militat omnis amans.

Amor. Lib. i. El. 9.

Trust me, my Atticus, in love are wars;  
And Cupid has his camp, as well as Mars.

CROMWELL.

Or fought you only to compleat my fate,  
 Your praises ending with our falling state? 139  
 Forbid it Heav'n;—yet, yet, thro' Hector's heart,  
 Urge from that nervous arm the fatal dart.

Send me, ye Greeks! your embassy to move  
 With kisses, softest rhetoric of love?  
 Tho' Phenix, Ajax, and Ulysses, fail 135  
 Of wish'd success; my efforts shall prevail.  
 'Tis something in these wonted folds to lay  
 His neck, and to his eyes my breasts display:  
 Tho' stern, and stormy as his kindred seas,  
 Ev'n silent tears shall sooth him into peace. 140

Hence then your loves, illustrious prince! convey;  
 Nor kill me, cruel! with severe delay.  
 (So roll old Peleus' silver age entire;  
 And Pyrrhus shine, distinguish'd as his fire!)

## NOTES.

Line 133. It has often been found, that the fair sex have had more influence than they ought, even in cabinet councils, as well as councils of war; and the artifice by which Briseis promises success to her supposed embassy, for any thing I know, might have took effect. Her oratory seems of the forcible kind to one of Achilles's amorous complexion.

Line 143. There is great art, as well as much nature, in Ovid's making his heroines touch upon the tenderest strings of the passions. She adjures him by the two personages that had been always necessarily dearest to him; but were now, after his breach with Agamemnon, and with him almost the whole army, the only objects of his affections: by the quiet decline of the one to the verge of the grave, and the noble ascent of the other to the

BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

43

Or, if satiety your passion cloy, 145  
 The maid you bad live wretched, bid to die.  
 And, see! 'tis bid :—my strength, my colour, gone!  
 And life sustain'd by hopes of you alone.  
 Of these depriv'd, I join each kindred ghost;  
 And leave you of my death the noble boast. 150  
 Yet with unkindness kill not, but the sword,  
 These veins a sanguine torrent will afford.  
 Wound me that steel; which, had not Heav'n  
     withstood,  
 'Vengeful had drunk Atrides' vital blood.  
 No!—but my life, your former present, spare; 155  
 Nor be your peace more cruel, than your war.  
 Turn, rather turn, your cruel rage on Troy;  
 The foe shall find fit matter to destroy.  
 If then you fail, or join the ranks of fight,  
 Your slave recall, assert a victor's right. 160

NOTES.

the high pitch of his own glory; things chiefly to be wished at their years.

Verſu 138°. *Ure*; gall, torment.

Line 153. *Had not Heav'n withstood.*] Pallas appeared to him when he had half-drawn his sword, to ruſh upon Agamemnon and revenge the injury with his own hand; and diſſwaded him from the raſh action. See Pope's Homer, Book i. lin. 251.



... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

P H E D R A

T O

H I P P O L I T U S.

## The ARGUMENT.

*PHEDRA* was the daughter of *Minos* King of *Crete*, by his wife *Pasiphaë*. She was married to *Theseus*, the son of *Neptune*, yet fell desperately in love with *Hippolitus* his son, by *Hippolite* queen of the *Amazons*. Abandoned as she was, yet had she not the assurance to make advances in person. Therefore taking the advice of *Cupid*, and committing to writing what she could not but blush to speak, she attacks his youth in his father's absence with this artful epistle.

## PHEDRA to HIPPOLITUS.

**J**OY to Hippolitus let Phedra send,  
 What want herself she must, or you must lend.  
 Read:—for what harm from reading can you fear?  
 And something may occur to please you here.

### E S S A Y.

**A** FOURTH excellence of these epistles, and reason why I chose to institute a lecture upon them, is, That in one small volume they exhibit to you all the different kinds of writing, the whole circle and extent of poetry. Would you have an example of the epic kind, you need only turn to the epistles of Penelope and Briseis. For tragedy, those of Medea, Dido, and Canace, are beautiful patterns. For pastoral, that of Cœnone is a charming original. For gallantry, and the comic part of the Drama, that of Paris is remarkable; and Helen's answer, if any thing can, out does it in intrigue and plot. As to elegy, 'tis the specific kind of which they all partake, and no where to be found in higher perfection; and if we descend so low as epigram, you will no where find greater variety of turns for it; and the end of almost every paragraph will furnish you with sufficient matter for one.

### N O T E S.

Line 3. *Read:—for what harm, &c.*] Tully has observed, that a finished orator should be perfectly acquainted with the very springs of the passions; that he may be able in the opening of a speech, even to reconcile a judge that is averse to him, and his cause. This Phedra has done artfully enough; she knew the extream modesty of Hippolitus, and what danger there was of his



Thus safe o'er lands and seas our secrets go:  
 Ev'n foe holds correspondence thus with foe.

5

Thrice to your face to vent my love I try'd,  
 Thrice fail'd my voice, and thrice my tongue was  
 ty'd.

## NOTES.

his committing her epistle to the flames unread; she therefore obviates that misfortune by observing, that there might be something agreeable in it, as coming from a friend and lover; and that even if it had been sent by an enemy, it would be impolitic not to give it the reading.

Line 7. *Thrice to your face, &c.*] The repetition of the word *thrice* three times over, is one of those beauties which I mentioned before, under the title of *mechanic*. Thus Virgil in his fourth Georgic, ver. 525.

— Eurydicen, vox ipsa & frigida lingua,  
 Ah miseram Eurydicen! animâ fugiente vocabat:  
 Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.

To name his poor Eurydice he try'd,  
 Eurydice, with parting breath he cry'd,  
 Eurydice the rocks and ecchoing shores reply'd.

}

WARTON.

So Pope, in his ode on St Cecilia's day,

And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound,  
 To arms!—to arms!—to arms! Line 48.

And afterwards in the same piece, where he imitates,  
 indeed translates, Virgil,

Eurydice the woods,  
 Eurydice the floods,  
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Line 116.

Of

Far as 'tis fit, my passion yields to shame :  
I blush'd to speak, love bad me write my flame. 10  
And love's commands what mortal dares despise ?  
Love, Hell's great lord, and tyrant of the skies !

NOTES.

Of the same nature is that inimitable line in his Essay on Criticism,

And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line.

Line 349.

Where it's slowness and groveling are not the only beauties, the line consists also of ten words.

Line 10. *Love bad me write, &c.*] The great art observable in the conduct of Phedra's epistle is it's chief excellence. Her passion is commanded by an invincible deity, and at the same time the best method of prosecuting it suggested by him. Her pretended inexperience (though Juvenal will tell you that

*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus,*

and most likely she too had arrived at this pitch of impudence by degrees), and her excessive fondness, so as to prefer him to Jupiter, to be often out of her senses, and to adopt his taste and diversions, are all well adapted for success. The supposition that her love was the effect of a fatality upon her family, the enumeration of a long series of slips of this kind fallen into by the females of it, and her confident rallying his old-fashioned notions of virtue, are methods not unlikely to take off from the odium of the proposal. But her well-timed flattery of his person and accomplishments, her hints of the opportunity of Theseus's absence, their being in the same house, and meriting praise if even caught embracing, and particularly her endeavours to lessen his regard and veneration for his father, is a masterpiece of design.

E

When doubts prevail'd he whisper'd, "Take the field,  
"Write, and the cold obdurate youth shall yield."

O may the Pow'r but second the design, 15

And fill your bosom with a flame like mine.

No lust in me shall break our social vow ;

Ask ;—my whole life has known no crime 'till now.

Love, late in life, comes stronger :—oh ! the smart !

The flames ! the wound ! conceal'd within my heart.

As the young ox first tugs the yoke with pain, 21

As bounds the colt, impatient of the rein ;

So, lab'ring, my unpractis'd bosom bears

Th' unusual load of love's oppressive cares.

Loves, felt in years, more fierce the breast invade ;

When practis'd from our youth, becomes a trade. 26

First taste, for you reserv'd, my virtuous fame ;

And date with me from hence your guilty flame.

'Tis something first to cull the loaded boughs,

And crop, with tender touch, the virgin rose. 30

If then this spotless white, I yet retain,

Must needs be blotted by a guilty stain ;

'Tis well :—of no ignoble wound I bleed ;

The youth hath worth to justify the deed.

Would Heav'ns high queen resign her thund'rer's  
charms, 35

Hippolitus, not Jove, should fill my arms.

Scarce would you think, but manly arts I love,

To rouse the savage from the lonely grove :

And Delia, Goddess of the silver bow,

Chang'd to your taste, is all my fav'rite now. 40

In woods I long to range, the toils to spread,  
 And cheer the pack along the mountain's head.  
 Or, quiv'ring from my arm, to hurl the spear,  
 Or press the grassy turf ;—some fountain near.  
 Now my light chariot smoaks along the course ; 45  
 Obedient to the rein each manag'd horse.  
 Now fir'd with Bacchanalian heat, I rove,  
 Like Cybel's sexless priests in Ida's grove.  
 Or who, green dryads, or horn'd satyrs seen,  
 Scour, wild with frantick madness, o'er the green.  
 This I am told, when once the fit withdraws ; 51  
 And conscious in my breast I feel the cause.

Perhaps this love is fated to our race ;  
 A tribute each to golden Venus pays.  
 First, of our stock, the bright Sidonian maid \*, 55  
 Jove, in a bull's dissembled form, betray'd :  
 My mother †, pregnant next by brutal flame,  
 Produc'd at once her burden and her shame :  
 Perfidious Theseus, by my sister's || aid,  
 Back, thro' the winding dome of error, fled : 60

\* Europa.

† Pasiphaë.

|| Ariadne.

NOTES.

Line 48. *Like Cybel's sexless priests.*] 'Tis supposed that Ovid here meant the eunuch-priests of Cybele ; and that to describe their effeminacy he uses the feminine gender, a species of Roman wit. But the author of one of our own songs upon an eunuch musician, I think more properly distinguishes them by

—— A sex without name.



And I, that Minos may be thought my fire,  
 To sign the social league the last conspire.  
 More will the fates ;—that two one house approve ;  
 You Phedra's, as your fire my sister's, love.  
 Two females from one family were won : 65  
 Two trophies raise to Theseus and his son.

What time you Ceres' mystic rights fulfil,  
 Blest had I been, had Crete detain'd me still.  
 Then most (tho' much before) you touch'd my heart ;  
 Deep in my breast fierce Cupid plung'd the dart. 70  
 White was your vest ; your locks green flourets grace,  
 And modest blushes dye your glowing face.  
 That face with sternness which our sex belyes,  
 Courage, not sternness, speaks in Phedra's eyes.  
 Youths, deck'd like females, please not Phedra's taste ;  
 More shines the man, when negligently drest. 76  
 You that stern look become, and artless air ;  
 Soil'd with light dust your face, divinely fair !

## NOTES.

Line 67. *What time, &c.*] Lovers generally remember very punctually, and lament the time and place, when and where they received the first fatal impressions, if their passion is unsuccessful. Every circumstance of this sort which can affect, contributes towards softening the obdurate lover. And whether it was Ovid's meaning or no, I think it gives strength to the sentiment, to understand by *humus* in the original, that she wished she had rather been buried in Crete, than lived to suffer thus : and Otway translates the passage so.

When the bold steed's reluctant neck you bend,  
 Pleas'd I the short, the skilful turn commend : 80  
 When from your arm the bending cornel flies;  
 On your strong arm I fix my wond'ring eyes :  
 Or when the pole you grasp, prefixt with steel ;  
 Nay—transport from your ev'ry act I feel.  
 To forests then and rocks your hardness leave, 85  
 Nor me, with sylvan rage, of life bereave.  
 Why is the youth, by Delia's sports ingross,  
 To Venus only and her pleasures lost ?

NOTES.

Line 79. *When the bold steeds, &c.*] This is nature itself! every motion in a graceful person inflames the lover; and no wonder. For even unconcerned and unprejudiced spectators are often delighted by good action, almost to a degree of enthusiasm, in favour of an Esopus, Roscius, or a Garrick. But graceful motion, among the Ancients, had greatly the advantage of any action with us, because it was exerted in manly exercise. The palestra was what formed their youth into grace, whereas we have nothing of that sort but from the dancing school.

Qui feros cultus hominum recentum  
 Voce formasti catus, & decoræ  
 More palestræ.  
 Horat. ad Mercurium.

And graceful exercise refin'd  
 The savage race of human kind. FRANCIS.

Line 87. *Why is the youth, by Delia's sports ingross, &c.*] It behoved her to draw him off a little from his favourite diversion, or he never would be at leisure to admit the passion with which she wanted him to be inspired.

What wants alternate rest not long endures ;  
 That strings the nerves, and wasting labour cures. 90  
 Your bow (ev'n sylvan arms instruct the young)  
 Becomes enervate, if 'tis ever strung.  
 Who more than Cephalus for hunting fam'd ?  
 What arm more savage beasts successful tam'd ?  
 Yet he, with ardor, met Aurora's charms, 95  
 Who wisely left Tithonus' wither'd arms.  
 Adonis oft' and Venus in the shade,  
 Press'd, lock'd in folds of love, one grassy bed.  
 Enides \* too ador'd th' Arcadian dame † ;  
 A boar's rough spoils the earnest of his flame. 100

\* Meleager.

† Atalanta.

#### NOTES.

spired. For as, on the one hand, exercise amused his thoughts ; so, on the other, as our author observes, where he professedly treats upon the subject, idleness is the nurse of love. And sure no argument was ever better chosen, or more artfully applied, than that of the bow, an instrument daily in his hands ; not to say that the following examples are not at all improper to contribute to the same end. But what I chiefly want to observe to you on these lines is, the different manner in which poetry expresses itself from prose. The thought is the same in both : and the prose writer would have said, Why does not the youth intermix the pleasures of love with the exercise of the chase ? But poetry gives life to every thing, and, to heighten the diction, introduces the names of the goddesses presiding over each, instead of the common expression.

Why is the youth, by Delia's sports ingross'd,  
 To Venus only and her pleasures lost ?

Next join'd to these be we; a sylvan pair!  
For love once banish'd, woods but deserts are.

I come unterrify'd with rugged ground,  
Or glisly boar, whose teeth obliquely wound.  
Where that small isthmus long attacks abides; 105  
Two seas still plying it's unyielding sides!  
With you I long to share old Pittheus' throne,  
Realms now to me more pleasing than my own.

Theseus is gone, and long will be his stay:  
Him his belov'd Perithous' coasts delay. 110  
'Tis plain of Theseus' breast how small our shares,  
Who to a wife and son his friend prefers.  
Nor is this slight the only wrong we've bore,  
His rage, in weightiest matters, felt before.  
Crush'd by his knotty club my brother \* lay, 115  
My sister † next was left to wolves a prey!  
The first of Amazons ‖, in martial pow'r,  
Yourself, thrice worthy such an offspring, bore;  
Ask where she's now;—by Theseus' hand she fell:  
Nor could so great a pledge as you avail. 120

\* The Minotaur.      † Ariadne.      ‖ Hippolite.

NOTES.

Line 105. *Where that small isthmus, &c.*] This is just as descriptive of the situation of Corinth, as that so celebrated line of Horace,

———— bimariſve Corinthi  
Mœnia. ————— Lib. i. Od. 7.

———— Or Corinth's tow'ry pride,  
Girt by the rolling main on either ſide. FRANCIS.



Nor shar'd the queen, by nuptial rights, his bed,  
 Why?—but lest you should to his realms succeed.  
 Sons, to your loss, are added too by me;  
 These I chose not to educate,—'t was he.  
 Sooner than harm to so much sweetness cause, 125  
 O had I perish'd in a mother's throws!  
 Go now, your worthy father's bed revere;  
 The bed he abdicates; as facts declare.  
 Chace bug-bear names of incest from your mind,  
 Incest, where step-dames with their sons are join'd:  
 Old-fashion'd qualms! which might indeed obtain,  
 While Saturn rul'd a rustick herd of men: 132  
 But reach not later times: indulgent Jove  
 Made piety consist in what we love;  
 And seal'd it in his sister and his bride; 135  
 Firm knot! by love and by alliance ty'd.  
 Nor is it hard to hide; invoke the dame,  
 She throws the guilt beneath a kindred name:  
 If seen embracing; both our praises run;  
 I a kind step-dame, you a loving son! 140  
 No jealous husband's gate have you to try,  
 Nor cheat by night a wakeful keeper's eye.

## NOTES.

Line 131. *Old-fashion'd qualms, &c.*] This is the natural progress with all states; they set out in temperance, and the subjects are poor and virtuous; by increase of traffic and extent of dominion, they grow rich and large, and consequently luxurious and vicious. Hence it is, that we hear in all countries, as well as our own, such high encomiums upon ancient men and manners.

As both one house contain'd, so still we'll live,  
Kisses in fight you gave, in fight shall give.  
Here shall you stay with me, secure of harms; 145  
Prais'd, tho' surpriz'd within my folding arms.  
Haste only, and the ready contract join;  
So may love's smiles (as now his frowns) be thine.

To low intreaties to descend I deign;  
Thus pride must fall, and thus each lofty strain! 150  
Long to resist the pleasing crime I strove;  
Resolv'd!—but ah! resolves are weak to love.

NOTES.

Line 144. *Kisses in fight, &c.*] For an observation on the beauty of this species of amplification, see the note on line 5th of Phyllis to Demophoon.

Line 152. *Resolv'd!—but ah! resolves, &c.*] Where the turn is in the expression it is not always that it can be imitated in a translation.

*Certa fui; certi si quid, &c.*

So probably there are few languages in which the beauty of Terence's

*Inceptio est amentium haud amantium*

can possibly be retained. The reason is, that it depends upon the sound and likeness between one word and another in the same language; whereas it is a thousand to one there may not be the like similitude, either in sound or orthography, between words of the same sense in another. Thus in Helen to Paris, to represent the beauty in

*Hesper an hostis eras?*

was

A royal suppliant, vanquish'd, clasps your knees,  
 'Tis mean!—but who that loves the decent fees.  
 Shame I, at last, unlearn't:—compell'd to yield, 155  
 It fled, and left the long-disputed field.

Let my confession move you to forgive;  
 Subdue your stubborn heart, and bid me live.

What boots it I from pow'rful Minos trace,  
 Or the dread thund'rer my illustrious race? 160  
 Or the bright God, enclos'd in many a ray,  
 Whose fi'ry car bears round the golden day?  
 Birth yields to love: O spare my noble line;—  
 Myself unpity'd, learn to pity mine.

Jove's fav'rite island, Crete, my dow'r shall be;  
 There shall you reign, Hippolitus, with me.  
 O yield:—a bull my mother's suit rever'd,  
 And are you harder than the brutal herd?  
 Spare then; by love, my close companion, spare:  
 So may you never court a scornful fair: 170  
 So be your sports by swift Diana crown'd,  
 And with supplies of game each wood abound.

## NOTES.

I was drove to the necessity of adopting a middle way,  
 and making use of a word included in the sense of both,

Came you a *publick* guest, or *publick* foe?

Line 171. *So be your sports, &c.*] There is a great  
 deal of art, as in the whole, so in the particular branches,  
 of this obtestation. The favour of Diana, and the  
 assistance of the rest of the sylvan deities, would be very  
 acceptable to any one that was so fond of rural diver-  
 sions;

So may each sylvan deity be near,  
And fall each foaming boar beneath your spear.  
So may the nymphs, by your unkindness curs'd, 175  
Their sacred springs unlock, to quench your thirst.

Tears too have flow'd with words;—a suppliant's  
pray'rs

You read: and fancy that you see my tears.

NOTES.

sions; but it has still greater propriety when applied to Hippolitus; for he is represented by Virgil as so great a favourite of Diana's, that he was even recalled to life by Esculapius at her instance.

Namque ferunt fama Hippolitum, postquam arte  
novercæ

Occiderit, patriasque explêrit sanguine pænas,

Turbatis distractus equis, ad sydera rursus

Ætheria & superas cœli venisse sub auras,

Pæoniis revocatum herbis & amore Dianæ.

Æn. vii. ver. 765.

For when Hippolitus, as records tell,  
By his fierce step-dame's art and vengeance fell,  
Chac'd by his father's curses to the shore,  
The hapless youth the startled courses tore;  
By Esculapius' skill and Dian's care  
'The chief reviv'd and breath'd æthereal air. PITT.



E

I

**E N O N E**

**T O**

**P A R I S**

## The ARGUMENT.

**ENONE**, the daughter of Xanthus, God of the river of that name in Phrygia, had been for some time married to Paris, son of Priam king of Troy, brought up on mount Ida by Shepherds, after having been exposed there by his parents: but who, on adjudging the golden apple to Venus (the prize of beauty to the Goddess of it), had been owned by them. Entertaining therefore more ambitious thoughts, he forsook Enone, and set sail for Sparta, to bring home Helen, the wife of Menalaus king of Sparta, the fairest of her sex. Hearing of his arrival at Troy, after having accomplished his undertaking, Enone, in order to deter him from his resolution to detain his beautiful prize, and awaken his former flame, writes him this epistle, setting forth the strong contrast between her own virtues and constancy, and the libertinism and immodesty of Helen.

## ENONE TO PARIS.

SAY, dare you read? or Helen's frowns withstand?  
Read—read secure—'tis not Atrides' hand.

## ESSAY.

THE distinguishing characteristic of this epistle is pastoral. Paris's youth, 'till owned by his parents, had been wholly spent in pastoral employments. Enone, according to the fabulous extraction of those times (for throughout all the epistles of Ovid we are upon poetical ground), daughter of Xanthus, a river near Troy, was a sheperdess, and his paramour. The scene is pastoral, and not inferior to the celebrated Arcadia: the hills, groves, rivers, and plains, about Ida, forming as delightful a landskip as any in the whole compass of nature. The thoughts too and incidents are truly pastoral, and give us an agreeable taste of the simplicity of the Ancients. And the notion which some critics have advanced concerning Virgil's talent for satire, from the specimen he hath left us in these lines,

—— Nonne tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas  
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?  
Eccl. iii. ver. 26.

Vile dunce! whose sole ambition was to draw  
The mob in streets, to hear thy grating straw.

WARTON.

might be urged with equal, if not greater, force, with respect to Ovid's abilities for pastoral, from the taste he has given us in this epistle. Thus much, however, must be granted, that in two principal ingredients of pastoral, florid description, and the softer scenes of love, few are his equals.

An



The nymph Enone, fam'd thro' Phrygia's plains,  
Of her own lord (if you permit) complains.

What crimes of mine, or what celestial pow'r, 5  
Oppos'd my vows, and make you mine no more?  
Silent distress to punish guilt belongs;  
But sure bright innocence may weep it's wrongs.

## E S S A Y.

An opinion has prevailed, and indeed among persons of the best judgment, that this epistle is the most beautiful of any Ovid wrote. But I take the case here to be the same as in a family, which consists of a number of fair females, where it often happens, that one of them is agreed upon by the generality of admirers to outshine the rest; yet not so as to engross their whole affections, and render them entirely regardless of the particular charms of the remaining sisters: while at the same time, by men of different taste, each of the others, whose forms strike in with their respective fancies, are preferred to her who hath the publick voice on her side. Neither does this hinder a person of another stamp from acting the part of a general lover, viewing them all with an equal eye, and taking the last he sees for his favourite; 'till another steps into her place, the temporary mistress of his breast. This last, I own, after frequent reading them all, to be my case; and, indeed, I think it to be no easy task to determine the preference to any of them singly: there being so beautiful and exact a resemblance through the whole. For what Ovid says of the daughters of the main, may be best applied to his own epistles,

——— *Facies non omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.*  
Metam. ii. ver. 13.

Tho' various features did the sisters grace,  
A sister's likeness was in ev'ry face. ADDISON.

Low was your lot, when first my hand I gave;  
 A Naïd, daughter of the azure wave! 10  
 The prince was then (respect to truth be paid)  
 A slave.—The Naïd deign'd that slave to wed.  
 Beneath a shade, amidst our flocks by day,  
 On grass, with foliage mixt, we oft' have lay:  
 As oft' on rural beds, by night, reclin'd; 15  
 Low roofs secur'd us from the piercing wind.

Who show'd the haunts where forest game resides,  
 Or in what rocks her young the savage hides.  
 Assistant oft' the sylvan toils I spread,  
 Oft' the swift pack o'er ridgy mountains led. 20  
 On yon' tall beech ingrav'd, ENONE stands,  
 The pleasing labour of my Paris' hands.

NOTES.

Line 13. *Beneath a shade, &c.*] She enumerates the chief pleasures and employments of a country life; which are so essential to pastoral, that none of the more excellent pieces of that kind are without them. So Virgil,

O tantum libeat mecum tibi fordida rura,  
 Atque humiles habitare casas, & figere cervos.  
 Ecl. ii. ver. 29.

O that you lov'd the fields and shady grots,  
 To dwell with me in bow'rs and lowly cots,  
 To drive the kids to fold, the stags to pierce;  
 WARTON.

Line 21. *On yon' tall beech, &c.*] To cut out the name of a mistress upon trees, was ever a truly pastoral amusement.

Swift grows the wood, as swift my titles rise;  
Grow then, and mount my glory to the skies.

It's head, on Xanthus' banks, a poplar rears, 25  
Where deep inscrib'd your am'rous vow appears;  
Live, poplar! verdant as the banks you shade;  
Cut on whose rugged rind this verse is read:

## NOTES.

—Tenerisque meos incidere amores  
Arboribus;—crescunt illæ, crescetis amores.  
Virg. Ecl. x. ver. 53.

Abandon'd will I fly, to feed my flame  
Alone, and on the trees inscribe her name:  
Fast as the groves in stately growth improve,  
By pow'r congenial will encrease my love.

WARTON.

Line 27. *Live, poplar! &c.*] This address to the poplar, on which Paris had inscribed his vow of perpetual constancy; and her wishes that it might flourish, and stand a lasting monument of her wrongs, and his perfidy, is inimitable. And upon reflecting that the vow was broke, her bidding Xanthus to run back to his fountain-head, is one of the most natural turns that even Ovid was capable of. But what still adds to the beauty of this passage is, that Enone may be supposed to have wrote this epistle on the banks of the river where this poplar grew: which will give this piece the force of an oration, as she may be imagined to have turned round to each, when she addressed them. Not to say that this supposition will reduce these thoughts under the class of truly natural ones. For where reason is so far disturbed by the passions of anger, sorrow, &c. as to hinder us from receiving ideas from reflection; those are always the *most* or rather the *only* natural ones, which are taken from what is the immediate object of our senses.



“ When Paris lives Enone’s charms to flight,  
 “ Back to this source shall Xanthus urge his flight.”  
 Haste, Xanthus, back; and back, ye streams, re-  
 turn; 31

Paris to leave Enone now hath borne.

This sad reverse of love from thence I date,  
 On that unlucky morn commenc’d my fate;  
 When, you their umpire, bright Minerva strove 35  
 With heaven’s high empress, and the queen of love:  
 Imprudent to expose her naked charms;  
 Her limbs more decent, cas’d in shining arms.  
 Quick beat my breast, when you the tale began,  
 And o’er my stiff’ning limbs chill tremors ran. 40  
 Quick, (such my fears) I ask experienc’d age,  
 Each prudent matron, and each hoary sage:

## NOTES.

Line 41.—*I ask experienc’d age, &c.*] The curiosity of looking into the fates, and prying beforehand into future events, has been long a prevailing passion; especially among shepherds, and the inhabitants of the country. Hence the reason of applying upon extraordinary occasions to oracles and prophets. The earliest accounts we have of the manners and customs of mankind show that men were then addicted to divination; and succeeding annals convince us that they continue so. But oracles, &c. are chiefly calculated for high life; a lower and less expensive sort of prediction, and what is proper for pastoral, is to be had of gypsies, and the various tribes of fortune-tellers. Thus in Theocritus’s third idyllium the dispairing shepherd had recourse to experimental conjuration, and an old sieve and sheers prophets:



These with my private sense too well agreed,  
That some disast'rous portent was decreed.

Now fell'd, and cut the firs, by num'rous hands,  
On the green wave your sudden navy stands : 46  
In tears you part ;—nay blush not this to hear ;  
Blush for your present flame, your Spartan fair.  
You wept, and saw my silent sorrows flow ;  
Our tears were mingled in one stream of woe. 50  
Close, as the vines their husband elms entwine,  
Clung round my neck those circling arms of thine.  
Oft' you complain'd, " The wind detain'd you here,"  
In secret smile your crew,—The wind was fair.  
Back to repeat our parting oft' you flew ; 55  
Scarce faulter'd out your tongue, " A last adieu ! "

## NOTES.

Late, by divining skill, I try'd to find  
If Purslain too concludes my nymph unkind :  
No sound ensued ; it wither'd dry, and pale ;  
The sad event confirm'd the mournful tale.  
Agræo too, whom, late, to curl the ears  
Of stragling corn, I hir'd, with sieve-and-sheers  
Unrav'ling all my fates, cry'd, " Hapless Swain !  
" Thy loves unanswer'd, and thy fights are vain ! "

Line 49, &c. *You wept, &c.*] Ovid, with great judgment, makes Enone run over this long detail of circumstances at their parting. First it was natural for her to recount all the particulars, as they had probably been the chief subject of her thoughts, since he left her ; and secondly, by recalling to his memory some of the softest moments of their love, she might possibly awaken the dying embers of his passion.

Line 56. *Scarce faulter'd out your tongue.*] The difficulty of uttering his last leave is intended to be imaged  
in

Light gales your wid'ning canvas distant blow,  
 The hoary ocean foams and roars below.  
 Far as I can, my eyes your ship pursue,  
 And copious tears the greedy sand bedew. 60  
 " See, pitying nymphs, I cry'd ; I glow—I burn,—  
 " O grant my lovely youth a quick return ;"  
 A quick return, propitious to my vow,  
 The Nereids grant ;—but to my further woe :

## NOTES.

in the construction of this line ; in imitation of that which Virgil seems so fond of, (and indeed with reason) for it occurs often in his *Æneid*,

——Vox faucibus hæsit.

This beauty is attained by crowding as many consonants together as possible.

Line 58. *The hoary ocean, &c.* ] The sound an echo to the sense. See Penelope to Ulysses, line 57. and Pope's Essay on Criticism, line 371.

Line 63. *A quick return, &c.* ] The repetition of the word *celer*, in the original, is a beautiful redundancy. Of this Mr Cooper, in Dryden's edition, seems to have been more sensible, than able to imitate it : for by endeavouring to be faithful to his author, both in the repetition and position of the word, he hath made scarce either poetry, rhyme, or common sense of it. I say this only to show you the inconveniencies which sometimes attend the too servilely imitating the greatest excellencies. If his language was too unweildy a chariot to be turned so short as Ovid's ; he had better have taken in more compass, than run foul upon the goal. I own, it would have been impossible to have retained the beauty in two lines, but by throwing it into four, I have attempted to improve

True, you return; but to your Grecian fair; 65  
And a dire harlot profits by my pray'r.

A high, projected promontory stands,  
And half the seas, a native mound! commands.

## NOTES.

improve upon my master, and by beginning the latter couplet with the words which ended the former, to draw a sort of image of the quickness of his return.

Line 67. *A high, projected promontory, &c.*] Poetry, like the sex in which it is usually represented, though ever so engaging of itself, yet may receive additional beauty from external ornament. Thus words, though nothing more than the dress of our thoughts, when suited to their complexion, become considerable, and reflect back as much light as they receive. For instance, this line borrows it's chief excellence from the length of it's words

Aspiciat immensum moles nativa profundum;

A high projected promontory stands,  
And half the seas, a native mound! commands.

so that in *writing* also will be shown no less judgment than in *dress*, if we shape our words proportionably to the ideas they are to convey, and make them fit with a becoming air. This species of mechanic poetry is omitted by Pope in his Essay on Criticism, where you meet with many precepts of this kind, which are at the same time the best of examples, and the reason I take to be, because it is expressed in that celebrated line of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba.

Forget their swelling and gigantic words.

Lord RosCOMMON.

and

ENONE TO PARIS.

71

Hence your returning sails I first descry'd,  
 And nigh to meet you sprung amidst the tide. 70  
 But on your deck, as wrapt in doubt I stood,  
 Far-beaming purple (not your colour!) glow'd:  
 Now close to land your gliding vessel drew,  
 Death to my eyes! a female face I view.  
 And, further to distract my raging mind, 75  
 The shameless strumpet on your lap reclin'd.  
 My garb and cheeks I tore, and beat my breast,  
 And all the violence of grief express'd.  
 Thence to my native rocks I bore my moans,  
 And sacred Ida echo'd to my groans. 80  
 So may false Helen grieve, a wretch forlorn!  
 And taste the ills, she causes, in her turn.

Now wives to lawful husbands bid adieu,  
 And ev'n thro' spacious seas your steps pursue.  
 But when your herds, a needy swain, you drove, 85  
 Who but Enone the poor swain wou'd love?  
 No gold, no titles, give me secret joy,  
 Nor high alliance with your house of Troy;  
 Yet where to Priam or his queen the shame,  
 Shou'd I, a Naïd, bear a daughter's name? 90

NOTES.

and indeed it is that great man's chief excellence, to have avoided as much as possible (especially on so trite a subject) treading in the footsteps of his predecessors. I have endeavoured to retain this beauty in the translation, and indeed, our language seldom fails, if prudently managed, on such occasions.



'Tis both my wish and merit to be great;  
 These hands were form'd for sceptres and for state.  
 Tho' beech leaves were our couch; yet cease your  
 scorn;

Better these limbs wou'd purple beds adorn.  
 Our loves, at least, are safe: with vengeful arms, 95  
 Your frighted shores no angry fleet alarms:  
 But war, if Helen be detain'd, you dread,  
 And blood 's the dowry shall enrich your bed.

Th' adultr'ous fugitive restore;—be wise:  
 Obey what Ilion's warlike youth advise: 100  
 Hear what just Hector, wise in council, moves,  
 And Troy's bold chief, Polydamas, approves:  
 Or seek grave counsel from experienc'd age;  
 Ask prudent Priam, or Antenor sage.

Base principle! to hold your ravish'd fair, 105  
 You plunge your country in the woes of war:  
 While Jove asserts the Spartan's righteous cause;  
 T' avenge the breach of hospitable laws.

## NOTES.

Line 108. *T' avenge the breach, &c.*] It was necessary in lawgivers to strengthen as much as possible this barrier; in order to keep up an intercourse between persons of different nations. Many advantages would naturally accrue from correspondences of this kind. They therefore in the first place imposed a sort of sacrosanct character upon ambassadors, heralds, &c. and then, by the help of religion, and Jupiter Hospitalis, endeavoured to prevent injuries to private persons, travelling into foreign countries.

Yet hope not long to keep those ravish'd charms ;  
Which drop'd so willingly into your arms : 110

For as her injur'd husband now exclaims  
Of broken contracts and of foreign flames ;  
So soon shall you :—Has virtue got a stain ?  
No art recalls it's native white again.

But, oh ! for you she burns with hot desires : 115  
Such for Atrides were her am'rous fires :  
Her soothing tales the easy youth believ'd,  
In widow'd wedlock lately undeceiv'd !

Blest, doubly-blest ! is faithful Hector's spouse ;  
Learn constancy from him to nuptial vows. 120

Not sapless leaves, when rapid whirlwinds blow,  
Turn, fly, and waver, half so much, as you.  
More light, than in the corn, a blasted ear ;  
When suns continual scorch the hopeful year.

Thus, I remember, Troy's prophetic\* maid, 125  
Her face veil'd o'er with golden tresses, said :

\* Cassandra.

#### NOTES.

Line 115. *But, oh ! for you she burns, &c.*] There is a deal of artful and concealed satire in what Enone throws out against Helen ; and, to speak truth, there was fair scope for it, and it might very naturally be expected. Her chief design was to render his new mistress suspected of meretricious arts, and make him apprehensive that she would hereafter be as ready to leave him, for some new gallant, as she had before, perfidiously to her lawful husband, followed him.

- " What now, Enone!—plow a barren soil?  
 " And till the sands, ungrateful to thy toil?  
 " She comes!—she comes!—the Grecian heifer!  
   —fee!  
 " A pest to Troy, thy family, and thee!      130  
 " Snatch, e'er it be too late, the guilty ship,  
 " Ye Gods! and plunge it in the gulphy deep:  
 " For, oh! what wrath pursues the guilty deed?  
 " What nations rise! what Trojan heroes bleed!"  
 Full of the God, th' attendants seize the fair;      135  
 While, stiff with horror stood my bristling hair.  
 Too true the doom!—for, lo! that heifer roves,  
 Free o'er my fields, and intercepts my loves.

## NOTES.

Line 127. *What now, Enone!*] We have here a valuable piece of antiquity, an oracle, in it's genuine strain! a wild, allegorical, and seemingly inconsistent, prophesy! Virgil's Sibyl also is represented, *Æneid. vi. ver. 77.* as raving and foaming while she utters her predictions; which he judiciously veils under studied obscurities, and a most ingenious similitude and correspondence between his heroes *past* and *future* labours. It is too long to be here inserted; but let us turn to it, that two of the most remarkable instances of the kind may appear together.

Line 137. *Too true the doom!*] The eye of human reason being too weak to trace the chain of causes, and discover their connection; it generally happened that predictions slipped out of peoples minds, 'till their completion in events recalled them to their memories. Thus Enone says above, *now* I remember what Cassandra *once* foretold, when I see it confirmed in this sad catastrophe. How beautifully too has Ovid even here continued the allegory?

Blest tho' she be with all the charms of face,  
 Each winning art, and each attracting grace ; 140  
 Yet, lost to virtue, (all that's dear behind !)  
 Flits the fair libertine with ev'ry wind.  
 One Theseus first bore off the lovely dame ;  
 Unknown to me the man, perhaps the name :  
 But cou'd she from a youth's enamour'd arms 145  
 Untouch'd return, with all her virgin charms ?  
 Ask you, whence Helen's faults Enone hears ?  
 Know, as the world has tongues, so love has ears,  
 Call it a rape ;—her guilt a name may clear :  
 One stole so oft', must be a willing fair. 150  
 Such she ! but my chaste thoughts no wrongs can  
 change,  
 Tho' prompted, by neglect, to just revenge :

## NOTES.

Line 139. *Éc. Blest tho' she be, Éc* ] We shall not be able to find any where in so small a compass, more satire than what is comprized in this paragraph. She allows Helen charms of face, and a beautiful person ; but she takes back, with the other hand, a great deal more than she gives ; modesty, principle, honour, and religion. She draws her in her true colours of an abandoned female libertine.

Line 151. *Such she, Éc.* ] The contrast between the immodesty of Helen on the one hand, and the constancy of Enone on the other, is extreamly well set forth. And the objection, that there are no rivals for Paris in the woods, is ingeniously obviated, by the description of Fauns and Satyrs, (rural deities, and common personages in pastoral) in pursuit of her, and examining the thickets to surprize her.



And opportunities are frequent found,  
 Where nimble Satyrs, wanton crouds! abound.  
 These, while, conceal'd in verdant shades, I lie, 155  
 Explore the thickets with a careful eye.  
 Horn'd Faunus too, o'er Ida's tow'ring height,  
 With pine-leaves crown'd pursues my rapid flight.  
 Grac'd with his silver bow, the God of day,  
 Triumphant bore my virgin spoils away: 160  
 Yet bore by force,—I weep,—I strive,—I tear  
 The wanton ringlets of immortal hair.  
 No gold, no gems, repay my ravish'd loves:  
 (What wretch of mercenary joys approves?)  
 I bid the God his healing skill impart, 165  
 And show the hidden secrets of his art:  
 He nods:—each virtuous herb, each plant, I know,  
 That in each soil, each distant climate, grow.  
 But, ah! no herbs can heal my am'rous pain;  
 There art imperfect, there my skill is vain! 170

## NOTES.

Line 159. *Grac'd with this silver bow, &c.* This piece of history must sound extremely odd to modern ears, from the mouth of Enone. But in fact, it is very far from being absurd, or an improper argument to rekindle the love of Paris. For the Antients rather gloried in their intrigues with the gods, than were ashamed of them; and antient authors ever speak with a kind of veneration and respect of such as had the superior charms, and the good fortune, to please some celestial lover.

Line 169. *But, ah! no herbs, &c.* This turn is at the same time ingenious and affecting. Physicians often fail to cure themselves. But her method of self-consolation

Ev'n phyfic's God, a swain, in Phera's grove,  
Bore this incurable disease of love.

No healing plant, or God, can lend relief,  
But you (and you alone!) can ease my grief.  
Let then past merit touch your grateful mind; 175  
'Gainst Troy, with warring Greece, I ne'er com-  
bin'd.

But your's were all my charms, in youth's full  
bloom,

And your's be all my circling years to come.

## NOTES.

tion is what still adds to the beauty of the passage.  
Why should I complain? even the god of phyfic could  
not assist himself in the like circumstances, nor heal the  
incurable malady of love.



57

Unit number in remarks column:

H Y P S I P Y L E

T O

J A S O N.



## The ARGUMENT.

*HYPSIPYLE* the daughter of *Thoas*, was queen of the island *Lemnos* in the *Egean* sea, a kind of *Amazon* state. For the women in one night murdered all the men, except *Thoas*, whom the piety of his daughter secreted, and saved. Here she received the *Argonauts* on their expedition to *Colchos*, for the golden fleece: and cohabited with *Jason*, their commander, for the space of two years; when, at the instance of his companions, he continued his voyage. He promised *Hypsipyle* to call upon her on his return, but having *Medea* along with him, thought it advisable not to do it. Soon after hearing of his successful arrival at *Thessaly*, she sends this epistle, complaining of his cruelty, and informing him of the birth of twin sons, to try if those pledges of their love would not more effectually plead for her.

## HYPSIPYLE to JASON.

YOU 've reach'd, ('tis said) enrich'd with golden  
 spoil,

Theſſalian harbours, and your native ſoil.

## E S S A Y.

IN order to paſs a juſt judgment upon an author, and attain a true faculty of criticiſm, it is abſolutely neceſſary, in the firſt place, to conſider the ſubject he writes upon, and the kind or ſpecies of writing he attempts. Love then is Ovid's ſubject, and Epiſtle his undertaking. The former of which requires that he ſhould write in a ſoft, amorous, and paſſionate, ſtrain; and the latter, that he ſhould throw together a number of looſe thoughts, in an artleſs and unaffected manner. That he has ſucceeded in the firſt, I believe his worſt enemies muſt allow; and that he has not fallen ſhort in the latter, let any one be attentive to the diſtinction of paragraphs in this tranſlation, and I think he muſt own it immediately. But if he ſtill doubts, let him extract the bare thought out of every paragraph, ſet it down without any of it's ornaments, and ſee whether it is not the moſt natural, as well as the ſtrongeſt, ſentiment belonging to the ſtory. I know no other way of doing it, but thus, with Longinus, to anatomize his thoughts, hold them up to the light, and try whether they will bear examining.

This is the moſt ancient ſtory we meet with in Grecian fable. Argo, in which this group of demigods embarked, was ever reckoned the firſt of ſhips. On their return, Hercules, one of Jaſon's companions, ſacked Troy, in the time of King Laomedon, the father of Priam; and Orpheus, one of the firſt inventors of poetry and muſick, attended in the expedition.

Joy of your safe return!—excuse my care;  
 Yet sure a letter might acquaint your Fair.  
 True:—your returning sail cross winds might sweep,  
 And drive you hence, reluctant, o'er the deep: 6  
 Yet, 'spite of adverse winds, your pen was free,  
 Nor wou'd the favour have been lost on me.  
 Why first shou'd fame, not Jason's hand, declare,  
 How Mars's bulls the yoke, obedient, bear; 10

## ESSAY.

So when the *first* bold vessel dar'd the seas,  
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain.  
 POPE'S Ode on St Cecilia's Day.

## NOTES.

Versu 3°. *Gratulor*; I give you joy.

Versu 5° *Ne redires*. The surest method of understanding *ne* and *nec* in this and the like situation, is to resolve the former into *ut non*, and the latter into *et non*; so that *ne redires* may be rendred, *That you might not return*.

Versu 7°. *Salute*; service, compliments. The word by abbreviation placed at the head of every epistle among the Latins. For example; M. T. Cicero, C. J. Cæsari S. that is, *Marcus Tullius Cicero, Caio Julio Cæsari salutem* (subaudi) *mittit*.

Line 10. *How Mars's bulls, &c.*] The first poets, as having to do with a rude unskilful multitude, abounded greatly in the marvelous; and their fictions in time gaining the sanction of antiquity, went down with more polite ages. But we cannot but observe the little variety in stories of this nature; for much the same prodigy of a harvest is said to have happened to Cadmus some years after, at his laying the foundation of Thebes, as is here related in the next line,

How

How from dire seed a human harvest rose,  
 And fell, without your arm, by mutual blows?  
 How the bold warrior seiz'd the yellow prize,  
 Tho' guarded by the dragon's wakeful eyes?

O cou'd your wife, full credence to command, 15  
 Produce the facts attested by your hand!

## NOTES.

How from dire seed a human harvest rose, &c.

The same thing is observable in their moral fables; that of the complaint of Sthenobea against Belerophon, and of Phedra against Hippolitus, being one a transcript of the other, and both evidently borrowed from the still more affecting, as well as more ancient, story of Joseph in the holy Scripture.

Line 14. *Guarded by the dragon's wakeful eyes.*] The Antients had so great an opinion of the wakefulness of serpents, that without the force of enchantment their eyes could not be closed. Thus in the Psalms, *The deaf adder is represented as stopping her ears, and refusing to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.* From this faculty they became the supposed guards of whatever was famous in the fabulous times, and likely to be carried off by nocturnal stealth: as of the golden fleece in Asia, and the golden apples in Africa. Nor was this quality in them more indefatigable than acute, as we learn from Horace, Sat. Lib. i. sat. iii. vers. 26.

Cur in amicornum vitiis tam cernis acutum,  
 Quam aut aquila, aut *serpens* Epidaurius? —

For wherefore, while you carelessly pass by  
 Your own worst vices with unheeding eye,  
 Why so sharp-sighted in another's fame,  
 Strong as an eagle's ken, or dragon's beam?

FRANCIS.



Yet cease; nor of his slow neglect complain,  
 Still 'tis enough, if his I yet remain.  
 That bounds my highest wish:—but, ah! 'tis said,  
 A barb'rous hag usurps my promis'd bed. 20  
 No!—Love is credulous, and false the news!—  
 O may I rash my injur'd lord accuse.  
 Late here arriv'd, from fair Theffalia's shore,  
 A well known visitant scarce reach'd my door,  
 "Say, is my lovely Jason well?" I cry; 25  
 When silent on the ground he fix'd his eye.  
 My bosom bar'd, swift-darting from the room,  
 "Lives he?" I say, "or must I share his doom?"  
 "He lives," the youth replies, "forbear to grieve."  
 He swears; the solemn oath I scarce believe. 30  
 Once more myself, I ask what feats you show'd;  
 He tells how brags-hoof'd bulls, submissive, plow'd:

## NOTES.

Versu 22°. *Insimulâsse*; to have accused.

Versu 23°. *Hospes*, before publick inns were in use, was the correspondent or friend by compact in a foreign country, at whose house a man was entertained, and whom he entertained in his turn, when that person travelled into his country.

Line 32. *He tells how brags-hoof'd bulls, &c.*] 'Tis an observation of Mr Dryden's, in his inimitable ode, intitled Alexander's Feast, that "None but the brave deserve the fair." This, however, is certain, that they are justly most in their good graces: and for that reason Hypsipyle repeats again the great exploits of her hero, and takes pleasure in dwelling upon them. This is nature in the author, and by diversifying the account, he

How the dire teeth o'er venom'd furrows thrown,  
 Instant a military harvest shone:  
 When, drove by civil rage, the warriors slay 35  
 Their earth-born mates; the people of a day!  
 The dragon 'scap'd, I ask if yet you live;  
 My faith now fears oppress, now hopes revive.

Thus while your acts his rhetoric displays,  
 Your vitious flame, uncautious, he betrays. 40  
 Where's now the marriage right--our plighted faith--  
 And nuptial torch, fit minister of death?  
 For lawful were our joys; heav'n's bride-maid queen  
 Was there, and Hymen dress'd in vernal green.  
 No!--'Twas no god th' unlucky torches bore; 45  
 But some fell Fury, all distain'd with gore!

Hence, ye bold Greeks! far hence, tall Argo! fly;  
 Seek, pilot Typhis! seek another sky.

NOTES.

he displays at once a mastery in his art, and a copiousness in his eloquence.

Versu 39°. *Studio*; eagerness.

Line 47. *Hence, ye bold Greeks, &c.*] By this and the like passages we are made sensible, what force and influence figure has, not only on the language, but also structure, of a composition. What an effect, for instance, has this charming apostrophe to the crew, ship, pilot, &c. as if they were really present? How does it awake the attention of the reader, and animate the piece! Of what consequence would it have been to her to have thus removed the cause; since by that means the effect also would have been obviated?

With native gold no fleece in Lemnos glows,  
 Here no bright dome to old Eëtes rose. 50  
 'Twas once determin'd, but my fates withstand,  
 With female forces to have clear'd the strand ;  
 For men too oft' to Lemnian dames have bow'd, —  
 To their brave arms my life I shou'd have ow'd.  
 My hospitable gates the youth receive, 55  
 And, blind with love, my realms, my self, I give ;  
 Twice summer paints the fields, nor hence you haste,  
 And twice bleak winters the gay landskips waste.  
 Now the third harvest glows ; compell'd to go,  
 Thus you begin, the briny torrents flow. 60  
 " I sail, Hypsipyle !—O hard divorce !  
 " But your's return, so fate conduct my course.

## NOTES.

Versu 52°. *Fæminæâ manu* ; with an army of women. For these Lemnian heroines, after dispatching their husbands and male children, may be supposed to have formed themselves into a state of Amazons. A presumptive argument of which is, that after the death of their men, they still subsisted as a state, under their queen Hypsipyle. In the following line she observes, that it would have been easy for them to have driven the Argonauts from their coasts, because they had been accustomed to victory over men ; and in the next line she compliments her subjects with the character of brave foldiers. I shall not pretend to dispute the fact, whether there ever were Amazonian warriors ; 'tis sufficient to say, that we are treating of fabulous times, and that it was agreeable to the creed of antient mythology ; that the poets in particular were studious of preserving whatever carried in it an air of the marvelous, as most suitable to their purpose.



“ What then within your pregnant womb you bear

“ Preserve ; an object of our mutual care !”

Thus far your treach’rous tongue proceeds : the rest  
Feign’d tears, false sign of inward grief, repress. 66

Your train embark’d, on board the last you step ;  
Winds swell the sails ; tall Argo plows the deep.

Back from the stern the rolling billows fly ;

The land you view, the heaving ocean I. 70

High on a tow’r, that wide sea-prospects views,

I stand ; my cheeks a briny flood bedews.

Thro’ tears I look ; indulgent to my care,

My tears, like glasses, bring the object near.

Hence rose my pray’rs and vows with fears allay’d,

Which, for your safety due, must now be paid. 76

Must then Medea by my vows be blest ?—

Ye gods ! how love and fury tear my breast !

# NOTES.

Line 67. *Your train embark’d, &c.*] In this and the following lines, both of the original and translation, you will see the beauty of the figure *asyndeton*. This will best appear, by representing to you it’s opposite (the method Longinus, the best of critics, makes use of). For had the author said, Your train embark’d, *and* you go on board the last ; *then* winds swell the sails, *and* the tall vessel cuts the waves, *and* the billows roll back from the stern, *and* you keep your eye upon the land, *as* I do mine on the ocean : how greatly would the conjunctions have retarded the flow of the sentences ? a thing extremely improper in representations of images, which require haste, and an uninterrupted course.

Line 77. *Must then Medea, &c.*] No writer ever excelled Ovid in prettiness of thought : she offers prayers,



Must at the shrine the fated victim fall,  
Because I lose my Jason, lose my all?

89

Nor could I be secure: too oft' afraid  
Some Grecian prince's was to share your bed:  
'Twas Greece I fear'd, but this unguarded blow  
Proud Colchis gives, an unexpected foe!  
A wretch, whose face prevail'd not, or desert; 85  
But noxious herbage, cull'd with magic art;

## NOTES.

and makes vows to heaven for his success and safe return; her prayers are heard by the gods, and her vows become due of course, and another profits by them to her own ruin; so that a higher aggravation of distress, and consequently strength of pathos, cannot be imagined.

Line 86, &c.] Here is a detail of the several prodigies supposed by the Antients to be in the power of magic to perform. So Virgil in his *Pharmaceutria*, versu 69.

*Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere Lunam;  
Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulyssæi:  
Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.*

By strains pale Cynthia from her sphere descends,  
Strains chang'd to brutes Ulysses' wond'ring friends,  
Strains in the meadow, or the secret brake,  
Can the deaf adder split, and venom'd snake.

WARTON.

And speaking of herbs and poisons gathered in Pontus for the same purpose, he says of them, versu 97.

*His ego sæpe lupum fieri, & se condere sylvis  
Mœrin, sæpe animas imis exire sepulchris,  
Atque fatas alio vidi traducere menses.*

Hence

Taught as she is to force the lab'ring moon,  
And in a night of shades obscure the sun ;  
To chain the rapid stream ; transplant the grove,  
And from their seat the rugged rocks remove. 90  
'Mid tombs to wander with deshevel'd hair,  
And from the pyre the bones, yet warm, to bear ;

NOTES.

Hence the fell forcerer have I seen become  
A wolf, and thro' wild forests howling roam,  
With these from graves the startling spectres warn,  
And whirl to distant fields the standing corn.

WARTON.

If to these we add the whole process of Canidia's enchantment, in Horace's fifth Epode, and the humorous recantation of his infidelity to the same witch, Epode 17. together with her triumphant answer, immediately following ; we shall have the whole of what has been said on this subject. I shall subjoin only the conclusion of this last piece, as being a recapitulation of her superior skill, and much the same as is here ascribed by Hypsipyle to Medea.

An quæ movere cereas imagines,  
(Ut ipse nôsti curiosus) & polo  
Diripere Lunam vocibus possim meis,  
Possim crematos excitare mortuos,  
Desiderîque temperare poculum ;  
Florem artis in te nil valentis exitum ?

Could I with life an image warm,  
(Impertinent you saw the charm)  
Or tear down Luna from the skies,  
Or bid the dead, tho' burn'd, arise,  
Or mix the draught inspiring love,  
And shall my art on thee successful prove ?

FRANCIS.

The absent by dire sympathy to kill,  
 And pierce their vex'd effigies with her steel:  
 And what is best unknown:—shou'd herbs prevail,  
 To win your heart, when worth and beauty fail? 96

## NOTES.

Line 95. *And what is best unknown!*] Hypsipyle, to excite horror and raise odium against her rival, winds up this most noble amplification (as those enchantresses did their magic wheel;

*Citumque retro solve, solve turbinem.*

HORAT. Epod. xvii. ver. 7.

Back, back, the magic circle roll. FRANCIS.)

to the highest pitch she could possibly reach. And when she had run herself out of breath, and is unable to carry it further, she breaks off most beautifully in the middle of a line, with a very seasonable reflection, that ignorance in some cases is a degree of innocence.

Nothing occurs to me at present among prophane writers in any degree equal to this passage; but in the holy Scripture there is a parallel figure, broke off for the same reason, and with a like striking reflection. 'Tis by St Paul, whom, if I might be allowed the expressions, I should not scruple to call the most sublime *orator* that ever wrote, and the greatest master of the *eloquence* of the *pen*. For, by his own confession, I apprehend, that several both Greeks and Latins (not to say Demosthenes and Tully only) excelled him in *elocution*. The passage I hint at is in that noble dissertation upon the resurrection, most judiciously pitched upon by the compilers of our liturgy for the lesson at the burial of the dead; where that most exalted triumph over death, though, perhaps, as it now stands, in appearance, the highest stroke of human eloquence; yet, in reality, is nothing more than shifting off describing what he was unable to



Can you the hag embrace ; and, left in bed,  
Know sweet repose in night's tremendous shade ?

The bulls and you alike her fetters bind ;  
Subdu'd by charms, that sooth the serpent kind. 100  
Besides, the glory of your deeds the dame  
Usurps ; eclipsing all the sons of fame !

NOTES.

describe. For going on, in the torrent of amplification to show the glorious consequences of mortality swallowed up by life—" So when (says he) this corruptible shall " have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have " put on immortality ; then"—here, undoubtedly, he was proceeding to describe the glories of a future state ; but finding himself unequal to the undertaking, he gave it that ingenious and exalted turn ;—" Then shall be " brought to pass the saying that is written, death is " swallowed up in victory : " covering most artfully his retreat with that triumphant sarcasm and insult over the two great tyrants of the human race, now conquered and disarmed ; " O Death ! where is thy sting ! O " Grave ! where is thy victory ? " And, indeed, I cannot help observing to you, that the sacred writings are an inexhaustible fund of sublimities, both in the oratorical and poetical parts ; as will be observed in other parts of this lecture ; though it is more than probable, that no more instances may occur in the notes upon this author.

Line 101, &c. *Besides, the glory of your deeds the dame usurps, &c.*] She seems perfectly to have known Jason, by thus alarming his ambition ; for that it was his reigning passion appears from the general conduct of his life ; his attempting the enterprize of the golden fleece, his supplanting his uncle Pelias by the assistance of Medea, and his divorcing her for an alliance with King Creon, when she could be of no further service to it.



All to dire herbs the pelian sect ascribes,  
 And sows the fallhood thro' believing tribes :  
 " How the rich prize the Phasian princess won, 105  
 " Not the Greek hero, Eson's god-like son."

Your mother ask ;—the match she disapproves,  
 Your aged fire rejects your northern loves.  
 Let her to Scythia's wat'ry vales repair,  
 And seek a suitable alliance there. 110

Unconstant Jason ! whom no contracts bind ;  
 Whose oaths are faithless, and whose words are wind !  
 Mine, only mine, by winds you hence was borne ;  
 Mine you depart ; then why not mine return ?

If birth attracts ; I there to none give place ; 115  
 Sprung from just Minos, an illustrious race !  
 My grandfire Bacchus is, whose consort's crown  
 Beams splendors, to the lesser stars unknown.  
 Lemnos, my dow'r, a fertile soil ! is thine ;  
 And with the rest these constant loves of mine. 120

Late are we parents made ; our fortune blest :  
 Me the lov'd father made the burden please.  
 In full the number too rewards my woes,  
 With twins the chaste Lucina blest my throes :  
 Thy picture each ! their birth they do'nt belye ; 125  
 Their fire in all things, but in treachery !  
 These nigh, to plead their mother's cause, were sent ;  
 But their dire step-dame spoil'd the ripe intent.

## NOTES.

Line 127. *These nigh to plead their mother's cause were sent.*] The classical writers had many advantages, as to  
 imagery,

'Twas her I fear'd ; a more than step-dame she !  
 Vers'd in each shape of horrid cruelty ! 130  
 Cou'd she from my sweet babes her hands contain ;  
 Which strow'd her mangled brother o'er the plain ?  
 Yet you, a slave to magic art ! prefer  
 To chaste Hypsipyle this Colchan fair.

No rites perform'd th' adult'rous maid was thine ;  
 Us Hymen's legal ceremonies join : 136  
 My sire from death I sav'd ; she her's betray'd ;  
 Me Lemnos held, while she from Colchos stray'd :  
 'Tis hard if crimes o'er innocence prevail,  
 And vice successful prove, while virtues fail. 140  
 Blame them I must, yet wonder now no more,  
 That fury bath'd the Lemnian dames in gore.  
 Arms to just rage all instruments afford,  
 Our souls once fir'd, a distaff is a sword.

Yet had, O had ! some adverse tempest tost, 145  
 You, and your new companion, on our coast :

NOTES.

imagery, over us Moderns. Most of their best descriptions are copies only of paintings or statues ; things very common and in high perfection among them. So also to this most natural and beautiful thought Ovid was led, even from a constant practice in their courts of judicature ; viz. the appearance of the friends and relations of the accused persons in mourning before the judge, by their sorrows and miseries to plead and raise compassion for him.

Versu 128°. *Faciunt* ; *suit*, are equal to.

Line 145. *Yet had, O had ! some adverse tempest tost, &c.* This supposition gives the poet an opportunity of painting

And had your consort, with disorder'd charms  
 Appear'd ; her tender infants in her arms !  
 Say with what face you wou'd have borne to see  
 Our wrongs ; confronted with your perfidy ! 150  
 " O gape, kind earth !" the conscious wretch had  
 said,  
 " And from her rage protect my guilty head,"  
 No need ;—from danger you secure might rest,  
 A pardon still reserv'd within my breast :  
 Tho' not, ungrateful man, your own desert, 155  
 But the soft throbbings of my tender heart :  
 These eyes I 'd glutted with the harlot's gore,  
 And those her charms had robb'd me of before :  
 Inexorable as herself I 'd been,  
 Medea had a new Medea seen. 160  
 And if Heav'n's awful lord, propitious, hears  
 The vows my bitterness of grief prefers ;

## NOTES.

painting a beautiful scene of confusion, which he hath done very naturally ; it being ever, as here described, with injury when confronted with it's crimes. But the observation, that out of her affection for him, a pardon would have been reserved for himself ; but that her rage would have broke loose upon her rival, to the degree of equalling even her own cruelty (for 'tis almost impossible to translate his *Medeæ Medea forem*, so as to retain the force of the original), is strictly agreeable to the nature of things. And from this wildness of rage and fury, to break out immediately into those shocking curses, with which her epistle concludes, is a masterly piece of management.

HYPsipYLE to JASON.

95

Ere long, like me, my substitute shall mourn,  
 And feel the woes, she causes, in her turn ;  
 Be she, abandon'd by false Jason's pride, 165  
 A childless mother, and a cast-off bride :  
 Soon may what base injustice gain'd be lost ;  
 And exil'd may she fly from coast to coast.  
 Such fates as once her fire and brother bore,  
 (The first forsook, the last to pieces tore !) 170  
 Her lord and children wait, some future day ;  
 These may she murder ; may she him betray.  
 May she, when earth and water fail, repair,  
 Her last resource, to open fields of air.  
 Long poor and helpless roam the world around, 175  
 'Till her own hand inflict the fatal wound.

Thus wrong'd Thoantias for her injur'd bed,  
 Heaps with dire curses each devoted head.

NOTES.

Line 163. *E're long, like me, &c.*] The grand beauty of the close of Hypsipyle's epistle consists in the conformity of the curses with the history of Medea ; so that her prayers seem to have been hear'd, and her imprecations accomplished on her rival.



D

E

D I D O

TO

E N E A S.

H

## The ARGUMENT.

*DIDO*, the widow of *Sicheus*, priest of *Hercules* (whom her brother *Pygmalion*, king of *Tyre*, to get possession of his immense riches, murdered at the altar), was the founder of *Carthage*, and, according to *Virgil*, contemporary with *Eneas*, the son of *Anchises* and *Venus*; who, in his flight from *Troy* to *Italy*, chanced to be thrown by a violent tempest on the coast of *Africa*. There *Dido* received him hospitably; and intending to engage him to join his *Trojans* with her colony of *Tyrians*, admitted him to the last familiarities. But he, being fated to found the *Roman* state in *Italy*, was warned by *Mercury*, the messenger of *Jupiter*, to depart. This he provided for as secretly as possible; but, as love is quick-sighted, she soon saw through the design; and, in order to dissuade him from it absolutely, or at least 'till the storms were over, sent this epistle, assuring him at last, that she would not survive his departure.

## DIDO to ENEAS.

**T**HUS tunes the snowy swan on Asia's plains,  
Death's doleful prelude, Elegiac strains!

## E S S A Y.

**O**F all Ovid's Epistles, this seems to border nearest upon tragedy; for though several others have a sufficient mixture of the mournful and pathetic, yet most of them want the passionate and frantic, with which this abounds. And, indeed, the succession and conflict between the passions of love and rage, are with such exquisite judgment delineated, that it seems to want little more than a drama to make it a compleat tragedy: so that had it not even appeared upon record, that Ovid had an admirable talent for composition of that kind, we should, from the taste he has given us in this epistle, have regretted the loss of his Medea.

As the most useful notes for your improvement will undoubtedly be to produce the passages in Virgil, from which Ovid has borrowed the sentiment of this epistle (for he has taken up Dido as that great author left her), it is necessary I should say something tending towards a comparison between them. Let it be observed, then, that it is injurious to measure one author by the standard of another. If Virgil be admired, as he most justly is, for the noble simplicity of his sentiments, the majestic gravity of his expressions, and the profound depth of his reflections; is Ovid to be condemned for not excelling him, in what he can have no rival? or ought we not in justice rather to throw into the opposite scale, what are equally Ovid's, an inimitable delicacy of thought, an easy flow of words, and a peculiar felicity of turn? So far in general.



Not that I hope (for hope I now disclaim)  
To rouse the dying embers of your flame;

## E S S A Y.

As to this particular story, Virgil had manifestly the advantage of our author. 'Tis a just observation, that the grand catastrophe in a play should not happen, 'till the last act is far advanced: because otherwise the attention of the spectator is apt to flag, as has been experienced in dramatic pieces, where the plot is unravelled in the fourth act. This is exactly the case with Ovid; his part is little more than narration in a play, which never affects the audience so forcibly, as what is acted upon the stage.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.——

HORAT. Art. Poët. ver. 180.

—— What we hear,  
With weaker passion will affect the heart,  
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.

FRANCIS.

Virgil, on the contrary, has all the advantages of a theatrical representation. We have the persons before our eyes. We see the successive passions of love and fury in Dido; now raving like a Bacchanal, now in a suppliant manner melting into tears. Eneas stands by her in dumb sorrow, with all the marks of concern in his countenance. He fluctuates between the extreams of his duty to the commands of heaven, and his gratitude and love for the queen. Presently his passion decreases, so as to become utterable; and his resolution gets the better of his love. On both sides are heard the most pathetic sentiments, expressed in the most moving language. All this while our minds are kept in the highest suspense, 'till the event comes on; he forsakes her, and she dies.

Any

But virtue gone, and banish'd my repose,  
Can loss of words increase my former loss?

5

## ESSAY.

Any one will easily observe, that these are advantages Ovid could not possibly have. Distance must be supposed, or writing an epistle would be absurd.

Lastly, as to difference of style: I remember to have met with a passage of Mr Dryden's, in some of his long dedications, prefaces, or essays; where he gives his judgment upon this epistle to this effect, "That Ovid having here to engage his master Virgil at his own weapons, and finding himself over-matched, has recourse to forced witticisms to bring himself off." Yet with all deference to that great man's superior judgment, I apprehend, that in making comparisons of this nature, we ought to consider what each author professes, his subject, and particular kind of composition. Virgil's is an heroic poem, Ovid's only *epistles*. And it is universally agreed upon by the best critics, that the latter ought to consist of an easy familiar kind of expression; and the former ought scarce to have one such throughout. To condemn Ovid, therefore, for wanting in his Epistles the grandure of the epic style, would be the same with blaming a man, for not using in his ordinary conversation the bombast of ancient Pistol in Shakespeare, and requiring the world to converse together in the high-flown rant of tragedians.

## NOTES.

Line 1. *Thus tunes the snowy swan, &c.*] The simile of the swan is exceedingly beautiful and natural. We both (says she) die in numbers. The word *albus* is one of those epithets, which contain a distinct idea from the word with which it is joined. It here signifies the same as *hoary*; it being observed by naturalists, that a certain degree of the *canities* is visible in most creatures, when old: though, perhaps, most so in horses; which though

H 3

in

Must then the winds, ah! deaf to Dido's pray'r,  
 Bear hence your sails, and vows resolv'd to air?  
 Nor cables, nor our nuptial bands detain  
 Your ships and you from wand'ring o'er the main?  
 Nor rising Carthage tempt a longer stay;      11  
 Nor (what you seek, ambitious,) regal sway?

## NOTES.

in youth of a very dark grey, yet grow, before they dye, absolutely white. It would be easy to produce innumerable instances of this kind out of Horace; his *bimari Corinthi* and *patiens Lacedæmon* give a most exact idea of the situation of Corinth, and the discipline of Sparta. Otherwise this epithet, which taken in this light is emphatical, would be quite superfluous; for swans of a different colour have been a standing proverb, of no short date, on account of their scarcity,

Rara avis in terris, *nigroque* fimillima cygno.  
 Juv. Sat. vi. ver. 164.

A black swan is not half so rare a bird. DRYDEN.

And, indeed, you may take it for granted, that no unnecessary words occur in the best classics; and that wherever you see not why they are used, it is infallibly certain, that you do not perfectly attain their meaning.

Line 11. *Nor rising Carthage, &c.*] Here she, with admirable judgment, represents to him in plain terms the absurdity of rejecting a certainty for expectation; reality for a shadow. But what shows the lover most, is, her affirming at last, with no little heat, that he was only in pursuit of new intrigues, and seeking to ruin some other woman; for the mortification arising from the loss of a lover is not a little heightened by jealousy, and fancying the object of one's wishes in the arms of another.

Prepost'rous search! a foreign soil to gain,  
 With gods you strove, and cross'd the adverse main.  
 Yet, all your wishes crown'd, your labours o'er, 15  
 Still pant, impatient, for a foreign shore.

Which, grant you reach, yet, tame, what nation yields,  
 Or quits, unconquer'd, it's paternal fields?

No:—other Didos, other loves you seek,  
 New hearts to conquer, and new vows to break. 20

When, high as Carthage, will your turrets rise,  
 And such thick crowds of subjects glad your eyes.  
 Yet grant that wish succeed: where will you find  
 A wife like me; so constant, and so kind?

No sulph'rous torch can match my fierce desires, 25  
 No sacred incense mounts in purer fires.

Still your dear image skims before my sight,  
 My thoughts fond theme by day, my dream by night!

## NOTES.

Line 21. *When high as Carthage, &c.*] This city, which Virgil (but against all chronology) supposes Dido to be now building, became afterwards a very powerful state, so as for a long time to dispute the empire of the world with Rome itself. Where, by the way, one cannot but wonder at the weakness of vanity in great men, to suppose that their memory can be perpetuated by statues, monuments, triumphal arches, and the like, when even the most extensive cities, by the injury of time, and other unavoidable accidents, become so totally erased, as to afford no small subject of controversy to modern travellers and antiquaries, in fixing even the places of their situation.



Ah! fruitless cares! for, was but Dido wife,  
 Scorn'd she wou'd scorn, nor court the love that flies,  
 No :—to detest the crime is all I can ; 31  
 The perfidy I hate, but love the man.

O spare, bright Queen of Love! a daughter spare!  
 And pity, Cupid! a fond sister's care.  
 Quick let him feel the force of female charms ; 35  
 The base deserter of a brother's arms!  
 Still faithful to your cause will Dido prove,  
 So she but meet a due return in love.

It cannot be ;—ye vain illusions! fly ;—  
 He sprung from Venus, and averse to joy!— 40

## NOTES.

Line 39. *It cannot be, &c.*] It is more poetical to have these two lines begin a new paragraph; especially as they serve by way of preface to what follows. And, indeed, otherwise the burst of passion seems a little unnatural, without some previous reflection on her side. It also comes too sudden and unexpected upon the reader, who is not informed that her fury is arrived at so high a pitch; not to say that they are more applicable to the following thought than the preceding. By a paraphrase of them, you will be convinced that they contain the very reflection on which the succeeding sentiment is built. "I am imposed upon (she says) by a sham descent; he can never be the son of Venus, he is not made of such soft materials. What then? why?—hewn from rocks and nursed by tygers, or whatever the violence of her rage represents to her fancy." And the contrast is hereby illustrated between the inflexible hardness of the one, and the complying softness of the other, and constitutes no small beauty. Virgil, the most judicious of writers, has not put this outrageous speech into Dido's mouth,

No: cut from oak, was form'd his stubborn frame,  
Or hewn from adamantine rocks he came:

## NOTES.

mouth, 'till he has given her time to reflect upon what Eneas had boasted to her of his pedigree; when her rage having leisure to work itself up to a proper height, he makes her *act* her resentment in such a manner, as might improve a Roscius or a Garrick. It will best illustrate what I say, if I set down her speech, with it's introduction.

*Talia dicentem jamdudum aversa tuetur,  
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat  
Luminibus tacitis, & sic accensa profatur.*

" Non tibi diva parens, generis non Dardanus auctor,

" Perfidè, sed duris genuit te montibus horrens

" Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera Tygres."

*Æn. iv. ver. 362.*

Thus while he spoke, with high disdain and pride,  
She roll'd her wrathful eyes on ev'ry side,  
That glance in silence o'er the guilty man,  
And all inflam'd with fury she began:

" Perfidious monster! boast thy birth no more;

" No heroe got thee, and no goddess bore:

" No! thou wer't brought by Scythian rocks to-day,

" By tygers nurs'd, and savages of prey.     PITT.

We may add, that it greatly heightens the force of the eloquence, upon a clear conviction, to pass sentence first, and give the reasons for it afterwards. Thus Addison, the British Virgil (as from the accuracy of his judgment, and the grandure of his sentiments, he is frequently called), begins the fifth act of his Cato. That rigid Commonwealth's-man, fully determined to dye free, is introduced with Plato's Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand; to the arguments of which divine philosopher, he expresses his assent in these words:

It

'Mid rav'nous beasts the cruel tyrant grew ;  
 Himself more fierce than all the savage crew !  
 Or from such boist'rous seas, emergent, rose, 45  
 As now his daring fleet too rashly plows.

See, rapid Eurus spreads a sudden night,  
 And howling tempests intercept your flight.

## NOTES.

It must be so :—Plato, thou reason'st well ;  
 Else whence, &c.

Where the beauty is exactly the same as here in Ovid, though the pathos is of course as different, as is necessary to distinguish the composed temper of a philosopher, from that confused medley of passions in a disappointed female lover.

Line 47. *See rapid Eurus spreads, &c.*] The circumstance of the tempestuous sea is an improvement upon Virgil, and very judiciously inserted by Ovid. Hence Dido takes the hint to dissuade Eneas from sailing, 'till the storm was over ; by which means the transition becomes natural and easy. An excellence in composition our author particularly excelled in. His *Metamorphoses* are in themselves a collection of detached stories, utterly inconsistent with one another ; yet (excepting in a very few) the connection is so extremely artful, by laying hold of some similar circumstance in each story, as to raise at once our surprize and admiration. The same may be said for his *Fasts*, where we find things seemingly incompatible linked together in a very easy and natural chain.

And if we suppose Dido to have before her eyes the very storm this thought is taken from, it will give the passage an additional beauty, by reducing this under the class of truly natural thoughts. And hence also we may easily account for the disappointment those meet with, who think to move the passions by affecting wit or learning. See Enone to Paris, note on line 27.

Let me, ah! let me one short respite owe,  
To winds and waves, more just, more kind, than  
thou. 50

Too dear the purchase of your hate may prove,  
If death's a trifle, so you 'scape my love.  
Storms soon may cease, and Triton's azure train  
Sweep the smooth surface of the seas again.  
O would you change as soon! nor sternly bear 55  
Eternal hate, unmollify'd by pray'r.  
And sure you must: except that heart of steel  
No secret sting, no soft compunction feel.

Go:—once more sail, and trust the faithless tide;  
So oft', so lately to your ruin try'd! 60  
Yet know, tho' calm, the flatt'ring pest beguiles;  
For sure destruction lurks beneath her smiles.  
At least let falsehood fear to tempt the deep;  
There justice still o'ertakes the guilty ship:  
But most, if love's abus'd by perjur'd vows, 65  
For naked from the sea it's goddess rose.

## NOTES.

Line 53. *Sweep the smooth surface of the seas again.*  
The sound an echo to the sense.

And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows.  
POPE'S Essay on Criticism, line 367.

Line 55. *O would you change as soon.*] It would be  
endless to point out to you the many various and elegant  
turns in this author. To do it affectingly, and with the  
utmost gracefulness, is his superior excellence. See  
Enone to Paris, Line 27. and 169.



Loft, flighted as I am, I yet would save  
 My bane from sinking in the briny wave :  
 Live then ; 't were better so to bear your hate,  
 Than mourn you, snatch'd by too severe a fate. 70  
 Thy death I wish not, cruel as thou art !  
 No :—live to triumph o'er my broken heart.

Yet think, should storms o'ertake you on the main,  
 (O may my fears no omen'd words contain)  
 Fresh in your mind your perjuries would rise, 75  
 And all my wrongs seem present to your eyes :  
 Full in your view would Dido yield her breath,  
 Pale, bloody, trembling on the verge of death.  
 And self-condemn'd, when thunders roll'd, you'd cry,  
 " Here, Jove, discharge thy red artillery." 80

Give thine and Neptune's rage due time to cease,  
 Then sail ('tis worth so short a stay) in peace.  
 Not Dido only, but Iulus spare,  
 Nor kill at once a lover, and an heir.  
 What has your son deserv'd, or gods ; in vain 85  
 Snatch'd from the flames to perish in the main.  
 But false are all your boasts : no sacred freight  
 E'er press'd those pious shoulders with it's weight.

## NOTES.

Line 73. *Yet think should storms, &c.*] Dido gives here an exact and lively description of a guilty conscience, surprized by some alarming danger. And it is hence we are to account for the many spontaneous confessions of that most enormous of crimes, murder ; though the very lives of the criminals themselves depend upon their secrecy.

Line 87.] *No sacred freight, &c.*] This, I must confess, is done more effectually by Virgil, who has thrown it

Meer fictions all!—nor did I first believe  
 That treach'rous tongue, accusom'd to deceive! 90  
 Ask how Creüsa dy'd; and, traitor! know  
 By you abandon'd to the cruel foe.  
 This too you told: my breast soft pity moves;  
 Your crime's due vengeance shelter'd by my loves!  
 Plain as it was, that, by celestial doom, 95  
 For seven long years, by sea and land, you roam.

Toft by rough seas his fleet my ports receive,  
 And scarce his country known my realms I give.

## NOTES.

it into a kind of sneer, than by a positive denial of the facts;

——— En dextra fidesque!

Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates:

Quem subiisse humeris confectum ætate parentem!

Æn. iv. ver. 597.

This is the prince, the pious prince! who bore  
 His gods and relicks from the Phrygian shore!  
 And safe convey'd his venerable fire,  
 On his own shoulders through the Trojan fire. PITT.

Line 97. *Toft by rough seas, &c.*

——— Ejectum littore, egentem

Excepi, & regni demens in parte locavi:

Amisſam classem, socios à morte reduxi.

Æn. iv. ver. 373.

The needy wretch just cast upon my shore,  
 Fool as I was! with open arms I led,  
 At once a partner to my throne and bed;  
 From instant death I sav'd his famish'd train,  
 His shatter'd fleet I stor'd and rigg'd again. PITT.

Yet had my bounty here express'd it's flow ;  
 Wrapp'd in it's cause my shame had slept 'till now,  
 That luckless day commenc'd my hapless love, 101  
 When to the cave our steps loud tempests drove.  
 Shrill shrieks ensue ; the howling nymphs I hear ;  
 And hell's grim furies sung my ruin near.  
 Strike, injur'd Modesty ! the deadly blow ; 105  
 Revenge Sichæus on my faithless vow :

## NOTES.

Line 103.] *Shrill shrieks ensue, &c.*] Virgil has given a particular description of the bad omens attending these pretended nuptials: a great part of which Ovid hath transcribed, the order only inverted,

Speluncam Dido dux & Trojanus eandem  
 Deveniunt: prima & tellus & pronuba Juno  
 Dant signum; fulsere ignes, & conscius æther  
 Connubii; summoque ulularunt vertice nymphæ:  
 Ille dies, primus leti, primusque malorum  
 Causa fuit. ——— *Æn. iv. ver 165.*

To the same gloomy cave with speed repair,  
 The Trojan heroë, and the royal fair.  
 Earth shakes, and Juno gives the nuptial signs;  
 With quiv'ring flames the glimmering grotto shines:  
 With light'nings all the conscious skies are spread;  
 And nymphs run shrieking round the mountain's  
 head.

From that sad day, unhappy Dido! rose  
 Shame, death and ruin, and a length of woes.

PITT.

Line 105. *Strike, injur'd Modesty, &c.*] Nothing could better close this period than Dido's exclamation for justice upon herself, for violating the rules of modesty, and breaking her promise to Sichæus. Virgil has not carried it

A guilty criminal no longer spare ;  
 Convicted by the conscious blush I wear.

'Neath marble roofs, enshrin'd in royal state,  
 Sichæus, snatch'd by too severe a fate, 110  
 Erected stands ; white skins o'ershade the dome,  
 And shoot faint beams across the solemn gloom.  
 Hence the known voice, that summons me away,  
 " Come, Dido !" says, or seems at least to say.

## NOTES.

it quite so far, only making her attribute her misfortunes to the violation of her vow.

Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichæo.  
 Æn. iv. ver. 552.

I prov'd unfaithful to my former spouse,  
 And now I reap the fruits of broken vows ! PITT.

Line 109. '*Neath marble roofs, &c.*] The Ancients paid great veneration to the memory of their deceased relations and friends. Hence the custom of exhibiting funeral-games, as at the tomb of Patroclus, in Homer's Iliad, book xxiii. Hence Dido's temple ; hence the expensive shows among the Romans, which degenerated into savage brutality, in the fights of gladiators ; and hence too some account for the rise of idolatry.

Præterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum,  
 Conjugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,  
 Velleribus niveis, & festâ fronde revinctum.  
 Æn. iv. ver. 457.

Yet more ;—a temple where she paid her vows,  
 Rose in the palace to her former spouse :  
 A marble structure ; this she dress'd around  
 With snowy wool ; with sacred chaplets crown'd.  
 PITT.



I come, dear partner of my former bed ! 115  
 I come, my face with burning shame o'erspread ;  
 Yet think, how furnish'd to deceive he came,  
 Think, and weak Dido bears not half the blame :  
 His goddess mother, and his rescu'd fire,  
 Both to impose on easy faith conspire ; 120  
 And if, that I should err, the fates decreed,  
 No cause could more excuse th' imprudent deed.

My wretched life in one sad tenor flows,  
 One constant source of ever-streaming woes.  
 Stabb'd at the secret shrine my husband dy'd, 125  
 The bloody spoils enrich the parricide.  
 Driv'n from my native skies I court the wind,  
 My cruel brother urging close behind.  
 These hazards o'er, to strangers next I sue,  
 And buy the lands my bounty gave to you. 130  
 A town I build ; aspiring to the skies,  
 Much-envy'd heights ! my spreading turrets rise.

## NOTES.

Line 130. *And buy the lands, &c.*] The story of Dido's purchase of as much land as she could inclose with an Ox's hide, and building a town upon it, is of much the same stamp with what is related of Hannibal, a native of her city. That he dissolved the otherwise impenetrable Alps with vinegar, to open a passage into Italy. To meet with the one in so grave a poet as Virgil, and the other in so judicious an historian as Livy, may convince us, how great admirers of antiquity they both were. Though I cannot help observing, that fictions, bordering upon impossibility, are more excusable in poetry than prose.

But (the vi greatl opinio rate.

For this, and vengeance on my coy disdain,  
 With arms my lovers shade th' adjacent plain,  
 And loud of my prepos't'rous choice complain. 135 }  
 'Gainst whom my half-built walls can I defend?  
 A woman warriour, and without a friend!  
 To fierce Hiarbas had you sent me bound,  
 Submissive hands your cruel chains had found.  
 A brother too I have, whose impious sword 140  
 Thirsts for my blood, the butcher of my lord!  
 Quit, quit your gods, nor sacred rites prophane,  
 Worship from impious hands the gods disdain.  
 Troy's fate to share they rather wou'd have stay'd,  
 Than 'scap'd the flames by your polluted aid. 145

## NOTES.

Line 138. *To fierce Hiarbas, &c.*]

Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum mœnia frater  
 Destruat, aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas?  
*Æn. iv. ver. 325.*

What? shall I wait, 'till fierce Pygmalion pours  
 From Tyre on Carthage, and destroys my tow'rs?  
 Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led  
 A slave, a captive to the tyrant's bed? PITT.

But Ovid, by making Dido suppose Eneas capable of the villainy of delivering her up in chains to that prince, greatly heightens the circumstance, and shews her real opinion of him to be, that he was no better than a pirate.

Dido, base villain ! too, may pregnant prove,  
 And bear the growing produce of our love :  
 Join'd with it's mother, in one common doom,  
 Th' ill-fated infant dies within the womb,  
 At once it's parent, and at once it's tomb ! 150

## NOTES.

Line 146. *Dido, base villain ! too, may pregnant prove.*]

Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset  
 Ante fugam soboles, si quis mihi parvulus aulâ  
 Luderet Æneas. ——— Æn. iv. ver. 328.

Ah ! had I brought, before thy fatal flight,  
 Some little offspring of our loves to light ;  
 If in my regal hall I cou'd survey  
 Some princely boy, some young Eneas play. PITT.

This thought Ovid took from Virgil, but he hath given it quite a new dress. He was, indeed, under a necessity of doing so ; for it would have been absurd for him to have made Dido wish for a child by Eneas, as she declared in the beginning of her epistle, what also she repeats in the conclusion of it, that she was determined not to survive the loss of him. And the pathos also is very different in the two authors. In Virgil it is built on the fondness of affection ; in Ovid it has no small mixture of indignation ; not to say, that there can hardly be found any passage, in which the difference of their genius is better distinguished. Virgil's sentiment has a noble simplicity, and much of nature in it ; Ovid's is what we call a bright or pretty thought, more complex, and elegantly laboured into seeming contradictions : yet both the most proper imaginable to their subject and the occasion.

But Jove commands you hence :—had Jove before  
 Forbad your foot to touch the Lybian shore,  
 Blest had I been !—Yet, see ! your Jove detains  
 Your fleet in tempests on the wat'ry plains.

Scarce Troy itself were worth such ardent care,  
 Tho' rich as while brave Hector led the war. 156  
 Yet 'tis not Simois shall reward your toil,  
 But yellow Tyber, and a foreign soil:  
 Which as your vain, tho' tedious, search it flies,  
 'Till dim with age, will never greet your eyes. 160

Quitting all further views, in dow'r receive  
 The wealth, the subjects, and the realms, I give.

## NOTES.

Line 151. *But Jove commands you hence.*]

—— Nunc & Jove missus ab ipso  
 Interpres divum fert horrida jussa per auras.  
 Scilicet is superis labor est.—— *Æn. iv. ver. 577.*

And now through air the feather'd son of May  
 Conveys Jove's orders from the blest abodes ;  
 A care well worthy to disturb the gods ! *PITT.*

Line 157. *Yet 'tis not Simois, &c.*]

—— Quid si non arva aliena domosque  
 Ignotas peteres, & Troja antiqua maneret ;  
 Troja per undosum peteretur classibus æquor ?  
*Æn. iv. ver. 311.*

Barbarian ! say, if Troy herself had stood,  
 Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,  
 Would'st thou thy sails in stormy seas employ,  
 And brave the surge to gain thy native Troy ?  
*PITT.*



To Tyrian walls, with better omens bear  
 Your Troy, and reign a pow'rful monarch here.  
 If war's your wish, or if some conquer'd foe 165  
 In martial pomp your son affects to show;  
 If arms or treaties are his darling joy,  
 Our infant state will all his hours employ.

Then, by your mother's ever-blooming charms,  
 By Troy's late gods, and loves all-conq'ring arms.

## NOTES.

Line 169. *Then by your mother's ever-blooming charms, &c.*] This adjuration is usher'd in with a great deal of solemnity, and is one of the strongest I ever met with. Each member of it being chosen with exquisite judgment, and the whole taking in almost every branch of relation. She begs he would not forsake her, by his reverence for the gods; his piety and filial affection for a living mother and dead father; by the love he bore a brother; and, lastly, his care and concern for his son and subjects. Virgil's has a great deal of passion in it, but falls greatly short of the strength and solemnity of Ovid's.

— Per ego has lacrymas, dextramque tuam te  
 (Quando aliud mihi jam miseræ nihil ipsa reliqui:)  
 Per connubia nostra, per inceptos Hymenæos,  
 Si benè quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam  
 Dulce meum. ————— Æn iv. ver. 314.

Ah! by the tears I shed, the hand you gave;  
 (For these still mine, and only these remain,  
 The tears I shed, the hand you gave in vain!)  
 By those late solemn nuptial bands I plead,  
 By those first pleasures of the nuptial bed.  
 If e'er, when told in your circling arms,  
 You sigh'd, and prais'd these now neglected charms:  
 If prayer can move thee, with this prayer comply.

PLIT.

DIDO to ENEAS.

117

So may the fates your Trojan reliques spare, 171

Destin'd no more to know the woes of war!

Long may Ascanius live, in prosp'rous ease,

And rest Anchises' aged bones in peace.

Spare, spare a realm, by Dido's bounty thine; 175

If love's no crime;—what other crime is mine?

No Phthian I, nor sprung of Grecian blood,

No friend of mine in arms against you stood.

If wife offends your ear, be call'd my guest:

So I am your's, no titles break my rest, 180

Too well 'tis known, the waves that wash our shore

Sleep at fixt seasons, at fixt seasons roar.

Spread then your sail, when fav'ring winds shall blow,

See! floating sea-weed stops your passage now.

NOTES.

Line 177. *No Phthian I, &c.*]

Non ego cum Danais Trojanam excindere gentem

Aulide juravi, classemve ad Pergama misi.

Æn. iv. ver. 425.

I ne'er conspir'd at Aulis to destroy,

With 'vengeful Greece, the hapless race of Troy. PITT.

Line 179. *Be call'd my guest, &c.*]

—— Cui me moribundum deferis hospes

Hoc solum nomen quoniam de conjuge restat.

Æn. iv. ver. 323.

Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore,

My barb'rous guest—but ah!—my spouse no more.

PITT.

Trust me to mark your safety in the sky, 185  
 Hence, tho' reluctant, when 'tis fit, you fly.  
 Now your tir'd seamen longer rest demand,  
 Your ships, not half repair'd, forsake the strand.

If then to aid this hand was never flow ;  
 Cancel by one kind act the debt you owe : 190 }  
 Grant one short pause, and interval of woe.  
 'Till the rough ocean's fury be repress'd,  
 And calm'd these tumults in my aking breast.  
 From time and custom 'till I find relief,  
 When train'd to woes, when disciplin'd to grief !  
 If not ; my last resource must be—to dye, 196  
 And so dissolve your short-liv'd tyranny.

O were by you the mournful object seen !  
 My lap your poniard holds, my hand the pen.

## NOTES.

Line 191. *Grant one short pause, &c.*]

Tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furoris ;  
 Dum mea me victum doceat fortuna dolere.

Æn. iv. ver. 433.

For some small interval of time I move,  
 Some short, short season to subdue my love ;  
 'Till reconcil'd to this unhappy state,  
 I grow at last familiar with my fate. PITT.

Line 198. *O were by you, &c.*] Nothing can be more moving than the close of this epistle. An unfortunate princess bathed in tears, and distracted between the opposite passions of love and fury, with a pen in her hand, and a dagger in her lap, affords a good picture for either the tragedian or painter. The sword was what Eneas had formerly made her a present of, and the same which Virgil

Down my wan cheeks descends the briny flood, 200  
To drench the blade, that soon shall drink my blood.

A gift, how suited to promote my doom,  
And at a small expence adorn my tomb!  
Nor is this steel, the first has pierc'd my heart,  
Transfix'd before by cruel Cupid's dart. 205

Ah! sister! sister! whose indulgent care,  
Led my fond madness to the pleasing snare;  
Pay you the last sad honours to the dead,  
Nor be my name with wrong'd Sicheüs read;

## NOTES.

Virgil observes to have been the instrument of her death;  
but, however, he first takes care to clear his heroe of  
design in leaving it behind him.

——— Ensemque recludit  
Dardanium, non hos quæsitum munus in usus.  
Æn. iv. ver. 646.

——— And draws the sword,  
The fatal present of the Dardan lord;  
For no such end bestow'd:——— PITT.

Line 206. *Ah! sister! sister! &c.*]

Tu lacrymis evicta meis, tu prima furentem  
His, Germana, malis oneras, atque objicis hosti.  
Æn. iv. ver. 548.

You first, dear sister, by my sorrows mov'd,  
Expos'd me rashly to the wretch I lov'd;  
Your prompt obedience and officious care  
Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in despair.  
PITT.

Line 208. *Pay you the last sad honours, &c.*] Ovid makes  
all the advances the nature of his work will allow to-  
wards



But mindful of my love, and final doom, 210  
 Grave this inscription on the marble tomb;  
 "The cause and fatal steel Eneas found,  
 "And Dido's passion gave the pow'r to wound."

## NOTES.

wards completing the tragedy. She makes all necessary preparations for the catastrophe; settles, what alone remains after death, her funeral; nay, even goes so far as to write her own epitaph. For supposing it probable that she could have strength to do it, it would have been below the dignity of the character, to have informed him that the fatal stroke was given. Virgil thought it derogatory to his heroine, to say directly that she gave the blow; in him the attendants only see her fallen, and the sword foaming with her blood. A delicacy none of his translators have imitated; not even Pitt himself, who yet in general excels not more in beauty of versification, than in exactly hitting the precise ideas of his author.

Dixerat; atque illam media inter talia ferro  
*Collapsam aspiciunt* comites, enseque cruore  
 Spumantem, sparsasque manus.—

Æn. iv. ver. 663.

Mean time the sad attendants, as she spoke,  
*Beheld her strike*, and sink beneath the stroke.  
 At once her snowy hands were purpled o'er,  
 And the bright faulchion smok'd with streaming gore.  
 PITT.

Yet Ovid, with his usual art, makes her acquaint Eneas  
 with the kind of death she had fixed upon in her epitaph.

HERMIONE

TO

ORESTES.

## The ARGUMENT.

*HERMIONE, daughter of Menelaus, king of Sparta, by the beautiful Helen, was given in marriage to Orestes, her cousin-german, the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, by Tyndarus her grandfather by the mother's side ; to whom Menelaus had entrusted the administration of his affairs, during his absence at the siege of Troy. There, her father, ignorant of the whole, promised her to Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles and Deïadamia, the daughter of Lycomedes, king of the island Scyros ; as a reward for his services : who returning from Troy, carried her off by force. But the princess, having an utter aversion for Pyrrhus, and an equally violent affection for Orestes, by this epistle desires him to make haste to her rescue.*

## HERMIONE to ORESTES.

A COUSIN late and wife prefers her vow ;  
But one dear title lost, a cousin now !

## E S S A Y.

ANOTHER great excellence in our original is, that as Ovid's subject was Love, and his performance Epistle, both of which naturally require softness and music in the numbers, he hath accordingly given it us in a degree little short of absolute perfection. Even an indifferent ear, with moderate attention, will be able to discover this. The reading over of a few lines will suffice to convince any man of it.

And, indeed, the mystery how to attain the like excellence, when occasion requires (a knowledge useful to you, and what this lecture in every case is intended to point out) is not difficult. It consists only in the choice of the softest vowels ; and chiefly in avoiding those synalephas and æthlipsises, which occur so frequently in Latin verse. For they retard the flow, and strengthen the measure, by the elisions they cause. By a comparison of a few lines out of Virgil (who improved the measure in Latin, as much as Pope has done in English, verse) with a part of our author, you will have ocular demonstration of what I advance.

Et me quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant  
Tela, neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Græci,  
Nunc omnes terrent auræ, sonus excitat omnis  
Suspensum, & pariter comitique onerique timentem.  
Æn. ii. ver. 726.

Here, you see, are frequently two elisions in one verse ; and that in plain narration, where there is no reason for particular



Me Pyrrhus, wrathful as his fire, detains,  
And laws of gods and men alike disdains.

## ESSAY.

particular structure in the line to constitute a mechanic beauty, as in

*Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens cui lumen  
ademptum.*

Whereas you will not find so many, in the first fifty lines of this very epistle, as in the four above recited out of Virgil; and those there are, consist only of the slipping the soft vowel in the inclitic conjunction *que*, into the following word. And yet it should be observed, that both authors have acted here with equal judgment. Virgil has consulted for the strength of his poem, by the frequency of them; as Ovid did for the ease of his, by avoiding them.

## NOTES.

Line 3. *Wrathful as his fire, &c.*] *Animosus imagine patris* is a most beautiful expression, and one of those which can hardly be transfused into another language. He was proud of imitating even his father's characteristic failing, and so ascertaining his lineage.

The *wrath* of Peleus' son, the direful spring  
Of all the Grecian woes, O goddess! sing;

are the two first lines of Homer's *Iliad*, as translated by Pope. And Horace observes, that he was to be represented, if brought upon the stage, as

—— iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Art. Poët.

If

His love I scorn'd, for that was in my pow'r, 5  
I show'd reluctance ;—what could woman more ?

“ Hold, youth ! (I cry'd) nor call swift vengeance  
“ down,

“ Another claims this person, as his own.”  
But, deaf as seas, he dragg'd me to his bed ;  
In vain invoking my Orestes' aid. 10

What worse could come, were Sparta wrapp'd in  
flames,

And seiz'd by barb'rous troops the Grecian dames.  
To lesser ills Andromache was doom'd,  
When Ilion's wealth th' Achaian fires consum'd.  
If then my wrongs can touch Orestes' heart, 15  
Your right, with an intrepid hand, assert.  
Shall plunder'd herds to arms your vengeance rouse,  
Tame and regardless of your ravish'd spouse ?

## NOTES.

If Homer's great Achilles tread the stage,  
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving rage ;  
Like Homer's heroe let him spurn all laws,  
And by the sword alone assert his cause. FRANCIS.

Line 17. *Shall plunder'd herds, &c.*] In the heroic times, when there were a great many petty monarchies in Greece, it was reckoned very honourable for a warrior in one state, to enter into the estate, and plunder the herds and flocks, of such as had a great character for valour, in another : and this was the usual occasion of wars. I observe this to you, to take an opportunity of showing you, with what judgment and propriety the classics treat their subjects. If it is a story taken out of fabulous times, they justly represent the sentiments and actions of the times ; and take care not to intermix modern

O copy you our fire :—his stolen fair  
 In vain recall'd, was thought just cause of war. 20  
 When, had he slumber'd in ignoble rest,  
 Still Paris had the beauteous prize possess'd.  
 No thousand sail of ships, no troops provide,  
 But plow, yourself a host ! the yielding tide.  
 Yet whence, to wedlock, or to love, the shame, 25  
 Should troops of war recall the wedded dame ?  
 Besides, both spring from Atreus' noble race,  
 And kindred still remains, should love give place :  
 Double the tie, by this addition, made,  
 In one a consort and relation aid. 30

Our hand, by right divine, Tyndareus join'd :  
 Grave was his person, and sedate his mind !  
 My fire not knowing what was done before,  
 To Pyrrhus' arms consign'd his daughter o'er :  
 Yet on the grandfire's side the right appears ; 35  
 As first in order, and as first in years.

From our late match no injuries arose,  
 But Pyrrhus' claim is founded on your loss.  
 And sure our fire may well excuse our flame,  
 Himself a vassal to the Cyprian dame : 40

## NOTES.

dern ideas and modes. This is a secret which later writers seem absolutely ignorant of; and should I set down the great names, even of our own countrymen, who have fallen into improprieties of this kind, even bordering upon absurdity, it would be both matter of astonishment and pain to you.

Fair Helen's charms a precedent shou'd prove,  
To make him pardon, what he practis'd, love.

Our mother's part I bear ; our father's you :  
And the young Phthian acts the Dardan foe :  
Nor tho' his father's valour swells his mind, 45  
In fame paternal are you left behind :

## NOTES.

Line 43. *Our mother's part I bear, &c* ] Poetry, and her sister Oratory, a lady somewhat more sober in her dress, have admitted innumerable ornaments, and contrived a variety of methods, to imbellish and to please. They have drawn images from every object of the eye or of the mind, real or ideal ; and consequently decked themselves up in all the beauties of nature and of art. It is incredible to what degree their charms have by that practice been heightened, and how much they have thereby gained upon our affections. We even love them, though we see the cozenage and meretricious arts they employ to secure their conquest, and rivet our chains. Here then the *image is taken from the stage*. This short hint (as has ever been my method of assisting you in the like case) is sufficient to explain to you the particular and true classical sense of the verb *ago* in this passage : that it signifies to *act*, or *represent by action and imitation*. But as in cases of grammar, I never thought it sufficient only to direct to the rule, but also, by filling up the ellipsis, and showing you the ratio, lead you to the true solution ; so here it may not be amiss to observe to you, that the figurative sense of words are not arbitrary, as they may at first seem : for instance, the verb *ago* in it's first sense signifies *to do*, and in this image taken from the stage we render it *to act* ; yet, though we call it a different sense, it does not change it's meaning ; because *to act* is to *do* on the stage, in a personated character, what the real character is supposed to *do* in life.



All : ev'n Achilles' self, Atrides led ;  
 That, true ! a chief ; but this of chiefs the head !  
 Your race from Tantalus you likewise prove,  
 The fifth from him, who holds the realms above. 50  
 Nor want you courage ;—in dire arms you flood ;  
 But vengeance gave them for a father's blood.  
 O had some nobler field your valour clos'd,  
 This was not voluntary, but impos'd.  
 Yet well perform'd ; for soon Egistus' gore, 55  
 Sprinkled the walls your father stain'd before,  
 This Pyrrhus blames, and turns to crimes your praise,  
 Nay vindicates th 'injustice to my face :  
 I burst, and red with wrath my visage turns,  
 While secret fury in my bosom burns. 60  
 Dares he Orestes blame ;—his lover by ?—  
 But strength I want, nor shines a poniard nigh.  
 Yet weep I can : and so my grief assuage ;  
 And in full torrents flow the tears of rage.  
 These are my all : and these I ever pour, 65  
 My cheeks still water'd with a constant show'r.  
 Ill-fated race ! where each Tantalian dame  
 Is doom'd to meet involuntary flame.

## NOTES.

Line 67. *Ill-fated race ! &c* ] The frequency of this argument, though the most proper in the world to raise compassion (as it occurs almost in each epistle), would have rendered it very tedious and cloying, were it not for the art of the author, who was master of a secret little known, of diversifying the same thought in a most surprising manner ; and the great variety of story introduced by it.

The fly intriguing swan, what need I say?  
 Where Jove beneath dissembled feathers lay. 70  
 A foreign car, from Corinth's double shore,  
 By stealth the fair Hippodamia bore.  
 Her brother's threats, from high Mopsopia's wall,  
 Bright Helen's ravish'd charms at first recall.  
 But soon by Paris' art seduc'd again, 75  
 She rous'd avenging Greece to plow the main.  
 I just remember how the palace rung,  
 'Till fear and wonder chain'd each forrowing tongue.  
 Comfort my grandfire, uncles, aunt refus'd:  
 Leda the gods, but most her Jove, accus'd. 80  
 Short, as they were, my tresses cut, I cry,  
 "Can you, ah! can you, from a daughter fly?"  
 Gone was my fire:—and now to prove my race,  
 I fall a prey to Pyrrhus' loath'd embrace.  
 O had Pelides 'scap'd Apollo's bow, 85  
 The fire had blam'd the son's rash conduct now.  
 A ravish'd maid once rous'd his dreadful rage,  
 Nor could what youth detested please old age.  
 What planet rul'd, sad author of my woes!  
 What wrongs from me have made the gods my foes?

## NOTES.

Line 77. *I just remember, &c.*] The wonder and astonishment among the relations of Helen, at the first news of her elopement, is inimitably expressed. And the part Hermione bears in it is natural and affecting, yet not in the least disproportioned to her years and capacity.

I yet a babe, my mother sail'd afar : 91  
 My fire, pursuing, wag'd a tedious war :  
 Hence, tho' both parents breath'd the vital air,  
 Their orphan daughter knew no parent's care.  
 No fawning prattle from my tender years, 95  
 With infant lisp, dear mother ! pleas'd your ears.  
 Ne'er with short arms around your neck I clung,  
 Ne'er from your lap a pleasing burden hung.  
 My dress you form'd not, nor the bridal bed ;  
 Nor to the nuptial room your daughter led. 100  
 From Troy returning, I to meet you fly,  
 Your face a stranger to a daughter's eye.  
 Yet which was Helen charms superior show ;  
 While scarce by asking you your daughter know.

## NOTES.

Line 91. *I yet a babe, &c.*] This part of her epistle, though the argument be of a very similar nature with what we meet with in several others, yet is, by the conduct of the poet, made quite a different thing. The circumstances of her story, the uncommonness of her situation, and the little domestic incidents intermixed, contribute towards diversifying the passage, and embellishing his subject, which is Epistle, with some of the fittest sentiments in the world for that kind of performance. For the letter writer never shines so conspicuously, or is so properly in his own sphere, as when he manages the low, the familiar, the domestic, so as to make it agreeable. And I will venture to affirm on this head, that the best letter I ever saw, was from a nobleman now living, to his little daughter, a child of five years old ; every sentiment of which was purely domestic, and every part of it suited to her capacity.

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## HERMIONE to ORESTES.

131

Once was I blest, to dear Orestes ty'd,

105

Who yet must seek by arms, or lose his bride.

My sire a victor, I become a slave ;

Such profit I from vanquish'd Troy receive.

Yet tho' a wretch, while light prolongs the day,

My ills fit easier, and I seem more gay : 110

At night, when weeping on the bed I fall,

And sighs re-echo from the conscious wall :

Not sleep, but rising tears, my eyes afford,

And as some foe I shun my sleeping lord.

## NOTES.

Line 111. *At night, &c.*] Though, in reality, as the learned Mr Locke observes on complex ideas, night has nothing more to do with horror than day ; yet, whether we fear dangers most, when we can see them with our eyes the least, or whether darkness borrows it's terrors from the stories our nurses fill our infant heads withal ; certain it is, that the gloom of night gives gloom to the mind. And thus we find, that both poets and orators introduce the dismal always with a " 'Twas night !"

—— See Virgil, *Æn.* ii. ver. 147. *Æn.* iv. ver. 522. Horace, *Epod.* xvi. ver. 1. In which case it is worth observing, that all the best authors have not accidentally made use of the same expression, " *Nox erat !*" but by choice ; the conciseness of the expression, and the pause after it, greatly heighten the surprize and horror. Pitt saw this, and every where translated it in two words only ; for the strength, as in wine mixed with water, would proportionably be lessened by the increase of quantity. And for oratory, see that passage in Demosthenes *pro coronâ*, so justly celebrated by Longinus, where he recalls to the memory of the Athenians, the horror they were struck with at the news of the success of King Philip.



Delirious oft' with grief, my hands I raise, 115  
And touch, unconscious, his detested face :  
Which crime perceiv'd, I snatch them soon away ;  
And distant my polluted fingers lay.  
Oft' by your name young Pyrrhus I address ;  
And, as an omen, the dear error blefs. 120

Then by our race, and it's great author, Jove,  
Who shakes the seas, the earth, and heav'ns above :  
By your great father's manes hear me vow,  
Which, by your hand aveng'd, rests peaceful now ;  
With lov'd Orestes, my own race ! I wed, 125  
Or visit, in the bloom of life, the dead.



DEIANIRA

TO

HERCULES.

K 3

## The ARGUMENT.

*DEIANIRA* was the daughter of Eneus, king of Calydon, and Alibea. She was married to Hercules, the son of Jupiter and Alcmena: being won by him in fight, from Achelous the river-god, whose horn was broke off in the engagement. Hercules, by Juno's subtlety made subject to Eurystheus, was by his order obliged to undertake many labours; and travel all over the globe to purge it of it's monsters. In his peregrinations, falling in love with Iole daughter of Eurytus, king of Ebalia; on his application he was refused as a son-in-law by Eurytus. Upon this he sacks Ebalia, takes the lady prisoner, and obtains his wishes. But she, by her soft influence, strips him of his lion's skin and his club; and makes him spin among her female slaves. When Deianira hears this, to awaken him to a sense of what he was, she sends him the following epistle.

## DEIANIRA to HERCULES.

JOY of new conquests, and extended sway ;  
Yet, conqu'ror ! blush your captive to obey.

## E S S A Y.

THERE is, my dear youth, no kind of composition taught in Schools, I had almost said Universities, more difficult than a theme : which makes the labour of the master to instruct, and the pains of the scholar to qualify himself to perform it well, very considerable.

As to concord, and even stile, they are acquirable by most youth in due time, and by many with ease ; but the art of thinking properly, and choosing the best sentiments on every subject, is what comes later, and in some is an extremely hard task to draw out or improve. And, indeed, 'till the genius opens of itself, and the judgment ripens, all the assistance that can possibly be given in this respect signifies but little.

And what makes thought proper for theme so difficult, to youth especially, is ; because that age usually runs out into exuberance of stile, and multiplicity of words : whereas shortness of sentences, and fulness of matter, are the chief beauties of composition of that sort. To excel therefore in it, may rather be expected from a more advanced age ; when nature herself teaches us to dislike unnecessary ornament ; to reject exuberance of words, and redundancy of foliage ; in short, to prefer fruit to blossom.

I have often hinted to you, that as a theme is the shortest of all prose exercise, the same sentiment or expression should not recur more than once. Whatever is short, should both have as much variety in it as can be procured, and be laboured to that degree, that no one fault, if possible, may be found. Only



Swift flew the fame thro' ev'ry Grecian town,  
(Base fame, and what your actions should disown ;)

## ESSAY.

Opere in *longo* fas est obrepere somnum. HORAT.

As to language for your themes, I have as frequently recommended to your imitation, Sallust, Pliny, Seneca, and Livy, in most of his speeches. His narration, indeed, is chiefly in the use of the ablative, which, with Tully and Cæsar, affords a better model for your declamations. The nature of the Latin language itself is chaste, and delighting to express a great deal in a few words. This I have had frequent occasion to remind you of, in your turning English into Latin, and to show you various ways of contracting the former language, either by throwing a former clause of the sentence into the ablative case absolute, or making it governed of what follows in the accusative case, or in the participle passive. For instance, in Tooke's Pantheon, where speaking of Progne, he says, *When she had killed him, she cut him to pieces, and dressed the flesh, and gave it to Tereus to supper* ; I told you that the genius of the Latin language required, that it should be turned thus, *Interemptum in frustra dissecuit, carnemque coctam Tereo in cenam apposuit*, rather than, *Cum interemisset, eum in frustra dissecuit, carnemque coxit, & Tereo in cenam apposuit*. This is what we mean by the *chastity* of the Latin tongue ; and this particular excellence is the reason why themes wrote in that language are preferable to all others. The nature of the performance accords with the genius of the language ; for they then excel most, when the greatest quantity of proper matter is suitably expressed in the fewest and best chosen words.

And, besides imitating the sentiment of the above-mentioned authors, most of the paragraphs of this author will furnish one pretty thought on some subject or other, if you contract it into one short expression, and collect the scattered rays, as with a burning-glass, into one focus.

How Iole impos'd the servile chain, 5

When Juno's rage had urg'd with toils in vain.

This may Euryftheus' envious joy compleat;  
And glut, your glory stain'd, a step-dame's hate.  
Not please the pow'r, who join'd three nights in one;  
Scarce so sufficient for so brave a son! 10

Not Juno's hate eclips'd the hero's fame,  
But Love's soft goddess in th' Echalian dame.

## E S S A Y.

focus. And, indeed, the thoughts in Epistle and in Themes are of a very similar nature; only in the latter, they should have a mixture of the nervous, and what Cæsar, in speaking of Terence, calls the *vis comica*. Not that this last is at all improper in letters; only they admit a greater degree of the domestic and familiar, and consequently have less occasion for that help to render them agreeable.

## N O T E S.

Line 9. *Who join'd three nights in one.*] This circumstance has given occasion for a great deal of comic mirth, as you may see in Plautus's *Amphitryon*, or Dryden's two *Socias*, taken from it.

Line 12. *But Love's soft goddess, &c.*] Notwithstanding Hercules's right choice at his first setting out in life (as may be seen in an old Greek writer, Prodicus, from which fable Dr Lowth borrowed the materials of his poem, entitled the *Choice of Hercules*), the invincible goddess of love watched her opportunity to conquer and enslave him. From his first setting out in life, therefore, the arguments of Deianira receive additional strength; and she had room to observe in this case, as in that of strangling the two snakes in his cradle, that the man had degenerated from the youth.

The first, by toils, his path to glory pav'd,  
The last by yielding conquer'd and enslav'd.

Think on your toils, that purg'd of monster race  
Whate'er green Nereus' liquid arms embrace. 16

Peace, by your means, o'er all extends her sway ;

Thro' Sol's diurnal course, from sea to sea.

Heav'n, doom'd your weight to feel, was first sustain'd,

And Atlas' shoulders a short respite gain'd. 20

If then foul blots obscure your former fame,

What sought your labours, but to spread your shame ?

Grasp'd in your infant hands two snakes expire,

O young asserter of your heav'nly fire !

But those bright deeds your later acts have spoil'd ;

How far the man degen'rates from the child ! 26

Earth's pests, Eurystheus, Juno quit the field,

To love (such trophies won) 'tis base to yield.

All praise my fortune, of your bed possess'd,

Blest in my love, in Jove's alliance blest ! 30

#### NOTES.

Line 15. *Think on your toils, &c.* ] The grand beauty of this epistle consists in the very strong contrast between the many glorious, and inglorious, actions of the Heroe. And they are very properly enforced by Deianira ; because nothing is so likely to spur on true valour, or rouse it again, when dormant, as the fear of disgrace.

Line 29. *All praise my fortune, &c.* ] There is an excellent moral in this observation of Deianira's. Ambition is never without it's additional cares. By marrying above our sphere, domestic happiness is the common sacrifice. And grandeur cannot compensate for it.

But brides, unequal to the match, they gain,  
Like ill-pair'd heifers tug the yoke with pain.  
'Tis toil, not grandure;—sad oppressive show!—  
Wed with your peer; if bliss you seek to know.

Still absent you pursue a monster race, 35  
The most a stranger to these eyes your face!  
I, in a widow'd dome, renew my vows,  
Lest you should fall, oppress'd by cruel foes.  
Now serpents, boars, and hungry lions fright,  
Now dogs, with triple jaws, torment my sight. 40  
Fantastic dreams, and threat'ning fibres scare,  
And night's dark omens multiply my care.  
Uncertain news I hunt, a wretch unblest!  
And hope and fear by turns usurp my breast.  
Torn from my friends, alone my sorrows flow, 45  
No mother, fire, or son, to share my woe!  
In stern Eurystheus, arbiter of ill!  
Th' effects of Juno's lasting hate I feel.  
Yet this too small, new suff'rings you impose,  
Addressing to each foreign fair your vows. 50

## NOTES.

Line 35. *Still absent you pursue, &c.*] This is a most natural description of her situation. Absent love is full of fears, frightful dreams, imaginary omens, and a long black train of horrors; especially if the beloved object be engaged in hazardous enterprizes. And what makes her case still more affecting, is, that to encrease the weight of her necessary affliction for his dangers, he lays upon her the more severe burden of injuries; and that in the most vital part, her love and bed.



Not Auge, forc'd in soft Arcadia's vale,  
 Nor shall th' Ormenian rape increase the tale.  
 Nor Thespian sisters, by your strength o'erpow'r'd,  
 A virgin people, in a night deflow'r'd!

Your latest crime alone, adult'rous joy! 55  
 I mention now; whence sprung the Lydian boy.  
 The stream \*, which wand'ring long in Asia's plain,  
 Oft' rolls into itself it's reflux train;  
 With female trinkets saw that neck enchain'd,  
 Which the light burden of the skies sustain'd. 60  
 Bracelets those nervous arms with gold disgrac'd,  
 Bracelets, with radiant gems around enchas'd!  
 Thus arm'd, no doubt, Nemea's pest you slew,  
 And o'er your shoulders the dun trophies threw.  
 With female quiff those manly locks were bound, 65  
 Those locks, with poplar garlands better crown'd!  
 Did you not blush the Lydian zone to wear?  
 Proud of the trifle as a wanton fair!

\* Meander.

#### NOTES.

Line 59. *With female trinkets, &c.*] But her indignation rises highest at his effeminacy. To suffer himself to be made a woman of in employment, as well as dress; was of all others the highest scandal to himself and offence to his friends. And her expatiating so long upon it, and describing the figure he must make in a female garb, with a distaff in his hand, trembling at a woman's lash, must awake him, or nothing could, out of his lethargy.

Nor once recall stern Di'mede's tyrant mood ?  
 The wretch, that gorg'd his mares with human food !  
 You in that dress had proud Buphis seen, 71  
 Doubled the shame of his defeat had been.  
 Tear those gay trinkets from thy rival's brow,  
 Nor yield, Anteus ! to so soft a foe.

With Lydian handmaids female toil you shar'd, 75  
 And a stern mistress' nigh inspection fear'd.  
 How could, your warlike labours at an end,  
 That conqu'ring hand to servile tasks descend ?  
 The thick round thread that vig'rous finger draw ?  
 Obedient to a beauteous female's law ! 80  
 How oft', while round the whirling spindle play'd,  
 Itself prov'd brittle in your hands as thread ?

## NOTES.

Line 81. *How oft', while round the whirling spindle play'd, &c.*] The inhabitants of the southern parts of this kingdom (excepting such only as are studious of Antiquity) can have no idea of what is meant by this ; or the antient manner of spinning. And yet it is still in use in the northern counties among some very old women, who retain a natural antipathy to innovation, though improvement ; and is called (if I remember right) *spinning with the rock*. The spinster has a little square piece of *hard* leather, hanging upon her right side. The spindle is of wood, something short of a foot long, and about the thickness of a man's finger. On the fore-part of this the thread is collected, as on the spindle, in a spinning wheel, in a globular form ; and the hind part she twirls upon the leather, letting the end of it play upon the ground as soon as the thread is long enough to reach it. By this she supports it with  
 her

Aw'd by the lash, you cring'd supinely down,  
 And trembled, servile, at a woman's frown.  
 In pompous words your martial acts you tell; 85  
 Which prudence might have taught you to conceal.

Say, were huge snakes by infant hands detain'd,  
 That first of conquests in a cradle gain'd!  
 Or fed in Cypress groves Tegea's pest,  
 Whose pond'rous bulk the lab'ring ground oppres'd:  
 Or tyrant's door, behung with wretches' heads, 91  
 Fatted with human flesh the Thracian steeds:  
 Or Spain's fell monster, rich by rapine grown,  
 Three his divided form, his person one!  
 Or triple Cerberus, of Hell the dread! 95  
 With hissing serpents arm'd each furious head:  
 Or Hydra, fertile from repeated blows,  
 By less'ning more, and gainer by each loss!  
 Or he whose trophies on your shoulder's borne,  
 At once defend the person they adorn. 100

## NOTES.

her right hand, and draws the wool or tow (for it serves for either) off the distaff, (a round stick, of above a yard long, stuck in her girdle and rising up something above her face, on the left side;) 'till either the thread is so long that her arm cannot reach to support it, or the force is spent, and it runs round no longer; then she draws it to her by the thread, which she winds up, and renews the operation Deianira's meaning therefore is, that from the excessive strength of Hercules's right hand, this spindle must, in the grand twirl, be broke to pieces.

Or Centaurs, of their double form too vain,  
Drove from Theſſalian hills to ſcower the plain ;  
Were theſe by you, a purpled heroe, ſung ?  
And could not female drefs chain down your tongue ?

Your forfeit arms the nymph triumphant bore, 105  
And from her ſlave the well-known trophies tore.

Go now, proud victor ! warlike actions boaſt ;  
She ſeiz'd the manhood you ſo juſtly loſt.

Far your ſuperior ; as 'tis greater fame

You to ſubdue, than ſavage beaſts to tame. 110

'Tis her's the harveſt of your toils to ſeize,

A miſtreſs, yet ſole heiress of your praiſe !

Shame to relate, yet wrapt in ſpoils ſhe lay,

Rent from a lion's ſides, a horrid prey !

Ah ! fond miſtake ! not his thoſe ſpoils but thine :

Which torn from him, you to the fair reſign. 116

Darts, red with ſerpent blood, a woman bore ;

Her ſtrength ſcarce equal to the woof before !

Arm'd with the club ſhe ſtood, which monſters  
quell'd ;

And proudly in the glaſs her form beheld. 120

This was I told ; but ſame I diſbeliev'd ;

And leſs the ears weak teſtimony griev'd.—

## NOTES.

Line 105. *Your forfeit arms, &c.*] The mock triumph of his miſtreſs here repreſented, is well adapted to excite his ſhame ; and free him from his ſlavery. He muſt have been far gone in love and degeneracy ; if ſo alarming an image could not awake him again to glory.



Soon the strange harlot stands before my eyes ;  
 'Nor could I then ev'n hide my injuries. 124  
 Ah ! cruel man ! 'midst thronging crowds you led,  
 Sight odious as the grave ! your captive maid.  
 Not captive-like, with loose neglected hair,  
 And count'nance veil'd, her fortunes to declare ;  
 But garments, rich with fretted gold, she bore,  
 Such as Alcides self in Phrygia wore. 130  
 Her head o'er conquer'd Hercules elate ;  
 Her fire alive you'd think, unsack'd her state.  
 Perhaps she may, in Deianira's room,  
 The concubine put off, the wife assume :  
 And shameless Hymen's impious venal trade 135  
 Join mad Alcides to th' Echalian maid.  
 Back start my thoughts, and cold pervades my breast,  
 And on my lap my languid fingers rest.  
 Me too you lov'd, but lov'd a spotless bride ;  
 'Twice for my sake your force in arms was try'd. 140

## NOTES.

Line 139. *Me too you lov'd, &c.*] The recalling to his memory his former tender passion, and the toils he had undergone for her, was a very proper close of her expostulations. But what is extremely artful in the author ; from the mention of Nessus, he most naturally and easily introduces, the inimitable monody, with which the epistle ends ; the beauty of which is heightened very much by an uncommon simplicity of sentiment, depth of pathos, and an affecting pastorality in the repetition of

Die, impious Deianira ; 'tis thy due !

His horn the god resum'd, content to lave  
 His mangled forehead in the muddy wave.  
 In cold Evenus Centaur Nessus dy'd,  
 And stain'd with horse's blood the purpled tide.

But hold ;—while yet I write, fame round me flies,  
 That, by the poison'd vest, my husband dies. 146  
 What have I done ? ah ! whither was I drove  
 By wild extreams of madness and of love ?  
 While high on Eta's summit he expires,  
 His pains asswaging by more painful fires ; 150  
 Can'st thou survive, whose hand thy husband slew ?  
 Die, impious Deianira ! 'tis thy due !

Yet what remains, the privilege of life  
 I now reject, in death at least thy wife !  
 In me a sister, Meleager, view ; 155  
 Die, impious Deianira ! 'tis thy due ?

Ah ! wretched house ! his throne while others hold,  
 Far Eneus wanders, impotent and old.  
 O'er foreign climes one exil'd brother flies ;  
 At home by sympathy another dies ; 160  
 My mother's poniard pierc'd her body thro' ;  
 Die, impious Deianira ! 'tis thy due ?

Yet think not, think not, by our nuptial joy,  
 I sought your life, by treach'ry, to destroy.

## NOTES.

Line 163. *Yet think not, &c.*] There is something very affecting in her deprecating so solemnly his suspicion of an intent in her to do him the least harm. A person in her circumstances must feel intensely, as well

L

for

The Centaur said ; now dying by your dart, 165

“ This bloody vest recalls the wand’ring heart.”

The dire experiment I made on you :

Die, impious Deianira ! ’tis thy due !

My aged fire, farewell ; and kindred race ; 169

Torn from your much-lov’d country’s dear embrace ;

Farewel, thou light ! the last these eyes shall view ;

My hapless comfort, and lov’d son, adieu !

NOTES.

for having inadvertently killed the person, she was fond of to distraction ; so particularly lest he should think it was done on purpose. And the solemn leave she takes of all her nearest relations contributes greatly to the pathos ; and makes her exit very moving.



ARIADNE

T O

THESEUS.

L 2



## The ARGUMENT.

*ARIADNE* was the daughter of *Minos* king of *Crete*, by his queen *Pasiphaë*. She fell in love with *Theseus*, when sent by lot, one of the seven Athenian youths, to be devoured by the *Minotaur*. To him she disclosed the secret of the labyrinth; that having conquered the monster, he might not perish; eternally wandering about in that maze of error. Her assistance had the desired effect; for he killed the *Minotaur*, escaped out of the dome, and carried his deliverer away with him. But on his voyage, landing upon the island *Naxos*, he there left her asleep, and proceeded to *Athens* without her. In this epistle she admirably paints her astonishment at his ingratitude, and perplexity what course to take.

## ARIADNE TO THESEUS.

**F**IERCEST of savages, your guardian care  
Expos'd by you, fell brutes relenting spare.

### E S S A Y.

**I**N the foregoing little Essays, prefixed to each Epistle and Lecture, I have given you an imperfect sketch of the excellencies of Ovid's writings in general, and the particular beauties of his Epistles. This I thought necessary, in order to convince you of their fitness to instruct youth in what will best enable them to read other classics with ease; I mean true classical language, and fabulous history: and, on the other hand, to apologize to the publick for my own labour in translating them.

For, as Ovid must, in justice to his merit, be placed in the first rank of Latin classics, I thought it was pity, since we have good translations of the rest (indeed several of some of them), that in this part of his Works, universally acknowledged the best, he only should be neglected. Neglected, I say; for, as to that we have already, it is so vague, so distant from the author, and finished in so careless a manner, as to bear but a faint resemblance of him.

A translation ought to represent a writer faithfully; to be a true, at least, if not also a beautiful, picture of his features, complexion, and air. No word of strength and significancy should be left out; no alterations to strike in with modern modes, or the fancy of the translator, introduced: but he should stick as close to the original as the different genius and idioms of the two languages will allow.

This is my idea and definition of translation; and that the classics themselves had the same, I appeal to what Catullus, Tully, and others, have left behind them, translated from the Greek.

These lines, ungrateful Theseus! thence I write,  
 Whence your false vessel urg'd it's secret flight:  
 Where sunk in sleep's soft lap, secure, I lay; 5  
 While Theseus wak'd, insidious, to betray.

What time with pearly drops the grafs was hung,  
 And feather'd quires their early mattins sung;  
 Scarce half-awoke, I stretch these languid arms,  
 Close to enfold my lovely Theseus' charms: 10

## ESSAY.

And, indeed, there is little difficulty, and for that reason as little merit, in paraphrase. For what is it that the paraphrast does, but either spin here and there a thought of his author into meer cobweb; or take it, as a young puppy does the scent, and run away with it, bellowing, with his nose into the air, 'till he has absolutely lost both himself and it.

Had it not been for this, I should never have ventured to have followed Pope in Sappho to Phaon. But his translation was of too loose a kind to incorporate with mine; and, if any one should add, too good also, I will not only readily forgive, but agree with him. I shall be very well contented, if I am allowed the merit of having more faithfully represented the sense of my author, of any former translator; and of having imitated more closely the familiarity of his style, the softness of his numbers, and the quickness of his turns.

## NOTES.

Line 9. *Scarce half-awoke*] The complex idea of the original is well expressed, by *incertum vigilans*. We have great encomiums on other authors for the like instances. See Pope, in particular, on Homer's *δανύβειν γελάσσασα*; Iliad. Lib. vi. ver. 489.

No Theseus there was found :—Once more the bed  
 I search, but search in vain ;—the youth was fled.  
 Fear banish'd sleep, and shook my boding soul ;  
 In anguish on the widow'd bed I roll.  
 With echoing strokes my glowing bosom rung, 15  
 Torn were my tresses, as undress'd they hung.  
 Bright shone the moon : the port my eyes explore,  
 A desert harbour, and forsaken shore !  
 Now here, now there, confus'd I cross the strand,  
 Deep sink my footsteps in the treach'rous sand. 20  
 " Theseus !" aloud, throughout the shores, I cry ;  
 And to the sound the hollow rocks reply :  
 Oft' as I call, their aiding voice they lend ;  
 My woes relenting adamants befriend.  
 A hill there stood (shrubs scatter'd on it's brow),  
 Worn by the waves it's rocky sides below. 26

NOTES.

Versu 15°. *Adductis* ; drawn towards me ; the very act of beating the breast requires that the hand be thrown off from the body first, and in the stroke be brought back again with violence to it : the latter action is what is here meant by *adductis*. I only add this, because some interpreters have explained it by *repeating* ; with which idea it has no connection, and consequently youth are misled by blind guides in such cases.

Line 21. " *Theseus !*" &c.] The thought in this place is truly Ovidian, and contains in it an uncommon pretiness. The very rocks relent and aid, while you are cruel and betray.

Line 25. *A hill there stood*, &c.] One of Ovid's chief excellencies consisted in descriptions ; and, of all we find in his writings, few, if any, are comparable to this.



With resolute despair I climb the steep,  
 And measure with my view th' extended deep :  
 Lo ! southern blasts, as Theseus' self unkind,  
 Fill your spread sails, that fly before the wind. 30  
 I see, or fancy that I see, you gone ;  
 And cold as ice my limbs, I freeze to stone.  
 Nor long that lethargy of grief remains ;  
 Doom'd as I was to sharpest sense of pains.  
 Rous'd by my griefs, with shrieks I rend the sky, 35  
 And " Turn, false man ! O turn your ship," I cry :  
 " Whither, ah ! whither is your course inclin'd,  
 " Part of your freight, your Cretan maid, behind ?"  
 Thus I ;—to aid my voice my breast I wound ;  
 Words, strokes, and echos, mingling sound with  
 sound. 40

## NOTES.

The scene by land and by sea is beautifully described ; but the distress and action of the heroine is so strongly represented, that the stage could hardly add any thing to it. She gets sight of his ship, by mounting the eminence, and on finding her fears true, and that he had certainly left her, swoons away. But the intenseness of her pangs suffers her not to be long insensible ; she recovers, calls, beats her breast, waves her hands, and at last hangs her veil from a pole to catch his eye. The agony in her features and whole body, during this appeal, is easily to be imagined ; though we must confess, the Ancients had greatly the advantage over us in this respect, having it in their power to draw this kind of description from the many fine statues and pieces of painting, very commonly to be met with in their age, which in ours are very scarce, the poor remains being laid up in the cabinets of the curious.

Yet lest they all should fail to reach your ear,  
My beck'ning hands are spread aloft in air ;  
At last, to catch your eye, a snowy veil  
Waves from a length of pole, my last appeal !

Now out of view your sails, salt torrents flow ; 45  
'Till then those sluices had been stopp'd by woe.  
For, ravish'd from my dark'ning sight your ship,  
These useless eyes, what could they do, but weep ?  
Now with loose hair alone the wilds I trod,  
Like some fierce Bacchanal, once felt the god ! 50

NOTES.

Line 45. *Now out of view your sails, &c.*] No author was ever better acquainted with nature than our's. Her fright and hurry had hitherto precluded tears ; but, when once she was at leisure to sit down, and reflect upon her condition, those sluices opened to her relief. Passions at first are frequently too big for utterance any way.

Line 48. *These useless eyes, &c.*] This thought also is truly Ovidian, and has an elegance in it seldom to be met with.

Line 49. *Now with loose hair, &c.*] The representation she gives of the extravagance her passion drove her to, is both natural and beautiful, and contains, perhaps, some of the finest poetical painting extant. And the variety in seeing her now raving about like a Bacchanal, now motionless as a statue upon the rocks ; one while slung upon the bed in a fit of despair, and another while venting her passion, by kisses bestowed on the part her better half had pressed ; and, at last, harranguing to and expostulating with it for it's treachery, are all masterly strokes of invention, or at least beautiful copies of the many attitudes our author had seen her drawn in, by the sister arts of Poetry, Sculpture, and Painting.

Now shiv'ring on some naked rock I rest,  
 A statue, lifeless as the stone I press'd.  
 Oft' to our bed return'd, I vent my moan,  
 Which both receiv'd, but, ah! restor'd but one.  
 There of my lord I kiss what marks remain, 55  
 Incumbent on the part, where you had lain!  
 Which soon with flowing tears besprinkled o'er,  
 "Two press'd thee, Bed!" I say: "then two re-  
 "store:  
 "Both hither came; why should not both depart?  
 "Where is the youth, false Bed! who keeps my  
 "heart? 60  
 What shall I do?—where turn?—This barren isle  
 Unvex'd with ploughs; untill'd by human toil!

## NOTES.

Verſu 53°. *Vestigia*; traces. This word is uſually rendered *footſteps*, and properly enough ſo, where animals are traced out by them, as game of the quadruped kind. But that it means *traces* alſo left behind by lying down, we are taught by Pliny, who in proſe uſes it in this very ſenſe in a letter to his wife.

Line 61. *What ſhall I do? &c.*] Every paragraph of this inimitable epiſtle is fraught with beauties. The reigning excellence of this, however, has been explained before in one of the Eſſays prefixed to each epiſtle, and the author of this ſtrong kind of argumentation and pathos pointed out to you. And yet Ovid, as is ever his manner, has not left off, 'till he has added ſome improvement of his own. Cræſus might, indeed, return to his parent, and be received; but Ariadne could not: and the reaſon was, the aſſiſtance which ſhe had given to Theſeus, in his delivery out of the labyrinth; a circumſtance

Hoarse seas around ! no pilot near to guide,  
 No ship to bear me o'er the dang'rous tide.  
 Yet grant firm ships were giv'n, and winds and crews,  
 To me admittance Cretan ports refuse. 66  
 Grant turbid Eolus each blast should quell,  
 And waft o'er peaceful seas my prosp'rous sail ;  
 Yet far from Crete in exile must I rove,  
 Crete sam'd for towns ! the nurse of infant Jove. 70  
 For there my rashness all that 's dear betray'd ;  
 My father and the realms his justice sway'd.  
 When, thro' the dubious maze your feet to guide,  
 These guilty hands th' unerring thread supply'd.  
 When thus you swore ; " By all my toils believe ;  
 " Mine shall you be, so long as both shall live." 76  
 Both live, yet I 'm not your's ; if one is said  
 To live, when to her lord's affection dead.  
 Crush'd with my brother, had I lost my breath ;  
 Your promise had been cancell'd by my death. 80  
 Not only what I 'm doom'd to bear I dread,  
 But all that can befall a helpless maid.

NOTES.

cumstance which heightens his obligation to preserve her equally with the strength of the argument.

Line 76. *Mine shall you be, &c.*] It were endless to comment upon every instance of fine turn in Ovid. This was an excellence peculiarly his own. But here it is double. Both live, yet I 'm not your's ; no ! both do not live, for to lose my love is worse than the loss of life.

Line 81. *Not only what I 'm doom'd to bear I dread, &c.*] It is not to be wondered at in the least, if, in Ariadne's situation,



A thousand forms of death before my eyes,  
 It's horrors, by delay increas'd, arise :  
 From ev'ry quarter I expect each hour 85  
 Th' approach of wolves, rapacious to devour !  
 Who knows but lions breed on Naxian soil ?  
 And tygers scour th' inhospitable isle ?  
 Monsters by tides left distant from the sea ;  
 Or men may kill me, still more brutes than they. 90  
 O may I only never live to share  
 The servile task, and low domestic care :  
 To Minos and the Sun so near ally'd,  
 Nay once to Theseus join'd, my greatest pride !  
 Whether on lands or seas I throw my eyes, 95  
 From seas and lands unnumber'd dangers rise.  
 To Heav'n, as to my last resource, I fly,  
 Yet dread ev'n there each am'rous deity.  
 Here am I left to glut with human blood, 99  
 Each rav'nous beast of prey that haunts the wood :  
 Or grant that men frequent this lonesome place,  
 My wrongs forbid to trust a foreign race.  
 O had Androgeos liv'd, nor Athens paid  
 The annual fine of blood t' appease his shade ;

## NOTES.

situation, many imaginary terrors should arise in her mind. The natural timidity of the sex need not be called in to her excuse. To be deserted upon a solitary island, and left the prey of savages, whether of the brute or human sort, was enough to have sunk the courage of a heroine, and much more of a heroine.

Line 103. *O had Androgeos liv'd, &c.*] We must not be surprized to find this argument repeated in each of the

Your knotty club, bold Theseus! ne'er had slain  
The Cretan Minotaur, half-bull, half-man! 106  
Nor had I lent, to guide you thro' the dome,  
The thread, which your returning hands resume.

No wonder you an easy conquest found,  
And the fell'd monster dy'd the Cretan ground; 110  
For what could horns against your breast avail,  
Arm'd as it was with steel, it's native mail?  
For adamant or flint your breast put on,  
Or Theseus' self much harder still than stone.

Ah! cruel sleep, so long to close my sight, 115  
Yet not to seal it in eternal night!

NOTES.

the epistles. 'Tis nature itself, and would occur of itself to each interested person. Could we but remove the cause of any common miscarriage in life, we should undoubtedly remove the effect with it. And the different circumstances in the history of each particular heroine, produce that variety, which will hinder the same thought from disgusting the reader.

Line 109. *No wonder you an easy conquest found, &c.*] This paragraph shews Ovid in his true colours. He was excessively fond of the pretty and the juvenile: and a further-extended play upon words will be difficult, even in his writings, to be met with.

Line 115. *Ah! cruel sleep! &c.*] But the sublimity and pathos contained in this, will abundantly make amends for the juvenile trifling in the last, paragraph. This passionate address to the three principal causes of her being abandoned, and the tacit accusation under it, for their conspiring, as it were, together, to promote her ruin, cannot fail of very strongly affecting the reader.

Ye cruel winds! sad authors of my woes;  
 Ye blasts! that to my grief, officious, rose;  
 Thou cruel hand! mine and my brother's bane;  
 Thou plighted faith! an empty sound and vain: 120  
 Sleep, winds, and faith, to work my fall combin'd;  
 Three causes to betray one female mind!

Then must I die, no sorr'wing parent near,  
 These eyes to close, or drop a tender tear?  
 Thro' foreign air this wretched spirit fled, 125  
 Shall no kind hand compose and wash the dead?  
 Shall hungry sea-gulls my dead corpse devour,  
 And spread my naked bones along the shore?  
 Are obsequies like these, base man! my due,  
 For all the num'rous favours heap'd on you? 130

Cecropian ports you 'll reach, your native land!  
 And high, amidst the crowded palace, stand:  
 There while you boast, by matchless skill o'ercome  
 Th' ambiguous monster, and erroneous dome:

## NOTES.

Line 127. *Shall hungry sea-gulls, &c.*] This misfortune had a much stronger effect in raising compassion among the heathens, than among us. The quiet of the departed soul was believed by them to depend upon their being partakers of funeral obsequies; and the privilege of passing the river Styx, and consequently reaching the pleasures of Elysium, was denied to such as failed to obtain them.

Line 133. *There while you boast, &c.*] The contrast between an honourable and scandalous action is well preserved here. And, indeed, nothing more heightens irony, or, indeed, burlesque, than by joining together, in the same line or sentence, the high and low, the grand

Let Ariadne's fate the story crown, 135  
Left in a solitary isle alone.

'Twere hard to rob you of your royal dame ;  
The last, the noblest, trophy of your fame !

No parents e'er were your's, of human kind,  
From seas you sprung, engender'd by the wind ! 140  
O could you see me from your flying ship ;  
'Twould teach ev'n your relentless eyes to weep.  
View me, then view me, with strong fancy's eye,  
Grown to the rock ; the rolling billows nigh !

## NOTES.

grand and mean, the important and trifling. A thousand instances of this might be collected from Pope's inimitable mock-heroic poem, intitled *The Rape of the Lock*.

Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometime *counsel* take—and sometimes *tea*.

Canto iii. line 7.

Whether the nymph shall *break Diana's law*,  
Or some frail *China jarr* receive a *flaw*,  
Or stain her *honour*, or her rich *brocade*,  
*Forget* her *pray'rs*, or *miss* a *masquerade*,  
Or lose her *heart*, or *necklace* at a ball.

Canto ii. line 105.

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast.  
When *husbands* or when *lap-dogs* breathe their last.

Canto iii. line 157.

Line 141. *O could you see me from the flying ship, &c.*]  
It would be endless, were I to say something upon every return of a fine image or description : by this time I hope it is needless, and you will be able to see and admire them of yourselves, without having them pointed out to you, both in this and other authors.



View my pale cheeks, with tresses cover'd o'er; 145  
My garments drench'd with tears, a copious show'r.  
Like corn I tremble, quiv'ring in the wind,  
Each finger shaking, and each word inclin'd.

No more by ill-plac'd kindneses I sue,  
For what is past be no return my due; 150  
At least no ill:—for grant I fav'd not thee,  
Could'st thou with justice seek to punish me?

These hands with striking my sad bosom red,  
See, o'er the spacious main your suppliant spread.  
What tresses yet are left untorn, I show, 155  
And beg by tears yourself have taught to flow;  
Turn, Theseus! turn your sail; plow back the wave:  
And if I'm dead, bestow at least a grave.



C A N A C E

T O

M A C A R E U S.

M

## The ARGUMENT.

*CANACE, the daughter of Eolus, god of the winds, entertained an incestuous passion for her own brother Macareus. This they concealed under the cloak of affection; but unhappily it broke out and was discovered by it's fruits. Yet, unknown to her father, she was delivered by the assistance of her old nurse; who projected also a scheme to convey the infant through the court of Eolus, which she had necessarily to pass; wrapped up in green boughs and chaplets. But unluckily it's own cries betrayed it, in it's passage; upon which Eolus ordered the babe to be exposed; and by one of his life-guards, sent a sword to the mother, with orders for her to use it, as her crimes deserved. She thereupon resolves to dispatch herself with it; but first writes this letter to Macareus, to desire him to gather her bones, and the infant's, and to bury them in the same urn.*

## CANACE to MACAREUS.

OBSCUR'D with blots, shou'd scarce these  
 lines be read,  
 Know, blood hath stain'd them, and the writer's  
 dead.

## ESSAY.

AS translating the classics is a common exercise for youth in our schools, and indeed a most improving one; I could not perhaps any other way contribute more to your entertainment or advantage, than by laying down a few plain rules concerning it.

First then, let the translator look upon it as an indispensable preliminary, that he makes himself a perfect master of the scope, the argument, and full sense of his author. Without this, he is only fighting in the dark; and the assistance of the Muses themselves will serve but the more to expose his ignorance. The high reverence I bear for several modern geniuses, hinders me from quoting many glaring faults of this kind. They will occur to you sooner than I could wish, both for their sakes and your own; and give you the pain, I have frequently felt myself for them. But if you want an example of the contrary, give me leave to recommend Pitt to you, as the most accomplished translator this, or any other age hath seen. For I will venture to affirm, that by carefully comparing his translation of Virgil's *Æneid* with the original, you will receive more assistance towards perfectly understanding your author, than by reading all the commentators, that ever writ upon him.

The second thing I would recommend is thoroughly to weigh the expression of the original, and exactly



One hand the pen, and one the poniard holds,  
 And in my lap each opening sheet unfolds.  
 'Tis thus your sister pens her soft desire ;  
 A posture pleasing to our wrathful fire !

5

## E S S A Y.

distinguish plain from figurative diction. For confusion of this sort, though a fault hardly to be met with among the Antients, is too common with modern writers in every language I understand. 'Tis not therefore the particular growth of our own nation. And it is doing in language what Horace blames in composition, throwing together the unnatural mixture of fish, flesh, and fowl,

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
 Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas  
 Undique collatis membris ;* ———

HOR. Art. Poët. Lin. 1.

Suppose a Painter to a human head  
 Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread  
 The various plumage of the feather'd kind  
 O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd ;

FRANCIS.

keep clear therefore of the figurative, or keep to it.

The third requisite in a translator is to fasten upon such words as may properly enough be called the hinges of the sense, and express them with equal strength in your own language. To know which these are, good sense and nature herself will sufficiently direct you : not to say that they are those very terms, on which, in teaching you to pronounce and read with propriety, I have always accustomed you to lay the emphasis. If you express these properly, you need not doubt but a sufficient likeness of the original will be preserved in the copy. For these in translating answer to the distinguishing features in portrait painting.

O were he here the destin'd stroke to see,  
 And urge his own implacable decree !  
 His temper fiercer than each subject wind,  
 Pleas'd wou'd he view, nor leave a tear behind. 10  
 Fierce winds to rule one great advantage knows,  
 Stern as his people soon the monarch grows.

The east and western blasts his pow'r controuls,  
 And quells the blust'ring tyrants of the poles ;  
 O'er winds he rules, yet passion's reign obeys ; 15  
 His vices larger than the realms he sways.

## NOTES.

Line 12. *Stern as his people soon the monarch grows.*] The old position of the schools, that the agent assimilates to itself the patient ; and that a tyrannical government in the school of tyrants, is not more true than it's contrary ; which Ovid, a most compleat master of new and pretty thoughts, here asserts. For the subjects as naturally render the monarch like them, as the monarch does the subjects. Thus the governor of a barbarous people will most generally be found to be barbarous ; of a warlike nation, brave ; and of a voluptuous and effeminate one, debauched. Nay, connections of this kind are so strong as frequently to change almost disposition itself. It being frequent to meet with young ladies, so timorous, while they live among a parcel of frightened sisters and maiden aunts, as to faint at the sight of a mouse ; who yet acquire so much courage, by living a few years with a husband, and conversing more with men, as to laugh at their former fears, and behave with as much intrepidity, even in real danger, as any heroine of antiquity.

Line 15. *O'er winds he rules, &c.*] I have all along shown you, how useful the thoughts as well as expressions of Ovid are, to assist you, on most occasions, in your school exercise ; from the sprightliness and juvenility

Ah! what avails thro' gods, a kindred race,  
 To Jove our heav'nly pedigree to trace?  
 Does my weak hand for this, unus'd to kill,  
 Less grasp this dread funereal gift of steel? 20  
 O had preventing death, my lovely boy,  
 Snatch'd me, unconscious of forbidden joy:  
 Why felt the youth a more than brother's flame?  
 More than a sister ought, why lov'd the dame?  
 For love's soft fires, which oft' I'd heard express'd,  
 Not felt before, glow'd ardent in my breast. 26  
 My colour, strength, and stomach, all were gone;  
 All but the appetite of love alone!

## NOTES.

nility (if I may be allowed the expression) of both. But here is one excellence still remaining; namely, the epigrammatical turn of many of his paragraphs: from which you may be furnished, or at least, by imitation, assisted, in that part also of your scholastic business. This was so natural to our author, that he could not curb his inclination for it, even where it was hardly proper: for certainly, the most just objection his enemies have against him, is, a too frequent and intemperate indulgence of this bent of his genius, in other parts of his works. For wit, in every shape, I take to be essential to epistle; especially of the familiar kind. But, granting it in him to be an imperfection, yet nothing hinders you from availing yourselves of his faults; and by a more proper application to remove the objection. For this juvenile playing upon both thoughts and words is really graceful in short exercises, and indeed absolutely necessary to the very being of epigram. In which yet the turn upon the sentiment is to be preferred; though, with artful management, it may be made agreeable enough upon the words also.



Each night a year ! no slumbers clos'd my eyes,  
Short groans, but from no outward pains arise ; 30  
For this no cause I knew, nor cou'd I guess  
What love might be ; yet love was my disease.  
My nurse first 'spied my ill ; experienc'd dame !  
'The first she cry'd, "'Tis love's consumptive flame !"  
I blush ; my down-cast eyes true signs impart, 35  
And silence speaks confession from the heart.

When now the burden of my womb increas'd,  
And the big babe my sinking limbs oppress'd ;

## NOTES.

Line 37. *When now the burden of my womb increas'd,*  
[&c.] As the circumstances of the history of each of our author's heroines were different ; he has taken an opportunity of inserting almost the whole of their story, in each epistle, which has answered generally three ends. 1st. To elucidate their story, and throw light upon all the remainder of the epistle. 2dly, To draw on the reader by it's agreeable variety ; and, lastly, to affect by it's tenderness and pathos. The circumstances of Canace's are uncommon ; and the detail, though long, is both entertaining and affecting. There is a great deal of nature in the description of her disease ; in the acuteness of her nurse's judgment, in finding it out, by the symptoms ; in her behaviour on being told of her passion ; finding herself with child ; concealing her attempts to destroy it from it's father ; on being taken with travel ; on her recovery at the sight of the object of her love ; on the discovery of the plot to get the infant out of the house ; on her father's coming storming into the room ; on his giving orders for the infant's being exposed ; and on the message with the sword, and orders to dispatch herself.



What herbs, what sov'reign potions were not try'd?  
 Which with bold hands my daring nurse supply'd. 40  
 To tear th' abortive load from whence it grew:  
 The only secret this I kept from you.

But all our arts the healthy infant quell'd,  
 And, safe intrench'd, the pois'nous foe repell'd.

Nine times bright Phebe now had chang'd her  
 face, 45

And the tenth moon began her monthly race:  
 Not knowing whence my sudden pains arose,  
 Rude in the female camp, unus'd to throes;  
 Aloud I shriek:—The conscious matron flies,  
 Press'd close my lips, and "all's betray'd:" she cries:  
 What cou'd I do? a wretch! I die with pain, 51  
 But she, fear, shame, forbid me to complain.  
 Quick I my words re-call; my shrieks repress,  
 And drink the briny torrents, on my face.  
 Death ready stood; (Lucina's aid deny'd); 55  
 And death was guilt: even granting I had dy'd.

## NOTES.

Versu 48°. Nova miles; a tyro, or novice, in the female warfare. Both the expression and allusion are extremely beautiful; there being an exact analogy, whether we regard the labour or danger of it.

Versu 53°. Verba *reprendo*; I catch my words again, before they have escaped me. The boldest expressions, and bordering nearest upon paradox, are consequently most striking; so they keep clear of absurdity. Which is the case with this though seeming to contradict Horace's axiom of *volat irrevocabile verbum*. The figurative use of the word *reprendo* here, is the salvo.

When quick, your hair and garments rent, you  
press'd

My clay-cold bosom to your warmer breast ;

And, " Live, my sister ! live, my soul ! " (you cry,)

" Nor in one person let two lovers die. 60

" Hope well, and strength resume ; my future bride !

" For Hymen shall confirm what love hath ty'd."

Dead as I was, your voice my life re-calls,

And from my womb it's crime and burden falls.

Yet why this joy ?—What art can yet suffice, 65

To steal the infant from my father's eyes ?

In flow'rs, the babe, and olive, grey as age !

With sacred bandage wraps th' industrious sage.

## NOTES.

Line 65. *Yet why this joy ?*] Longinus, in his treatise on Sublimity, sect. 27. has observed what a wonderful effect *change of persons* has in setting the very things before our eyes, and making the hearer think himself actually present at the transactions. But among the examples of this beauty, he hath produced none, in any degree equal to this of Ovid's. In the midst of her narrative, Canace applies herself in the second person to her brother, who is in the highest transports of joy, to find her delivered whose case he thought desperate ; *why all this joy ?* the danger is but half over ; for how shall we convey the infant out of the house unknown to my father ? For if we consider the situation of the mother, and her anxiety for the safety of her infant ; we shall be obliged to own, that no passage can have more of either the sublime or pathetic in it.

Feign'd rites prepares ; in mutt'ring language prays,  
 My fire, and blust'ring subjects, all give place. 70  
 The door now reach'd, the babe, with infant-cries,  
 Alarm'd my fire, and spoil'd the shrewd devise.  
 The child he seiz'd, the rites bely'd were shown,  
 And his mad clamours rock'd his airy throne.  
 As shake the seas, when gentle breezes blow, 75  
 As quivers, in the wind, the forest bough ;  
 So o'er my pallid limbs were horrors shed,  
 Which shook, with sympathy of fears, the bed.  
 My shame divulging, o'er my head he stands,  
 And scarce from blows restrains his furious hands. 80  
 While I no advocate cou'd find but tears,  
 Chain'd was my tongue to silence by my fears ;

## NOTES.

Line 69. *Feign'd rites prepares, &c* ] There is not perhaps such an assemblage of beautiful thoughts and images in equal number of lines to be met with in any author. The nurse muttering over her fictitious prayers ; the infant alarming Eolus with his cries ; his voice rocking his very throne in his passion ; the bed shaking with sympathy ; her finding no advocate but tears ; her tongue being chained to silence by guilt ; and the cries of the babe, the only language it had, to plead its cause withal ; the gloomy figure of the messenger, his message, and the present he brought, a poniard the dowry of a daughter ; and her promise to lodge it in her bosom, are circumstances so very striking, as to be capable of being heightened by nothing, but her abrupt apostrophe to Hymen to fly, and her invitation to the Furies to take his place, and convert the marriage into a funeral torch ; and a most pathetic elegy over her exposed infant.

When on some desert heath he bids them lay  
The babe ; to dogs, and rav'nous beasts a prey !  
Loud wept the wretch, as at the sentence sad ; 85  
And begg'd with all the language that it had.  
Ah ! think by me what heart cou'd then be shewn,  
And best you may compute it by your own.  
When my own bowels in my fight were bore  
To glut voracious mountain-wolves with gore : 90  
The room he left ; when loos'd, my hands infest  
These pallid cheeks, and strike my wounded breast.

Mean time, with clouded brow, a youth appears,  
And this dire message strikes my trembling ears, 94  
“ This sends your fire ” (his hands a poniard reach)  
“ Your crimes his further pleasure best can teach.”  
They can : nor will I the bold task decline,  
But lodge his present in this breast of mine.

Must gifts like these a daughter's marriage grace,  
And are such dowries to enrich our race ? 100  
Hence with your torch, mistaken Hymen ! run ;  
With flying feet our cruel mansion shun :  
Bear, ye grim Furies ! bear infernal fire ;  
Flames fit to kindle up my fun'ral pyre :  
Warn'd by my crimes, with better omens wed, 105  
My happier sisters ! yet revere the dead.

What cou'd my babe's sweet innocence have done ?  
It's life an hour ! scarce saw it's eye the sun.  
Cou'd it be guilty ; guilty be it thought ;  
No ! but the wretch was punish'd for my fault. 110  
My babe ; your mother's woe ! the vulture's food !  
Drench'd on your birth-day in your vital blood !



My babe ! sad pledge of loves in sorrow past !  
 Whose first of days was doom'd to be the last !  
 O'er your sad corpse no debt of tears was shed, 115  
 No hair was shorn ; an off'ring to the dead !  
 No clay-cold kifs I snatch'd, a last embrace !  
 Nor brooded o'er my dying infant's face.  
 But birds obscene, and ev'ry savage guest,  
 My mangled bowels tear ; a horrid feast ! 120  
 Yet soon I join you ; 'midst the shad'wy throng.  
 Not long a mother ; so not childless long !  
 You then for whom a sister wish'd in vain,  
 Collect his reliques, scatter'd o'er the plain !  
 Back to their source his infant bones return, 125  
 And mix our ashes in one common urn :  
 Think of your sister ; bathe my wounds in tears,  
 Clasp my dead corpse, nor feel unmanly fears :  
 Perform religiously what I require ;  
 As I perform the mandates of my fire. 130

## NOTES.

Line 115. *O'er your sad corpse, &c.* Here are preserved a few of the many methods, by which the Antients expressed their sorrow, at the death of their friends : and they are very judiciously introduced to inflame the grief of the distressed mother, in the funeral elegy of her exposed infant.

M E D E A

T O

J A S O N.

## The ARGUMENT.

*M E D E A* the daughter of *Eëtes*, king of *Colchos*, fell in love with *Jason* the son of *Eson*, king of *Thes-saly*, on his arrival at her father's court; in order to win the celebrated golden fleece. By the help of her enchantments he surmounted the difficulties of the enterprize, and carried his assistant to *Greece* with him at his return. She restored his old father *Eson* to youth again, at his request; and to rid him of a rival, persuaded the daughters of his uncle *Pelias* to murder theirs, in hopes of the like. But now, that she could no further serve his ambition, notwithstanding he had two sons by her, he sends her a divorce, and marries *Creusa*, the daughter of *Creon*, king of *Corinth*. Upon this *Medea*, distracted with rage, writes him this letter, to remind him of the obligations he had to her; and to threaten what more he had to expect from a person of her passions, character, and consequence.

## MEDEA to JASON.

YET:—once, I know, the Colchan princess  
     gave  
 Her magic aid a suppliant Greek to save.

## ESSAY.

FROM a few of the many requisites in a good translator, pointed out to you, in our last lecture, you were made sensible, that translation is an arduous task. Out of Latin into any modern language it is particularly so; the original being so chaste and close; and expressing so much in few words. Such is the case in respect to all Latin authors; but there is an additional difficulty still in regard to such as are wrote in long and short verse. For the sense, in the Latin, terminating at the end of the pentameter, and not running on (as in hexameter measure) into the next line, or further; the English translator is drove to the hard necessity, of either comprizing the whole sense of the original in the same number of lines, or of running out into as many more. Both of which have their inconveniences. The first, because two lines in hexameter and pentameter verse may consist of thirty one syllables, and cannot contain less than twenty-five; whereas two verses in English allow of no more syllables than twenty; which is very near a third less upon an average, than the original: the latter, because where more words are to be used, than are necessary; the spirit must of course, as in wine, mixt with water, be lowered to a great degree of insipidity.

## NOTES.

Line 1. *Yet:—once, I know, &c.*] The poet has preserved most excellently Medea's character; in the abrupt beginning of her epistle. Anger frequently lies a considerable



Then, had the Fates dissolv'd my vital thread,  
 Blest had I mixt among the silent dead :  
 But from that moment all my years that flow, 5  
 Have been, and are, one constant scene of woe.

Curst be the day, when the bold sons of Greece,  
 Launch'd the tall bark, to fetch the golden fleece.  
 Curst be the day, Thessalian Argo bore  
 That group of heroes to the Colchan shore. 10

Curst be your locks : that smooth in ringlets hung,  
 That blooming grace, and dear, deluding tongue.

Yet soon as on our shore tall Argo stood,  
 That first of ships that plow'd the wond'ring flood.  
 Had but th' ungrateful youth, by magic charms 15  
 Unguarded, met the foaming bulls in arms :  
 Seen iron harvests shade the labour'd soil,  
 And sunk beneath the harvest of his toil :

## NOTES.

siderable time fermenting within the breast, before it finds vent, and bursts out into upbraidings. As in other cases, grief is too big for tears, 'till it begins to subside; so here, rage is too violent for expression, 'till the height of the paroxysm is over.

Line 17. *Seen iron harvests, &c.*] Paganism was ever ambitious of seeming like true religion. This, both in the Jewish and Christian dispensation, has been ushered in with miracles. But the heathens were very unfortunate in their attempts of this kind. Their invention was barren even in fiction. For we find just the same idle story over again, at the building of Thebes by Cadmus. And as to the rest, they are of the same stamp, enough, by their absurdity, to provoke the laughter of children. Indeed, none but the true God, and the  
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What scenes of perfidy had with him dy'd?  
 And, oh! what ills myself had never try'd? 20  
 From teasing vile ingrates some ease may flow;  
 This, (true!) is mine; yet all the ease I know.  
 When your unpractis'd helm first touch'd our  
 strand,  
 Our native realms you reach'd, a wealthy land!  
 Such there, as here Creüsa's, was our state; 25  
 My fire as opulent as her's, and great.  
 Him realms, by neighb'ring seas confin'd, obey;  
 To Scythia's snows all Pontus own'd our sway.  
 Here my glad fire receiv'd each welcome guest,  
 And painted couches the Greek heroes prest. 30

NOTES.

author of nature, can keep clear of absurdity, when the springs of it are supposed to be let loose, and the laws of motion suspended. But of all the ridiculous stupidity of this kind, that of Mahomet is the worst; his Alcoran being such a heap of nonsense; that I should wonder at the patience of the man, who could bear to read it through.

Line 23. *When your unpractis'd helm, &c.*] This story, (for it's antiquity I suppose,) was a very famous topic, for the exercise of poetical genius down to the times of Juvenal:

—unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum  
 Pelliculæ—— Sat. I.

I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece,  
 The centaur's fury, and the golden fleece.  
 DRYDEN.

Then first I saw you, and, without controul,  
 Indulg'd the pleasing error of my soul.  
 I saw; I lov'd:—an unexperienc'd flame  
 Glow'd in my bosom, and dissolv'd my frame.  
 Drawn by my fates, and that enchanting face, 35  
 Infatiate on your blooming charms I gaze.  
 You saw, perfidious, all my fond desires,  
 For who can hide the self-betraying fires?

Mean time the terms are told; by force to bow  
 The bulls stiff necks, unbroken to the plough. 40  
 (Of Mars's breed they sprung, with flaming breath,  
 Nor were their horns alone replete with death.  
 Brags were their solid hoofs, their nostrils brags;  
 Ting'd with their fir'y breath the shining maws!)  
 The seed o'er man-productive soil to fling, 45  
 Whence iron crops, the tiller's bane! thou'd spring.  
 And last with artful cunning to surprize  
 The guardian serpent's ever-wakeful eyes.

## NOTES.

Line 33. *I saw, I lov'd: &c.*] So Virgil's despair-  
 ing shepherd in his eighth Eclogue,

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!

O how I gaz'd in pleasing transport tost  
 How glow'd my heart in sweet delusion lost.

WARTON.

Versu 39°. *Lex*; The terms, or conditions, on which  
 he was allowed to carry off the fleece.

He said : and thoughtful rose each Grecian guest,  
Left the soft couch, and sad retir'd to rest. 50

Far from your thoughts, in that important hour,  
Was fair Creüsa, and the royal dow'r.

Sad you retire ; with weeping eyes I view,  
And in soft whispers say, " Dear youth ! adieu."

But once alone, I give a loose to woe ; 55

And all the tedious night my sorrows flow.

Full in my view the direful harvests rise,

The bulls and wakeful dragon wound my eyes ;

Long in my breast my fears and passion strove,

Nay ev'n those very fears increas'd my love. 60

At length the morn unfolds her saffron ray,

And my fond sister nigh prevents the day ;

Springs thro' the room, and sees, with strange  
amaze,

My tresses discompos'd, and downward face :

## NOTES.

Line 49. *He said : and thoughtful rose each Grecian guest.*] The behaviour of Jason's companions, though a company of dauntless heroes and demi-gods, is very properly described. The insuperable difficulties of the enterprize, (as they must appear to them) could not but damp the noblest courage ; and though one only was actually in danger, yet the honour of the whole crew, and of their country also, was at stake. And the severe sting in the following reflexion, that his present mistress was far from being able to assist him, in that needful conjuncture ; excellently suits Medea's turn of mind, rage and jealousy.

Line 57. *Full in my view, &c.*] These, whether waking or sleeping dreams, are extremely natural, and proper to the occasion.



" O great in magic pow'r, dear sister, rise, 65  
 " And aid th' endanger'd Argonauts," she cries.  
 Swift at the word, my willing aid I gave ;  
 But the base traitor for another save.

Deep in a grove, whose trees exclude the day,  
 With boughs, impervious to the solar ray ; 70  
 Plac'd in an ancient shrine Diana stands,  
 The golden labour of barbarian hands.  
 Hither (tho' now by you forgot) we came ;  
 And thus the treach'rous youth first spoke his flame.  
 " Fortune, bright arbitress ! hath bade me wait, 75  
 " From that fair hand, the issues of my fate.  
 " Your sex may love to have the pow'r to kill ;  
 " But, oh ! 'tis cruelty to have the will.  
 " By toils, that you can aid ;—by your great race,  
 " I beg ; and \* grandfire, who this all surveys ; 80  
 " By three-fold Hecat, and whatever gods  
 " Look down, propitious, on your blest abodes :

\* Phebus.

#### NOTES.

Line 69. *Deep in a grove, &c.*] Before the poet introduces the hero taking a most solemn oath of love and constancy to his heroine ; he provides a scene proper for the action. The grove, the temple, the deity, all contribute to set his villainy in a stronger light. But sure nothing can exceed the beauty of his address ; or the suitableness of every part of the speech to gain belief. If you examine every branch of it, and all its appendages, you will find them such, as show a consummate knowledge both of nature, and oratory in the author.

" O show'r, kind nymph ! your grace on me and  
" mine ;

" O make the grateful Jason ever thine.

" And if a Grecian youth can please your eye, 85

" (But whence aspire my humble thoughts so high ?)

" Long as this frame the vital spirit warms,

" No other fair shall ever fill these arms.

" Hear, queen of nuptial rites, my solemn vow, 89

" And thou bright goddess, at whose shrine I bow."

These words, (yet these how few to what you  
said,)

And plighted hands my simple heart betray'd.

Tears too I saw ; can tears a cheat disguise ?

Thus to deceit I fell an easy prize. 94

The brass-hoof'd bulls, unhurt with breathing flame,

Their necks submissive to the yoke you tame :

The venom'd teeth you sow, a host appears :

Long rows of helmets, and tall groves of spears.

This sudden army 'spy'd, my looks were pale ;

I fear the virtue of my charms should fail : 100

NOTES.

Line 93. —*can tears a cheat disguise ?*.] The surprise expressed in this question, contains a severe reprimand for corrupting the simple and undefining efforts of nature to express our sorrows ; and turning them to further the ends of artifice and villainy. 'Tis a sort of rebellion against the gods, and nature ; to convert what they have made the indexes of our affections, from their natural meanings, and abuse them to wicked purposes,

'Till, piteous fight ! your earth-born foes engage  
 With civil discord, and promiscuous rage.  
 Lo ! stiff his rattling scales ! with hissing sound  
 The dragon comes :—huge volumes sweep the  
 ground. 104

Where then the wealthy dow'r ?—your royal bride ;  
 And scanty realms, which neigb'ring seas divide ?  
 'Twas I, whom you of late, contemptuous, name  
 The poor enchantress, and barbarian dame :  
 With pow'rful opiate clos'd his flaming eyes,  
 While you bore off, unhurt, the golden prize. 110

My fire betray'd, my native realms I fly,  
 In exile blest, beneath another sky !  
 A pyrate's prey my virgin charms become ;  
 The best of sisters left behind at home.

## NOTES.

Line 103. *Lo ! stiff his rattling scales, &c.* ] There is  
 a double mechanic beauty in the original ;

Pervigil, ecce, draco squamis crepitantibus horrens  
 Sibulat : & torto pectore verrit humum.

for the vast size of the serpent is well represented by the  
 length of the words in the first line ; and his hissing by  
 the sound of it. The latter of which is done by chusing  
 such words as have the greatest number of the hissing  
 letters *c*'s, *x*'s, and particularly *s*'s in them. This latter  
 beauty I have endeavoured to imitate in the former part,  
 and the former beauty, of it's enormous gait, in the  
 latter part, of the translation.

Yet so, dear brother! so thou wast not left;— 115  
 Here must I stop :—of thought, of words, bereft!—  
 Here only must the sense imperfect stand :—  
 Tho' guilty of the fact this very hand ;  
 Which dares not now ev'n write the horrid deed :—  
 So shou'd myself, yet with my Jason bleed. 120  
 Untouch'd with female fears, I tempt the seas ;  
 What daunts a heart once steel'd with crimes like  
 these?  
 Why slept the gods?—nor plung'd us in the sea ;  
 You, for deceiving ; for believing, me ?

## NOTES.

Line 115. *Yet so, dear brother! &c.*] We have here a most natural description of a guilty conscience. Upon the bare mention of her brother, just as if his ghost had appeared, she is all over torpid ; and her hand rendered unable to hold the stylus. Thus, as in the case of Ajax, to Ulysses, in Homer, and Dido to Eneas, in Virgil, silence (as Longinus justly observes) is more expressive than words could be ; and a naked thought says more, than a volume.

Line 124. —*for believing, me.*] Nothing could possibly set her indignation in a stronger light, than this paragraph. She is angry even with the gods for not punishing herself. And for what? for only being so imprudent and simple, as to give credit to the flattery and lies of an impostor. But to have been cast away by winds and waves, by storms and seas, would have been a prosaic death ; the poetical one, is to be split by jutting rocks, or devoured by sea-monsters. This is what we call poetic creation, and animating the piece ; and from it poets derived their name ; which, in Greek, signifies Makers or Creators.



Why cou'd not jutting rocks, conflicting stone ! 125  
Split the tall ship, and crush us into one ?

Or Scylla's dogs, rapacious to devour,  
At least your base, ungrateful corpse have tore ?  
Or \* she, who sucks and spouts th' alternate deep,  
Have in her whirling eddy sunk the ship ? 130

Yet safe to Thessaly the youth returns,  
And the rich fleece his household gods adorns.  
What need I mention all the ills I wrought ?  
The Pelian sisters, duteous to a fault ?  
How at my instance, with destructive steel, 135  
In hopes of youth, their aged fire they kill.  
Let others blame :—from you I merit praise ;  
Forc'd as I was by crimes your pow'r to raise.

You dar'd, a wretch ! (but words desert my woe,)  
You dar'd, from Eson's roof, to bid me go. 140

\* Carybdis.

#### NOTES.

Line 137. *Let others blame, &c.*] Jason is represented as an ambitious man ; and, as such, he makes use of Medea, as a tool, 'till he has carried his point : and then discards her, when she can be of no further service to him.

Line 139. *You dar'd, a wretch, &c.*] The passion of anger is never properly described, but in short and broken sentences, repetitions, exclamations, and elliptical language. It clouds our reason too much, to suffer us either to see far before us ; or to think or speak, but by fits and starts. Thus Demia in Terence,

Hei

I go: my babes companions of my flight,  
And that curs'd flame, which haunts me day and  
night.

When soon the nuptial song alarms my ear,  
And blazing torches in bright rows appear.  
To you melodious the shrill haut-boys sound, 145  
But me ev'n more than fun'ral trumpets wound.  
I start;—yet cou'd not think your crimes so great,  
Tho' my chill'd blood presag'd my future fate.  
On rush the crouds; and "Hymen! Hymen!" cry;  
The sound more killing as it drew more nigh! 150

NOTES.

Hei mihi! quid faciam? quid agam? quid clamem?  
aut querar?

O cœlum! O terra! O maria Neptuni!—

Adel. Act. v. Sc. 3.

So again Demipho —Non similitatem meam  
Reverere saltem? non pudere? facinus audax!  
O Geta

Monitor!—

—quid mihi dicent? aut quam causam reperient?  
Demiror.—

—An hoc mihi dicent?

Invitus fecit: lex coëgit; audio, fateor.—

Phormio. Act. i. Sc. 5.

Line 149. *On rush the crouds; and "Hymen, Hymen!"*  
*cry.*] From two pieces of Catullus's you will be informed  
how considerable a part of the marriage song the in-  
vocations of the god Hymen made. His name seldom  
occurs singly, without an immediate repetition; in that  
of the shorter measure the burden of the song consists  
of two lines,

On all sides weep my slaves ; but hide their tears ;  
 Unwilling with bad news to wound my ears.  
 I too averse refuse the tale to hear,  
 Tho' little less than certainty my fear.

When now my younger son, as order'd fate, 155  
 The passing shew to view, before the gate.  
 And, " Haste, dear mother ! haste ! the stripling  
 " cry'd ;

" See in his golden car my father ride."  
 To frequent strokes expos'd my breast I bare,  
 And my pale cheeks, in frantic fury, tear. 160  
 Wild frenzy bids me rush amidst the throng,  
 Her garland snatch, and drag the bride along.  
 With tresses discompos'd I well nigh ran,  
 Cry'd, " He is mine ! " and seiz'd the guilty man.

Rejoice, my fire !—Ye Colchans ! hail my woe ;  
 And rest appeas'd, thou brother-ghost ! below. 166

## NOTES.

Io Hymen, Hymenæe Io.  
 Io Hymen, Hymenæe.

in that of the long measure it consists of an hexameter verse,

Hymen, ô Hymenæe, Hymen ades, ô Hymenæe.

Line 165. *Rejoice, my fire ! &c.*] This is a genuine picture of guilt. Punishment keeps upon the scent, and though slow in it's pace, is sure to catch at last. But in how lively a manner hath the poet expressed it ? by making her out of indignation against herself, invoke those she had principally injured, to enjoy the fight ; and to be eye-witnesses of the justice of heaven in the retaliation.

I'm left (my parents, realms and country gone ;)   
 By him abandon'd, who was all in one.

While dragons, and fierce bulls my charms obey,   
 Shall one weak, faithless man resist my sway? 170   
 Shall I, who from your guarded body drove   
 Destructive flames, consume in flames of love?   
 Have charms, have herbs, has magic took it's flight?   
 Hell's triple queen, and all the pow'rs of night?

How dull my days? my nights how void of rest?   
 The balm of sleep far banish'd from my breast! 176   
 Yet sleep to dragon eyes my charms impart;   
 Useful to all, but to myself, my art!   
 The youth I sav'd, now fills a harlot's arms;   
 'Tis she enjoys the fruit of all my charms. 180

Perhaps to recommend your poignant wit,   
 Or your poor idiot's partial ears delight,

NOTES.

Line 173. Have *charms*, have *herbs*, has *magic took it's flight?*] This is the most common figure among Latin poets, and orators; and contributes very much towards given emphasis and weight to the expression: and, though it may seem otherwise, yet is very difficult to imitate in our language. Yet the difficulty must not deter him, who is ambitious of the character of a close translator, from attempting it.

Line 175. *How dull my days, &c*] Though in the general the character of Medea is bold and threatening; yet 'tis far from being inconsistent to let it sink here and there into the mournful and complaining. This is to the passion of rage, what sleep is to labour and fatigue: new recruits of vigour are procured by it.



My form your jest, my face and port you blame,  
While, all my faults enjoying, laughs the dame.  
Yes;—let her laugh, and loll on Tyrian dye; 185  
For soon she burns in fiercer flames than I.

While fire or steel, or pois'nous herbs are found,  
No foe of mine, unpunish'd, treads the ground.

Yet, if that heart of stone relents to pray'r,  
Hear, what in terms submissive I prefer: 190

O might your suppliant but embrace your knee;  
A posture by yourself oft' us'd to me!

If not your wife, our common offspring spare;  
Must a dire step-dame vex my lovely care?

Yet each so like his fire, that standing near 195  
Strikes the lov'd form, and draws a tender tear.

## NOTES.

Line 187. *While fire, or steel, or pois'nous herbs, &c.*]  
This is the true complexion of Medea's mind. Barbarity, and an indulgence of revenge in it's most dreadful consequences. From this portrait our author has taken her; and Virgil too, in that beautiful parallel which he draws between her cruelty and that of Cupid.

Sævus amor docuit natorum sanguine matrem  
Commaculare manus; crudelis tu quoque mater:  
Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?  
Improbus ille puer; crudelis tu quoque, mater.

Ecl. viii. 47.

Relentless love the mother taught of yore,  
To bathe her hands in her own infant's gore;  
O barb'rous mother thirsting to destroy!  
More cruel was the mother or the boy?  
Both, both alike delighted to destroy,  
Th' unnat'ral mother, and the ruthless boy.

WARTON.

By Phebus' kindred beams ; the pow'rs above ;  
 My aid ; and these dear pledges of our love ;  
 The bed, for which I left my all, restore,  
 My aid repay, and keep what once you swore. 200

'Gainst bulls no help I ask, or earth-born foes,  
 No drugs, the dragon's wakeful eyes to close.  
 Thyself I ask ; my due ! my rightful claim !  
 Since both at once might boast a parent's name. 204

Ask, where's my dow'r ? 'twas paid you that plain,  
 Which once you plow'd, the golden prize to gain.  
 In that bright fleece, which flam'd with native gold,  
 Which still injurious you retain, 'twas told.

My dow'r are you ; whose life I snatch'd from fate,  
 My dow'r, the youth of ev'ry Grecian state. 210

With this, injurious as you are, compare,  
 The trifling wealth of your Sisyphian fair ;  
 'Tis mine, that you survive, base man ! to join }  
 A princess sprung from Creon's royal line }  
 Nay, ev'n your pow'r to be ingrate is mine ! 215 }  
 Whom shortly I !—But why this vain presage,  
 And empty menace ; not substantial rage ?

## NOTES.

Line 209. *My dow'r are you, &c.*] The repetition of the word *dos* in the original is one of those beauties, which a translator is under an indispensable obligation to preserve.

Line 216. *Whom shortly I!—But why, &c.*] The figure Epanorthosis is peculiar almost to persons in a passion ; and to be accounted for upon the same principles, as the observation on line 139. of this epistle.  
 For

Which I indulge :—repent I may, 'tis true :

So have I oft', that e'er I rescu'd you.

Leave that to heaven, which warmer thoughts inspire,  
220

And fills my breast with unaccustom'd fires :

#### NOTES.

For as anger prompts to exclamation, elliptical and short sentences; so does it equally subject men to start off from the present idea, and leave an absolute break in the sense. Thus Neptune in Virgil,

Quos ego :—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

Æn. i. 159.

Whom I :—but first I'll calm the seas again. PITT.

Line 222. *My furious mind some mighty project breeds.*] Agreeably to her character, the poet has made his heroine go off the stage, as she entered, in the middle of an action, and with her passions at work; and in both cases with most exquisite judgment. So that, upon the whole, we may affirm that no one ever more exactly observed that most excellent rule of Horace's,

*Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.*

Art. Poët. lin. 152.

In which line you may see a most finished mechanic beauty: *Primo* begins it, *inum* ends it, and *medium* and *medio* are placed in the middle; so that it exhibits the idea even to the eye. Mr Francis has turned it thus :

That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.

But

My furious mind some mighty project breeds ;—  
Dread the dire consequence, which soon succeeds.

NOTES.

But it would preserve the plastic excellence better, if  
translated in this manner,

Begin he should, alike proceed, and end.





THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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I

P

LAODAMIA

TO

PROTESILAUS.

O

## The ARGUMENT.

*LAODAMIA*, the daughter of *Acastus*, was happily married to *Protesilaus*, the son of *Iphiclus*, king of part of *Thessaly*. He was one of the princes in the alliance against *Troy* (commanding forty ships according to *Homer*), and was detained at *Aulis*, a port of *Eubœa*, the general rendezvous, with the rest of that thousand sail. His wife takes the opportunity of that delay to write to him, and admonish him of his having slipped on the pavement, as he set out from home; (a thing she would not then mention, or re-call him, lest what she said might be ominous;) and to beg of him not to be too hasty to land in *Phrygia*; because the oracle had doomed the person to die first, who first trod on *Trojan* ground; and that he would fight cautiously, and particularly avoid *Hector*.

## LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

ALL blifs my lov'd Theffalian lord attend ;  
And fpeed, kind Heav'n, the message that  
I fend.

## E S S A Y.

THE next difficulty that occurred in tranflating thefe epiftles, was the natural roughnefs and immalleability of the Englifh tongue. The great difproportion between the confonants and the vowels in moft modern languages makes rendering the classics into them a hard province. Efppecially that kind of poetry, which requires foftnefs of numbers ; as we obferved before of *Epiftle*, and might, indeed, have added *Paftoral* and *Elegy*. Almost every vowel in Latin is founded, and in general conftitutes a fyllable: in Englifh a third part, I may almoft venture to fay half, are neither the one, nor the other. Of this you may eafily convince yourfelves, and have demonftrative proof of the difference of flexibility in the two languages, by getting fome lady, (or gentleman, that never had a Latin education) to read, we will, for inftance, fuppoſe this ſentence,

Vince, bone ! more tuo, rebufque fide.

For they would of courſe make but ſeven ſyllables out of the thirteen ; becauſe I take it for granted, that, from the cuſtom of their own language, they would pronounce it thus,

Vins, bòn ! mòr two, rebuſk fìd.

Hence it muſt inevitably happen that our language muſt loſe in muſic what it gains in ſtrength : and what is ſtill worſe, for the uſes of poetry, be reduced in a



Cross winds ('tis said) your fleet at Aulis bind ;  
 Me when you fled, ah ! where was then the wind ?  
 Then was the fittest time for winds to roar,       5  
 And scorn untractable, the lab'ring oar :  
 More kisses, more commands, I then had given,  
 And doubled all my ardent vows to Heav'n.

Hence was you call'd in haste ; and fav'ring gales  
 My grief, the sailor's joy ! distend your sails.   10

## ESSAY.

good degree to monosyllables. For, from the above-cited instance, it is evident, that of the same letters, the Latins made two syllables, that we make but one.

We may add the further disadvantageous appendage of the signs of cases to nouns, and of tenses to verbs, which are all monosyllables, sometimes one, sometimes two, and indeed in the future-perfect tense of the passive voice three words ; yet none of which can, without a breach of the sense, be dropped, even in verse : whereas, in Latin and Greek, they are only terminations, and usually the most musical in the language.

## NOTES.

Line 4. *Me when you fled, &c.*] Those turns here also, as in epigrams, are most pleasing, as well as genteel, which are built upon the sentiment rather than the expression.

Line 10. *My grief, the sailor's joy ! &c.*] As in your repetitions in Latin, by which you have been taught to pronounce that language well, and in your English lectures, by which you learnt to read your mother-tongue with propriety, I ever accustomed you to lay a particularly strong emphasis on every branch of an  
 antithesis ;

To them indulgent, but to me severe,  
Winds from your arms a weeping comfort tear.  
Imperfect, from my tongue the accents fell,  
Scarce had I breath to speak the sad farewell.

Strong blows the north, and sweeps your fleet  
away,

15

And soon my lord was far put off to sea:  
Far as I can, I view, as swift he flies,  
The radiant lustre of his sparkling eyes:  
When, too remote, the less'ning object fails,  
Still in my sight I keep his flying sails. 20  
But when yourself and sails had took their flight,  
Nought left but seas to bound my aching sight!  
A night of shades involv'd each sightless ball,  
And on my knee, my nerves relax'd, I fall.  
Instant our parents cooling streams apply, 25  
Yet scarce re-call the spirits, as they fly.

NOTES.

antithesis; where it either occurred double, as in this line; or single, as in the the next: so, in translating, that figure must be most faithfully represented, or the beauty of the original will be lost.

Line 15. *Strong blows the north, &c.*] In this beautiful description Ovid shows his great skill in Perspective; and in the close of it his still greater knowledge of nature. And yet there is a beauty in Virgil's

—Cœlum undique, & undique pontus,

not easily attainable; arising from the repetition of the word *undique*: which very judiciously is made to express the likeness of the prospect both above and below.

Kind office!—but unluckily apply'd!  
 Too cruel gods! why cou'd I not have dy'd?  
 For with returning sense my woes return'd, 29  
 And love's chaste flames within my bosom burn'd.  
 Loose down my neck, neglected hangs my hair,  
 No jewels now, no golden vest, I wear;  
 Wild as fierce Bacchanals, (the god-head nigh!)  
 Where'er my giddy fancy drives, I fly.  
 In one request Phyllean matrons join, 35  
 "In royal robes, Laodamia, shine."  
 Shall I, forgetful here indulge in state,  
 While he, laborious, deals to Troy their fate!  
 My locks shall gems adorn, his helmets veil?  
 I clad in silk, my lord in cumb'rous mail? 40  
 No!—far as imitation can, I'll share,  
 If not the dangers, the fatigues of war.

## NOTES.

Line 37. *Shall I, forgetful here indulge, &c.*] This epistle being built upon a different story from the rest, and the personages being virtuous, gives an opportunity to our author to shine in a different sphere from what we usually see him in. He is most commonly employed (in other parts of his works especially) in fanning up forbidden, or at least vicious flames: but here in describing the modest behaviour of conjugal affection. And, although domestic scenes are the least susceptible of embellishment, he has made this piece no way inferior to any of the former. The cordial affection, and tender concern of the wife are painted in a most lively manner: she cannot indeed take part in his dangers, but, however, resolves to share his toils.

Unlucky Paris ! whose ill-fated charms  
 Involve thy peaceful countrymen in arms :  
 Such be thy courage, as thy faith, confess'd ; 45  
 As mean a public foe, as public guest.  
 Bright Helen's charms O ! hadst thou less admir'd ;  
 Or had the modest fair, averse, retir'd !  
 Think, Sparta ! to avenge thy ravish'd fair,  
 What crouds of heroes perish in thy war. 50  
 From us, ye gods ! sinister fates remove ;  
 Paid be my lord's devoted arms to Jove,  
 Due at his safe return :—but, oh ! my fears  
 Paint horrid scenes, and melt me into tears.  
 Such, down my cheeks, the briny torrent flows, 55  
 As pour from sunny hills descending snows.  
 Troy, Xanthus, Tenedos, and Ida's hill  
 Are names, whose very sound has pow'r to kill.  
 His strength the prince must know, nor had he bore  
 The willing mischief to his native shore ; 60  
 Unless he cou'd defend her ravish'd charms,  
 And see the bold injustice back'd with arms.  
 War's sinews, men and fleets, oppress'd the main,  
 Yet this how small a portion of his reign ?

NOTES.

Line 57. *Troy, Xanthus, &c.*] The thought here is ingenious and pretty ; it being very natural for that sex to be strongly affected with the names of any of the places, which are to be the scenes of danger, to such as are dear to them : and the line itself is admirably constructed, in a mechanic light, to represent terror to the ear of the reader.



'Twas this, fond Helen ! charm'd thy partial eye, 65  
 And 'tis by this the hardy Greeks shall die.  
 One Hector's force I fear ; 'twas Paris' boast  
 Of Hector's warlike arms, himself a host !  
 Whoe'er this Hector be, O shun his dart,  
 And bear the name, imprinted on your heart. 70  
 Nor him alone, but other chiefs avoid ;  
 For there whole troops of Hector's are employ'd.  
 And say ; when for the fight your troops prepare ;  
 " Her life in mine my comfort bad me spare."

May Troy's proud tow'rs lie smoaking on the  
 ground, 75  
 But may they fall, my lord exempt from wound.  
 Let \* Sparta rush, where thickest battles burn,  
 To seize the ravish'd beauty in his turn :  
 In arms shou'd Paris, as in justice, yield,  
 He bears the prize contested from the field. 80  
 Far diff'rent is your cause, that fight for life ;  
 To reach the fond embraces of a wife.

\* Menalaus, king of Sparta.

#### NOTES.

Line 67. *One Hector's force I fear, &c.* The repetition of the name of Hector in this and the following lines is a great beauty ; and as such not to be omitted in a translation : it answers the end of repeated strokes upon an anvil, and is designed more strongly to imprint the caution upon his mind.

One of so many foes, ye Trojans ! spare ;  
 Nor in the warrior kill the absent fair ;  
 Ah ! how unfit laborious arms to wield, 85  
 And reap the noble harvest of the field ;  
 In Cupid's camp more courage he wou'd show,  
 Bold and intrepid to a female foe !  
 And may who will in arms distinguish'd shine ;  
 The praise of love, Protesilaus, be thine. 90  
 Then I forbore my warrior to re-call,  
 Left from my lips ill-omen'd words shou'd fall :  
 When issuing, ardent, at our brazen door,  
 Slipp'd your light footstep on the marble floor :  
 I saw, I sigh'd :—and thus in secret pray'd ; 95  
 “ Be no disaster threaten'd to that head !”

NOTES.

Line 83. *One of so many foes, &c.*] These images, which carried us, as it were, into the middle of an action, greatly animate all kinds of composition. They also properly represent the ravings of an anxious mind ; which creates imaginary dangers. And the following concession, that her husband would make a better appearance in the camp of Venus than of Mars ; serves to place, if not his courage, at least her affection, in a stronger light.

Line 94. *Slipp'd your light footstep, &c.*] We see here the force of superstition : if a General made but a false step, when he was setting out upon an expedition ; and, among the Romans, if a bird flew the wrong way, or sent out an unlucky croaking, or if a parcel of chicken chanced not to be hungry, and pick greedily, it was enough to damp the courage of a warlike nation, and cause the putting off a battle.

Now tell;—to curb your ardor on the plain;  
May then your conduct make my caution vain.

Him too, whoe'er he be, the Fates demand,  
Whose luckless feet first press the Trojan strand. 100  
Ah! hapless she! condemn'd the first to woe!  
Great Heav'n, that you to fight proceed more slow!  
Of all the thousand ships, successive train,  
Be your's the last to plow the lab'ring main:  
This too, fore-warn'd, observe; all danger past, 105  
Cautious tread you that hostile soil the last.  
Not so returning to your native land,  
Ply oars and sails, and leap upon the strand.

## NOTES.

Line 100. *Whose luckless feet, &c.*] Our poet, by writing after the facts, (as has been instanced before both in him and in Virgil,) takes occasion to make his heroine caution her husband against what really happened to him; which has this good effect, that it gives the passage the air of a prophecy: no contemptible beauty!

Line 107. *Not so returning, &c.*] Though in Greek and Latin, where there is so great a difference between the rapidity of dactyls, and the slowness of spondees, poets had it much more in their power to represent to the eye ideas which required swift or slow motion, than in modern languages, whose verse consists chiefly of the Iambic foot, with a considerable mixture of the spondee; yet with care that excellence also may in some degree, be retained. And I hope you will be able to distinguish some difference between the running of the two following lines,

Grant

The rising morn still views my griefs begun,  
Nor end my woes, with the departing sun. 110

By night, by day, my streaming sorrows flow,  
Yet rages most by night the mighty woe.

Then love's soft hours begin ; then shou'd the fair  
Lock'd in a husband's arms, forget her care :

'Tis then, that on my widow'd bed I lie, 115  
And court false dreams, a visionary joy !

But, pale as death, your airy form appears,  
And sad complaints sound faintly in my ears.

Aghast I wake, adore the shades of night,  
Thessalian altars shine with holy light. 120

Incense and tears, a mingled show'r I shed ;  
Hence mount the flames, as if by spirits fed.

When clasping in my raptur'd arms my lord,  
Shall I dissolve in joy, my bliss restor'd ?

When close reclin'd on one rich bed state, 125  
Shall you your military acts relate ?

NOTES.

Grant heav'n, that you to fight may move more flow.  
and,

Ply oars and sails, and leap upon the strand.

Line 125. —*on one rich bed of state* ] The lectus discubitorius. For that these accounts were usual at table, see Penelope to Ulysses, line 33, where a husband returned from Troy is represented as drawing out in the wine, poured upon the table by way of libation, a plan of Troy, the adjacent country, the Grecian camp, and scene of action before that city.



Acts, which with pleasure tho' I hear you speak,  
Yet mutual kisses shall each story break :

Sweet are such pauses in a speech too long ;  
And with new eloquence supply the tongue. 130

But when I think of Troy, rough scenes arise ;  
And anxious fear my gawdy hope destroys ;  
This too contributes to disturb my peace,  
That, spite of rolling waves, you tempt the seas.  
Who for their home wou'd scorn an adverse wind ?  
But stormy seas you plow, your home behind. 136  
His walls stern Neptune guards, a work divine !  
Then stop ;—and homeward each his course incline.  
What haste, ye Greeks ! forbidding winds obey,  
'Tis Heav'n not chance, that causes this delay. 140  
What, but a strumpet, will your arms regain,  
Turn then, ye Grecian ships ! nor tempt the main.

## NOTES.

Line 134. *That, spite of rolling waves, &c.*] The superstitious fears of a female mind are well described, throughout this whole epistle. And so much of it, was introduced, no doubt, by the poet, to keep up a strong preface of the unfortunate event.

Line 138. *Then stop ;—*] This is another species of mechanic beauty, where the image is represented to the eye, by the pause of verse. Another instance you will find in Addison's translation of the story of Polypheme in Virgil ;

————— but when he saw  
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career  
Stopt short : ——— ADDISON'S Works, Vol. I.

No!—from my words be omens far away ;  
 And glide smooth gales along th' unruffled sea.  
 Blest Trojan maids ! for, tho' your friends shall  
 fall 145  
 Around ; and hostile troops invest your wall ;  
 Yet the young bride, for combat while he glows,  
 Shall on her lord barbarian arms compose :  
 And while the helmet's filken thongs she ties,  
 Snatch melting kisses, fraught with mutual joys ! 150  
 Her husband with officious care delay,  
 Breathe tender mandates, and, conjuring, say ;  
 " To Jove devoted at your safe return,  
 " See from the fight these conqu'ring arms be borne."  
 His consort's fresh commands he bears in mind, 155  
 With caution fights, and often looks behind.

NOTES.

Line 144. *And glide, &c.*] The poet gives you an exact representation of the image in the smoothness of this line ;

Blandaue compositas aura secundet aquas.

And glide smooth gales along th' unruffled sea.

Line 147. *Yet the young bride, &c.*] Our poet has admirably well described this domestic scene. In these cases, to follow nature is the highest excellence ; and the simplicity in the thought and diction of

———" referas ista face arma Jovi."

has more real beauty in it, than you will be able to find in many much longer and more laboured passages.

Safe from the dangers of the field restor'd,  
 She flies, officious, to disarm her lord :  
 Strip from his wearied limbs the beaming brass,  
 And in her downy lap her warrior place. 160  
 While we, uncertain, sit prefaging here,  
 Taught, by excess of love, the worst to fear.

Yet while our arms you bear to distant lands,  
 A wax-work form, your face expressing, stands,  
 This I embrace ; your due to this I pay, 165  
 And lose in love's soft fooleries the day.  
 Sure more than mimic art such statues bear :  
 Once cou'd it speak ; your very self was there.  
 On this, as on my real lord I gaze,  
 And in my lap the little idol place. 170  
 Nay from my lips complaining accents flow,  
 As if it answer'd all my rage of woe.

Then by yourself, and safe return I swear,  
 By wedlock's ties, that join'd a happy pair,  
 By that dear head which scap'd all hostile rage 175  
 Heav'n grant I see snow'd o'er with hoary age :  
 Your summons, in whatever place, I wait ;  
 If yet you live—or, oh ! my fears are fate.

## NOTES.

Line 178. *If yet you live—or, oh ! my fears are fate.*  
 The Antients were extremely superstitious in respect to  
 ominous words and expressions. A custom excellently  
 kept up by our author in this place. For he avoids, as  
 you see, speaking out : her fears were *his death* ; but she  
 suppresses the word to avoid the omen, it being of un-  
 lucky found. And, indeed, the manner of doing it, is  
 not

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS. 207

Adieu!—one short command I yet subjoin;  
Preserve your life, in that preserving mine. 180

NOTES.

not less artful and elegant than the thing done: and another instance how strongly silence may sometimes speak.

And, on the other hand, their superstition was equally strong in catching omens, and wresting the discourse even to unnatural meanings, according as the bias of the mind then inclined them.

The best method of explaining this to you, will be, to produce a passage out of Dryden's *Edipus* (a passage never sufficiently to be admired!) where this practice of antiquity is inimitably preserved. His words are these: (but first I should observe to you that *Edipus* has been thundering out dreadful imprecations on the murderers of *Laius*.)

Jocasta, Priest, and *Edipus*.

Jocasta. At your devotions?—Heaven succeed your wishes,  
And bring the effects of these your pious prayers,  
On you, on me, and all.

Priest. Avert this omen, Heaven!

*Edipus*. O fatal sound!—unfortunate Jocasta!

What hast thou said? an ill hour hast thou chosen

For these foreboding words:—why, we were cursing.

Jocasta. Then may that curse fall only where you laid it.

*Edipus*. Speak no more,——

For



## NOTES.

For all thou say'st is ominous; we were cursing,  
And that dire imprecation hast thou fasten'd  
On Thebes, and thee, and me, and all of us.

Jocasta. Are then my blessings turn'd into a curse?  
O unkind Edipus!—my former lord  
Thought me his blessing: be thou like my  
Laius.

Edipus. What yet again?—The third time hast thou  
curs'd me,  
This imprecation was for Laius' death  
And thou hast wish'd me like him.

ACT I. Scene the last.



HYPERMNESTRA

TO

LYNCEUS.

P

## The ARGUMENT.

*DANAUS*, the son of antient Belus, had fifty daughters, of which *Hypermnestra* was one. His brother *Egyptus* had as many sons, and solicited an alliance for each with his brother's family. But *Danaus*, informed by an oracle that he was to die by the hands of a son-in-law, refused to give his consent, and fled to *Argos*. *Egyptus* sent his sons to force him into a compliance. *Danaus*, pressed by a siege, pretends to consent, but gives a sword to each of his daughters; with orders to stab their husbands on the wedding-night. This nine and forty of them accordingly executed. But *Hypermnestra*, having informed her husband of the plot, advised him to escape; for which her father chained and imprisoned her. Thence she sends this letter, to desire he would hasten to her succour; and if he finds her dead, bestow a funeral upon her.

## HYPERMNESTRA to LYNCEUS.

TO one of fifty brothers late I write ;  
The rest, by bridal guilt, lie wrapt in night.

## ESSAY.

WE observed in a former lecture, that Ovid's verse, in his epistles, runs remarkably smooth; that his language is easy and unaffected, and that his thoughts have in them an epistolary simplicity. And, I am confident, it will appear throughout the whole, that a transcript of the same excellencies has been attempted, not only in the translation, but that even these very essays, and the notes, are wrote, to the utmost of my power, in a domestic and conversation style.

As to make a good theme is the superlative step of school exercise, and what with justice is looked upon as the highest criterion of good sense and judgment; so letter-writing (a thing not unfamiliar) holds the same degree of dignity in life; and equally distinguishes the scholar and the gentleman, when pushed out into the world.

And what ought to spur you on more vehemently to excellence in this respect, is, that you may hereafter have occasion to give specimens of your abilities, every week, perhaps every day, of your lives. And it is to be remembered, that every time you set pen to paper, you are hazarding your characters, and contending not only to acquire new fame, but to preserve what you are already in possession of. Just as Longinus observes of the *Sublime*; that a man, who does not image to himself, that Homer or Virgil, Demosthenes or Tully, are looking over his shoulder, as he writes; and who, not content with the applause of cotemporaries, is not covetous of pleasing all posterity; will never attain it.



Close in safe custody immur'd I lie;  
Enchain'd and punish'd for my piety!

## E S S A Y.

Yet do not be discouraged: for a genteel and easy method of writing letters is nothing but habit; and as soon acquired as any other knowledge, if attended to according to the importance of the thing. And the reason why so few persons make a figure, as correspondents, is, because 'tis slighted and overlooked in modern discipline. For instance, observe only that country youth; what an awkwardness there is in his head, shoulders, hands, and feet: in short, what an unlicked lump of rusticity he is all over. And yet send him but a couple of years to the dancing-school, and we stand astonished at the alteration. His air is become noble, his mien softened, his gait easy, his gesture graceful; in a word, even our own author (though 'tis his peculiar talent) cannot show us so thorough and complex a metamorphosis.

*Quantus erat mons factus Atlas. Jam barba comæque  
In sylvas abeunt; jugæ sunt humerique manusque;  
Quod caput ante fuit, summo est in monte cacumen:  
Ossa lapis sunt.—— Metamor. lib. iv. ver. 657.*

Soon the high Atlas a high mountain stood,  
His locks and beard became a leafy wood;  
His hands and shoulders into ridges went,  
The summit-head still crown'd the steep ascent:  
His bones a solid, rocky hardness gain'd: EUSDEN.

And yet all this, like skill in writing letters, is brought about by discipline. Use therefore your endeavours to attain it: for easy writing is the result of pains, and the effect of study more than genius.

—t

HYPERMNESTRA to LYNCEUS. 213.

Accus'd for sparing the dear youth to kill, 5  
 Applauded had I dar'd the horrid ill !  
 Yet of my disobedience to repent  
 Too great's the comfort to be innocent.

ESSAY.

————— Ut sibi quis  
 Speret idem ; fudet multum, frustra que laboret  
 Ausus idem. ————— HOR. ART. POËT. 240.

As all might hope to imitate with ease ;  
 Yet while they strive the same success to gain,  
 Should find their labour, and their hopes in vain.  
 FRANCIS.

NOTES.

Versu 1°. Uni ; The only one : the sole remaining brother.

Line 3. *Close in safe custody, &c* ] Horace, in book iii. ode 11, has most beautifully touched upon this piece of history. And there is no doubt but Ovid had his eye upon him. It will be improving, as well as pleasant, to compare them.

Me pater sævis oneret catenis,  
 Quod viro clemens misero peperci :  
 Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros  
 Classe releget. Ver. 45.

Me let my father load with chains,  
 Or banish to Numidia's farthest plains ;  
 My crime, that I a loyal wife,  
 In love's compassion spar'd my husband's life.  
 FRANCIS.

Full in my face my angry fire may throw  
 The torch, bright witness of my faithful vow. 10  
 Or in this tender bosom lodge the steel,  
 Which in his orders I employ'd so ill !  
 Yet from my dying lips shall never fly  
 One sign of sorrow, one repentant sigh.  
 Let Danaus, and the cruel brides repent, 15  
 Of such dire acts the proper consequent !

Quick beats my breast, when rises to my sight  
 The guilty scene of that polluted night :  
 A sudden palsy o'er my limbs I feel,  
 And from my trembling fingers drops the quill. 20  
 The hand, that should have seal'd a husband's fate,  
 Scarce dares, tho' guiltless, the black crimes relate,  
 Yet will I try :—Now twilight vapours rise,  
 Bright day recedes, and darkness veils the skies.  
 To high Pelasgian domes we virgins move, 25  
 Arm'd with destructive steel, instead of love.  
 New day the guilded torches cast abroad,  
 With impious gums th' unwilling hearths we load.

## NOTES.

Versu 19°. *Fungi cæde* ; to perpetrate the murder.  
 So *functus vitâ*, one who has gone through, and done,  
 with life. As also in the compound *defunctumque bello*  
 barbiton. HOR. lib. iii. od. 26.

Line 23. —*Now twilight vapours rise, &c.*] The  
 poet very judiciously makes her touch upon all the strong  
 circumstances of the story ; and indeed they are very  
 moving, and full of terror.

HYPERMNESTRA TO LYNCEUS. 215

"Come, Hymen! come," they cry; he scorns  
their cries;

Even Juno from her own lov'd Argos flies. 30

When brisk the youths, by large retinues led,

Ascend, with garlands crown'd, each royal bed:

Joyful they move; ah! thoughtless of their doom!

Each sheet becomes a shroud, each bed a tomb.

Now wine and sleep their heavy eyes had seal'd,

And a dead silence peaceful Argos held. 36

Deep groans of death around I seem to hear,

Too true, alas! it proves the sound I fear.

Cold ran my blood, my frighted reason fled,

Trembling and pale I press'd the bridal bed. 40

As slender corn by gentle zephyrs moves,

As quiver in the wind, the poplar groves,

So trembled I:—oppress'd with sleep you lay,

Caus'd by the noxious riot of the day.

My fire's dire mandates all my fears dispell'd, 45

I rose, and trembling the dire poniard held.

The truth I speak; thrice high was rear'd the steel,

And thrice relenting in my lap it fell:

NOTES.

Line 35. *Now wine and sleep, &c.*] The darkness of the night, the deadness of the silence, and the horror of the dying groans, are enough to chill the blood of the reader, as well as the intended perpetrator of the murder.

Line 47. *Thrice high was rear'd the steel.*—49. *Thrice to your bosom.*—50. *Thrice to your bosom.*] This repetition is a mechanic beauty, and a painting to the eye the act



Thrice to your bosom, (be the truth confess'd)  
 Thrice to your bosom was the poniard plac'd, 50  
 But pious fears th' inhuman fact withstood,  
 And love forbad to bathe my hands in blood.  
 Torn was my hair, and rent my purple vest,  
 While thus soft whispers my hard fate exprest.  
 " Think, Hypermnestra! how severe thy fire: 55  
 " Quick, finish what his dread commands require.

## NOTES.

of irresolution in Hypermnestra. She places the sword to his breast, and relenting takes it away again. She does it a second time and removes it a second time. She does it a third time, and relents afresh. So that a man must be a great master of temper, not to let his indignation rise, at the stupidity of a set of critics, without fight, as well as taste; who are for striking out the two lines *admovi jugulo*, &c. Which if it was done, it would not only deprive our author of an uncommon beauty, but as the next line *sed timor*, &c. evidently answers the foregoing ones; make him write absolute nonsense.

Line 55. *Think, Hypermnestra! &c.*] Soliloquies, in dramatic pieces, require great judgment, both as to their length, and the occasion on which they are introduced. But we most frequently find it done improperly, and for no reason upon earth, but to inform the spectator of something the poet finds necessary he should know: and can find no other way of doing it: not to say that they are as often spun out to an unnatural length. Whereas soliloquy is absurd, except in particular circumstances. For instance, in a case of doubt, where the mind is absorbed in intense thought, and the personage has no one to consult with but himself: or, where violence of passion may be supposed to extort words from him inadvertently.

" Deep plunge it in his breast ; the potent blow  
 " Shall join him with his brother-shades below.  
 " It cannot be :—too pow'rful are my fears,  
 " And too unfit my nature, sex, and years. 60  
 " Come, thy dire sisters copy, as he lies ;  
 " E'er this, by each a sleeping husband dies.  
 " Ah ! no :—much rather, if thou needs must kill,  
 " In thy own bosom plunge the murd'ring steel. 64  
 " Ought they, for holding kindred realms to bleed ?  
 " Since foreigners, of course, would else succeed.  
 " Yet grant their deaths deserv'd ; what's thy offence,  
 " To forfeit, by this crime, thy innocence ?  
 " What's steel to me, or instruments of doom,  
 " Fit for no labour, but the peaceful loom ?" 70

Thus while I mourn, the briny torrents flow  
 Down my wan cheeks, and drench your limbs below.  
 Wet with my tears you turn your blooming face,  
 And seek insensibly my warm embrace :  
 And, while in sleep you tofs your arms around, 75  
 From the drawn sword you nigh receive a wound.

When now my fire, and coming day, I fear,  
 And thunder these dread mandates in your ear.

## NOTES.

verterly. In this light how natural and proper is this of Hypermnestra's ? And in how painful a suspense does it keep the reader ; 'till he sees the event ; 'till she determines to spare her beloved husband, and risque the utmost of her father's resentment ? And the foundation of the reasons why she declines the cruel task, is equally just and beautiful ; namely, the softness of her nature, of her sex, and of her youth.

“ Wake, Lynceus! wake; you last of fifty, rise:  
 “ Wake, or eternal slumbers seal your eyes.” 80  
 Amaz'd you rise; (your slothful slumbers fly,)  
 And in my trembling hand the sword you spy:  
 The cause you ask; “ Escape (I say) by flight,  
 “ While night conceals;” you 'scape conceal'd by  
 night.

## NOTES.

Line 79. *Wake, Lynceus! wake, &c.*]

Surge, quæ dixit juveni marito,  
 Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde  
 Non times, detur: ———— HOR. od. xi. lib. 3.

Thus to her youthful lord she cries,  
 Awake, lest sleep eternal close thine eyes;  
 Eternal sleep: and, ah! from whom  
 You little dread the fell, relentless doom. FRANCIS.

Line 83. *The cause you ask; “ Escape (I say), &c.*]  
 There is great beauty in Hypermnestria's not replying immediately to the question; but abruptly urging him to precipitate his flight. This she does in an expression as short as the occasion was pressing; *dum nox finit, effuge*. There is a similar beauty in the New Testament, on a similar exigence. 'Tis where our Saviour was waked also out of his sleep by his disciples in a storm at sea, with a “ Master, Master, we perish.”

Here our author certainly improves upon Horace, who expresses more affection, than hurry, on the occasion.

I, pedes quo te rapiunt & auræ,  
 Dum favet nox & Venus: i secundo  
 Omine, ————

Od. xi. lib. 3.

While

'Twas morn:—and Danaus with the morning  
comes, 85

His sons, yet reeking in their gore, he fums.  
One only wanted to compleat the guilt,  
He grieves so little kindred blood was spilt.  
Dragg'd by the hair, a parent's knees I leave,  
And in a prison virtue's meed receive. 90

Still Juno's rage on Io's race descends,  
Nor in the maid, the cow, or goddess ends.  
Yet then her dire resentment well might cease,  
When brutal charms her Jove no more cou'd please.  
As on her wat'ry fire's green bank she stood, 95  
Horns not her own the new-made heifer view'd.  
To cry she strove, a bellowing sound was heard;  
And now her form, and now her voice, she fear'd.

## NOTES.

While Venus, and the shades of night  
Protect thee, speed, by sea or land, thy flight;  
May ev'ry happy omen wait  
To guide thee through this gloomy hour of fate,  
FRANCIS.

Line 89. —*a parent's knees I leave.*] The antient suppliants always prostrated themselves, and embraced the knees of the person they applied to.

Line 91. *Still Juno's rage on Io's race descends, &c.*] Ovid chuses to deduce his heroine's misfortunes, in each of their stories, from their original. However we ought not to complain, particularly on this occasion; as the metamorphosis of Io, gives him an opportunity of being himself; and showing us, on a favourite topic, what he can do in a juvenile playing upon words, and sentiment.



Why, nymph! this madness?—why admire your  
shade?

And legs more numerous than by nature made? 100  
You who of late in rival charms was seen  
Preferr'd by Jove to Heav'n's imperial queen,  
To hardship doom'd, a brutal life sustain  
With leaves, and grass, the produce of the plain!  
Drink the clear stream; where branching from your  
brow 105

Spread your broad horns, terrific from below.  
You too, of late the first in wealth and dress,  
Lie now as naked as the ground you press.  
O'er seas, o'er lands, o'er kindred streams you stray,  
Nor seas, nor lands, nor streams obstruct your way.  
Stop, Io! stop:—with fruitless toil you try 111  
From your brute form, or from yourself to fly.  
Yourself at once you fly, at once pursue;  
Both your own guide, and your companion too.

## NOTES.

Line 111. *Stop, Io! stop:—*] The stop and pause in the sense and the line, a mechanic beauty.

Line 113. *Yourself at once you fly, at once pursue;*] Ovid was particularly fond of this thought; for we find it in the story of Ixion in his *Metamorphosis*; and indeed better applied, in my opinion, than here.

*Volvitur Ixion, & se sequiturque fugitque.*

*Metam. lib. iv.*

Stretch'd on the rolling wheel Ixion lies;  
Himself he follows, and himself he flies. EUSDEN.

Where Nile, thro' seven broad channels, gluts the  
main, 115

Your form, this madness o'er, returns again.

Yet cease, my plaints! nor fill the mournful page  
With antient tales, that privilege of age!

While nearer griefs oblige me to bemoan  
Domestic ills, and mis'ries of my own. 120

My sire and uncle wage destructive wars,  
Th' event, the justice, of the cause declares.

Driv'n from our antient realms, and native home,  
O'er distant climes, in penury, we roam:  
While the proud victor mounts the subject throne,  
And rules the tributary realms alone. 126

Of all that royal croud, which propp'd your land,  
You now, the sole remaining pillar stand:  
While I as much, and in their equal turn,  
The murd'ring sisters, as dead brothers, mourn: 130

## NOTES.

Line 130. *The murd'ring sisters, &c.*] The following lines are an instance of the care taken by the best critics, wherever they repeated the same thought, to heighten the expression. 'This is so common a practice with them that examples will occur to you almost in every page. I shall therefore produce only one, out of Virgil, who chiefly excelled in it. It is supposed, by the critics in the first composition of his *Æneid*, to have been left an hemistich;

Miserum Æolidem, quo non præstantior alter  
Ære ciere viros:—

and that in revising he filled up the line, with this animated and noble improvement,

— Martemque

Alike for both my streaming sorrows flow,  
The dead and living share alike my woe.

## NOTES.

—— Martemque accendere cantu.

*Æneid. vi. ver. 164.*

With regard to which imperfect or mutilated verses, so frequent in the four first books of Virgil's *Æneid*, I cannot but be of a different opinion from the generality of the learned. They suppose them to have been left so, by the author at first: whereas I rather imagine they came in a great measure, from the erasements, which *Tucca* and *Varius* made, in their revival of that work, by Augustus's order. 'Tis much easier to pull down, than rebuild. May it not therefore be fairly presumed, that they might strike out here and there something they disliked, and yet find themselves unable to replace it, with any thing better. This I mean with regard to many of them; for others seem evidently to him been owing to design in the author, who had a most accurate judgment for mechanic beauties in poetry;

*Telorum intereà cessat genus. — Æn. ii. ver. 468.*

where the stopping of the line is a plain index to the sense. And why may not that break both in the line and in the sense, in *Andromache's* speech, be the work of art?

*Quem tibi jam Trojâ ——*

for may we not consider it as a beauty for her sorrow, at the mention of that beloved place, to burst out in such a flood of tears, as to hinder her from proceeding immediately; and that when she recovers, she may rather chuse to hasten on to the honourable mention of her dear *Hector*, than to resume the thread of her discourse?

*Ecquæ jam puero est amissæ cura parentis?  
Ecquid in antiquam virtutem animosque viriles,  
Et pater Æneas, & avunculus excitet Hector?*

for

HYPERMNESTRA to LYNCEUS. 223

For racks reserv'd I lie, my husband spar'd,  
 Fear, vice! if such, fair virtue! thy reward.  
 And once the hundredth of the kindred train 135  
 I die, and you the only youth remain.

A virtuous cousin if you wish to serve,  
 If, Lynceus! you the life, I gave, deserve:  
 Assist or kill me; and depriv'd of breath  
 Steal to the pyre my body after death; 140  
 Drench my cold ashes with a friendly tear,  
 And let my tomb this short inscription bear;  
 "Here Hypermnestra lies, an exil'd maid:  
 "Her husband's life preserv'd; her own betray'd!  
 "For love and innocence condemn'd to die; 145  
 "Unjust reward of am'rous piety!

More wou'd I add, but heavy chains oppress,  
 And coward fears oblige my hand to cease.

NOTES.

for the poet tells us, she wept in a uncommon manner,  
 while she spoke.

Talia fundebat lacrymans, longosque ciebat  
 Incaustum fletus.——— Æn. iii. ver. 340.

Upon this supposition, what a figure do those worthy  
 critics make, who have endeavoured to fill up the verse  
 with *peperit fumante Creusâ*, and such wretched nonsense?

Versu 120°. Cum rea *laudis* agar;—when I am ac-  
 cus'd for my virtue. So *laus* in Virgil,

En Priamus! sunt hic etiam sua præmia *laudi*.  
 Æn. i. ver. 465.

See where the venerable Priam stands!  
 See *virtue* honour'd in the Lybian sands! PITT.



S

F

S A P P H O

T O

P H A O N.

Q

## The ARGUMENT.

**S***APPHO*, born in the island Lesbos in the Egean sea, was a most celebrated lyric poetess, as sufficiently appears from some small fragments still preserved, and from this epistle; which is supposed to owe it's exquisite softness to a transfusion from her poems. She had entertained Phaon for some time with the most ardent affection; but the beautiful ingrate forsook her at last, and departed to the isle of Sicily. Thence she endeavoured to re-call him by this letter, full of the tenderest endearments; and threatened, on his refusing to return, that she would go to Leucadium, a promontory of Epirus, and try the desperate remedy of the Lover's Leap.

## SAPPHO to PHAON.

ONCE to my Phaon's eyes my letter shown,  
Is, from the hand, the learned writer known?

## ESSAY.

SAPPHO bears a great name in antiquity, on account of the exquisite softness and beauty of her poems. And Longinus, among the rest of her admirers, has given her the due praise of selecting the strongest circumstances of the subject; which is a chief excellence. You will have a sight of the small remains of her poems in your lecture upon that author.

It is indeed hardly to be supposed that Ovid, who made a good use of even his cotemporary poets, and those of his own country, should not have done the same by one who wrote in a different age, as well as language. He has undoubtedly done it; and the epistle of Sappho to Phaon has profited from her poems.

Lyric poetry, in which she excelled, seems from the very nature of it to have been one of the most antient species. For, in my opinion, even Pastoral itself cannot dispute precedence with it. The celebration of the beneficence of the Deity, and man's natural tendency to gratitude, in his more simple and uncorrupted state, must very early have led him to make proper acknowledgment for it. And, as music and song are joyous things, it may fairly be supposed, that they would be soon called in as helps to heighten the worship.

And indeed, if we look back into antiquity, the most antient pieces of poetry we shall meet with, are of this kind. The hymns of Homer among the profane, and what are of still older date, the triumphal songs of Moses and Deborah, among the sacred writers. And



Or must your Sappho's name appear below,  
To tell who taught these sad complaints to flow?

## ESSAY.

to speak truth, like Homer, in the Epic kind, these, in the Lyric, have carried the art to such perfection as no future attempts have been able to equal. Even in particular beauties, which are quoted by their critics as the chief excellencies of heathen authors, the Holy Scriptures (as I have already more than once observed) greatly excel them. I will give you two instances out of these very songs, which are infinitely superior to the same number of passages in their great heroes, Homer and Virgil. The former consists of a beauty of the sentiment, and animating faculty of poetry; the latter is of the mechanic sort. You must know then, that two most learned critics, Aristotle and Demetrius Phalareus, have deservedly extolled Homer, for giving life and desire to inanimate things; particularly instanced in the arrow, *Iliad. lib. iv. vers. 125.*

——— ἄλτο δ' οἷς δὲ  
Ὀξυβελῆς, καθ' ἑμίλον ἐπιπσέσθ' μενεαίνων.

Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing; POPE.

Yet how lifeless is this to that of Moses? (*Deut. chap. xxxii. verse 42.*) *I will make mine arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh.*

The other is a laboured line of Virgil's; which, by ending with a sounding monosyllable, represents mechanically to the ear the fall of a bull knocked down in sacrifice;

Sternitur, exanimisque tremens procumbit humi *bes.*  
*Æn. v. lin. 481.*

The

Ask not why now alternate measures please ; 5  
 'Twas love first chang'd the lyric poetess.  
 Sad elegy requires a mournful strain,  
 Nor can the lyre of injur'd love complain.  
 I burn as ripen'd harvests, wrap'd in fire,  
 When winds to aid the spreading pest conspire. 10  
 Hot Etna's fields by Phaon's foot are prest,  
 While Sappho more than Etna's flames infect.  
 In vain I strive ; no lyric numbers flow ;  
 Song is the gift of minds, exempt from woe.

## ESSAY.

The bull, convulsive with the deadly wound,  
 Groans, tumbles, rolls, and quivers on the ground.  
 PITT.

Yet see the gradual inclinations, and dying struggles,  
 of Sisera, how they are painted in the song of Deborah  
 (Judges chap. v. verse 27.) and the fall at last, even in  
 a prose translation, equal to that of the most judicious  
 poet, in verse. *At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay  
 down: at her feet he bowed; he fell: where he bowed,  
 there he fell-down-dead.*

## NOTES.

Line 11. *Hot Etna's fields, &c.*] You may observe  
 what use the classics made of the Sciences, to embellish  
 their poetry. The beauty of this passage is owing to  
 the situation of Etna. So that Ovid was here indebted  
 both to his skill in Geography and Natural Philosophy,  
 for one of the prettiest thoughts in all his works. And  
 how greatly are Virgil's works set off by his extensive  
 knowledge in Geometry ; and Astronomy in particular ?

Pyrrhian, Methymnian flames delight no more, 15  
 Nor all the Lesbian maids I lov'd before :  
 Fair Anactoria, Cydno I despise,  
 Nor Atthis seems so charming to my eyes.  
 With hundreds more, too well belov'd by me :  
 Wretch ! what was their's now centers all in thee !  
 A form you have, and years how fit for joy ! 21  
 A form insidious to my longing eye !  
 A Phebus now you seem, with harp and bow ;  
 And, branching horns assum'd, a Bacchus now.  
 And Daphne one, and one his Cretan warm'd, 25  
 Yet neither nymph with lyric numbers charm'd.  
 While me the Muses teach their softest skill,  
 And the wide world my spreading praises fill.  
 Nor more Alceus's bold strains admire,  
 Tho' loftier sounds exalt his manly lyre. 30  
 What tho' hard nature outward charms denies,  
 Wit, with more lasting charms, that want supplies.

## NOTES.

Line 23. *A Phebus now you seem, &c.*] Sculpture flourished chiefly in Greece, and we may be sure that the statues of their youthful gods were finished in very high taste. Hence we may be sensible how great a compliment she passed upon her favourite, by comparing him with a Bacchus, or a Phebus. Anacreon does the same to his beloved Bathyllus. See his xxix. ode ; where after many orders to the artist how to describe him ; he advises him, as the shortest way, to convert a Phebus into Bathyllus ; and if ever he should go to Samos, to make a Phebus again of that Bathyllus.

True, I am short ; but then how great my name !  
 I measure by the standard of my fame.  
 Fair am I not : yet Jove's illustrious son. 35  
 By Cepheus' daughter's native brown was won.  
 Oft' a white pigeon joins a dusky love,  
 Nor shuns the green his party-colour'd dove.  
 If none, unequal in the charms of face,  
 Shall grace your bed ; none e'er your bed shall grace.  
 Yet, in my verse the beauties seen, you vow 41  
 'Twas fit my words alone should ever flow.

## NOTES.

Line 37. *Oft' a white pigeon, &c.*] The explication of this passage by several commentators seems to me very forced, and indeed wide of the author's meaning. Sappho and Phaon were of the same species, though the one was fair, and the other brown. What then is the love of peacocks to doves, or parrots to turtles, to the purpose here ? The argument certainly requires the sense to be ; as white doves often pair with party-coloured ones, and as black turtles couple with green ones, so why should you stand upon complexion, and not love me as well, as if I was as fair as yourself ?

Line 39. *If none, &c.*] Ovid, as all other wits do, rather than not be witty, sometimes deals in the lower kinds of it. Here he took it into his head to make both the penthemimers of a pentameter verse, to consist of exactly the same words, without violation of the sense.

Nulla futura tua est, nulla futura tua est.

I cannot help observing to you, that this borders a little upon that species of false wit, which even it's antiquity has not made venerable ; and which may be met with in some editions of the Greek Minor-Poets. I mean little poems shaped into the various figures of an egg, an



I sung; your kisses broke th' aspiring note,  
 (A circumstance no lover e'er forgot,)  
 My kisses too you prais'd; I pleas'd in all; 45  
 But most when love's delightful labours call.  
 Then most my wantonness the lover blest,  
 The sprightly motion, and well-suited jest.  
 And while both souls in seas of pleasure swim,  
 My dying languors o'er each weary limb. 50  
 Now, your new prey, Sicilian damsels come;  
 Lesbos adieu! Sicilia is my home.  
 Ye Nisian matrons! cautious of his guile,  
 Send back my faithless wand'rer from your isle;  
 Nor heed his flatt'ring tongue's deceitful lore; 55  
 What now he says, was said to me before.

## NOTES.

ax, a pair of wings, an altar, and a shepherd's pipe.  
 But for a most ingenious account of this, and many other  
 sorts of petty wit, I shall refer you to Mr Addison:  
 who has treated them in a manner exquisitely humorous;  
 for humor was his peculiar talent. You will find them  
 in the Spectator, No. 58. and following papers.

Line 51. *Now, your new prey, Sicilian damsels come,*  
 &c.] I believe we may, for the reason given in the  
 essay, venture to pronounce, that this epistle excels the  
 rest in delicacy of sentiment. How beautiful is her  
 abdicating her own country, and adopting Sicily in it's  
 stead; because he is there? How judicious the caution  
 to the ladies of that island, not to trust his perfidious  
 addresses? And what exceeds all, is, that delightful  
 apostrophe to her favourite goddess Venus from the local  
 circumstance of her having a celebrated temple on mount  
 Eryx in that island.

Thou too, love's goddess ! from high Erix' shrine,  
 Save thy soft bard ;—for Sappho all is thine.  
 Or is my present fortune as the past,  
 Firm to her course, and bitter to the last ? 60  
 Six birth-days o'er, my copious sorrows flow ;  
 A fire's untimely death demands my woe.  
 Smote with a harlot's love my brother burns ;  
 Shame, losses, poverty assault by turns.  
 Wealth lost by crimes, by crimes to seek again, 65  
 With nimble oars he skims the azure plain.  
 Me too he hates, who faithfully reprove ;  
 This freedom gets, and this a sister's love !  
 As if too few my endless troubles were ;  
 My little daughter aggravates my care. 70  
 You, the last cause of my complaints, are join'd :—  
 Borne is my vessel by no prosp'rous wind.

Spread o'er my neck, neglected, hangs my hair,  
 No sparkling gems my taper fingers wear.  
 Mean is my garb ; no gold my locks restrains, 75  
 Breathing the essence of Arabia's plains.  
 Whom should I dress for ? whom attempt to please ?  
 Far hence the only reason for my dress.

My tender breast the slightest dart can wound ;  
 Cause for my ever-loving ever found ! 80  
 Whether these laws at first the sisters gave,  
 My vital thread not temper'd with *the grave* :

## NOTES.

Line 81. *Whether these laws, &c.*] The observations  
 in the four following lines are both philosophical and  
 just.

Or Sappho's studies mould to love the heart,  
 Soft as her muse, and melting as her art! 84  
 What wonder if his years, which man might charm,  
 His down and prime of youth should Sappho warm?  
 Aurora you for Cephalus had seiz'd,  
 Had not too well her former rapine pleas'd.  
 Him had the Moon, that all things views, espy'd,  
 Bade, he had slept, by lov'd Endymion's side. 90  
 Him Venus' iv'ry car to Heaven had borne,  
 But Mars might love him, and the goddess scorn.  
 O neither boy, nor youth! fit, blooming prime!  
 You grace, you glory of the present time!  
 Come, on my bosom, beauteous youth! recline; 95  
 Your love I ask not, only suffer mine.  
 I write, and springing tears my eyes distill,  
 See crouds of blots this place, extended, fill.  
 Resolv'd to go, at least you might have said,  
 With false, feign'd sighs, "Adieu, my Lesbian  
     "maid!" 100  
 My tears behind, and last embrace you leave;  
 Nor knew I then how much I had to grieve.  
 Nought I of your's, but injury, retain,  
 And with you my soft pledge departs in vain.

## NOTES.

just. Sensibility with respect to the softer passions is  
 owing equally to the moulding of nature, and the turn  
 of the education. But where both unite, as in Sappho;  
 the effect must be very strong indeed.

Commands I gave not, nor commands cou'd give,  
But that of Sappho mindful you wou'd live. 106

By Love I swear, that strict ally of thine,  
And by my deities, the tuneful Nine!  
When I was told, that far my joys were flown,  
I cou'd not weep, nor speak;—but in a groan. 110  
Tears left my eyes, and words my palate fail'd;  
And icy cold my freezing heart congeal'd.

When grief a passage found, my breast was bare  
To blows; I shriek, and cut my flowing hair:  
As when a tender mother to the pyre 115  
Bears her lost babe, and places on the fire.

These griefs Charaxus, my hard brother! please,  
These glad he, passing and repassing, sees.  
And cruel odium on my grief to throw,  
“Her daughter lives,” he cries, “for what her  
“woe?” 120

Shame never dwells with love;—my bosom bar'd,  
And torn my vest, in public I appear'd.—

You, Phaon! are my care; my dreams by night,  
Dreams fairer than the day's delicious light.

## NOTES.

Line 110. *I could not weep, nor speak, &c.*] How admirably does Ovid every where describe the passions! Upon a sudden surprize, they are too big for expression; and consequently, like a croud hastening out at a narrow gate, stop the very outlets, by which they are to vent themselves.

Line 123. *You, Phaon! are my care; &c.*] As Longinus has observed upon Sappho's odes, (fragments of of two which alone have reached us) that they are a true



There, distant as you are, you back return; 125  
And sleep's too-fleeting joys I quickly mourn.

Oft' I in fancy on your arm recline;  
As oft' your neck's lov'd weight I bear on mine.  
Now soothing words with real accents speak,  
To serve my waking sense my lips awake. 130

I taste those kisses you was wont to give,  
With am'rous ardor, and at once receive.  
To tell the rest I blush, but on we go:  
Nor is it common bliss to have you so. 134

But when himself and all things Phebus shows,  
That sleep so soon is fled provokes my woes.  
The conscious grove and grot I seek in vain.  
As if what knew our bliss, cou'd heal my pain.  
Thither, as drove by magic charms I stray,  
Frantic; and in the winds my tresses play. 140

## NOTES.

true copy of nature, and a most exact description of the symptoms observable in that distemper; so with equal truth, we may affirm of Ovid, that this epistle is as just a portrait of the thoughts, and employment of a lover. All the night long, she acts over again, in dreams, all the tender parts of her passion: and when day returns, she hastens to the place of their most usual assignations, and visits one by one the scenes of their former happiness. But, alas! (what is a most beautiful reflection of our author's) she finds neither him, nor the place: for the beauty of the scene was vanished, and her eyes were opened enough to find that *dos fuit ille loci*, he stamp'd the value upon the place.

There with rough tophus roof'd, the grot I spy;  
 Once with Mygdonian marble proud to vie.  
 The grove I find, which oft' supplied a bed,  
 And screen'd the lovers with a friendly shade.  
 Mine and the grove's dear lord no glades disclose, 145  
 Mean is the place; from him it's value rose.  
 The well-known turf, it's grass depress'd, I view,  
 For by the lovers' weight it downward grew.  
 Incumbent on the place you touch'd I fall,  
 And the lov'd flow'rs my streaming tears re-call. 150  
 Now with shed leaves to mourn the trees appear,  
 Nor sooth ærial choirs the ravish'd ear.  
 The Daulian-bird, sad mother! mourns alone,  
 A husband ill-reveng'd, and murder'd son.  
 She Itys, Sappho sings her absent love; 155  
 The rest is night's deep silence thro' the grove.

A lucid fount there runs, more clear than glass,  
 Fame gives a sea-green genius to the place.

## NOTES.

Line 145. *Mine and the groves dear lord, &c* ] The descriptions, scenes, and reflections upon them, in this epistle, are not to be equalled by all antiquity; and we may have a sufficient idea of true Sapphic softness from them.

Line 158. *Fame gives a sea-green genius to the place* ] Indeed it did the same to all other rivers and fountains. Even trees themselves were supposed to have a deity which inhabited them, under the name of a dryad or hamadryad; but in the same manner as Horace describes the genius born with every man,

———mortalis

Green smiles the margin ; and it's boughs above  
 A wat'ry lotus spreads, itself a grove ! 160  
 Here as my limbs, with sorrow spent, I threw,  
 A beauteous naïd stood, confess'd to view.  
 She stood and said ; " Since with unanswer'd pain  
 " You love ;—go, seek Ambracia's healing main.  
 " Phebus from high th' extended seas explores, 165  
 " Men call them Actian and Leucadian shores.  
 " Hence, Pyrrha lov'd, Deucalion dar'd to throw  
 " His weight, and press'd, unhurt, the waves below.  
 " At once, Deucalion's ardent flame suppress'd,  
 " The fickle god remov'd to Pyrrha's breast ; 170  
 " Such terms the place has gain'd : the Lover's Leap  
 " Explore, and rush undaunted from the steep.

## NOTES.

——mortalis in unum

Quodque caput——Ep. lib. ii. Ep. ii. lin. 188. 9.

for they were supposed either to die with them ; or at least to remove their habitation ; which we may call the metempsychosis of plants.

Line 171. —*the Lover's Leap*, &c.] Ovid carries up the antiquity of this remedy for love very high, by representing the great restorer of the human race as making use of it. The despairing shepherd in Theocritus's third Idyllium threatens his mistress with a resolution of trying the same experiment.

Say for what dire offence I now atone,  
 Thus, thus unheard to vent my ceaseless moan ?  
 High on yon' rock these past'ral weeds I'll throw,  
 And lose my sorrows in the gulph below :

Where

She spoke and vanish'd with the voice :—I rise  
 Cold while the tears fall copious from my eyes. 174  
 I go ; ye nymphs ! the mention'd rocks explore ;  
 Love shall preside, and fear shall be no more.  
 Things cannot well go worse ; up, Zephyr ! spring,  
 Bear my light body on thy gentle wing.  
 You too, soft Love ! my rapid fall sustain, 179  
 Dead I shou'd brand with crimes Leucadia's main.  
 Borne thence my harp, our common gift, shall shine,  
 A verse or two inscrib'd, at Phebus' shrine.  
 " This grateful Sappho, Phebus ! gives to thee :  
 " Lyres suit the donor, suit the deity."

## NOTES.

Where Olpis, studious o'er his finny prey,  
 See sportive tunnies skim along the sea.  
 That act, tho' waves th' intended fate deny,  
 May glut, with horrid joy, your cruel eye.

But for a more compleat history of this cure of love,  
 I shall refer you to Mr Addison ; who has handled the  
 subject in a masterly manner, as a critic, and embellished  
 it with his native humour. You will find it in the  
 Spectator, numbers 223, 227, 229, and 233.

Line 183. *This grateful Sappho, Phebus, gives to thee :*  
 &c.] As, in other places, Ovid hath obliged us, with  
 beautiful copies of antiquity, in epitaphs, oracles, &c. :  
 so here he furnishes us with an equally finished pattern  
 of an inscription proper for a gift, to be deposited in the  
 temple of a favourite deity. We are indebted to Virgil  
 for one of the same kind, as carved upon a shield by his  
 hero, and hung up in this same temple.



Yet why to Actian coasts shou'd Sappho tend, 185  
When back your flying feet might better bend?

## NOTES.

*Æneas hæc de Danais victoribus arma.*

*Æn. iii. 288.*

——— These arms, with blood distain'd,  
From conqu'ring Greece the great Eneas gain'd.

PITT.

Concerning which I shall give you my opinion impartially. They are both excellent in different ways. The ellipsis, by dropping the verb *posui*, adds greatly to the simplicity and grandeur of Virgil's, and renders it very suitable for an epic poem. But then perhaps you say, that among the Romans, who were more accustomed to things of this nature than we, that was no great matter; because on their monuments it seldom took up more room than the P capital, and consequently was easily filled up by the mind even without it. But then is there not in Ovid's a genteel ease, which equally suits his species of writing? And does not the second line, by a repetition of the same word, and others not unfamiliar in sound, mechanically represent the connection hinted at in the sentiment between the deity and the donor?

*Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi.*

Lyres suit the donor, suit the deity!

Which beauty has been attempted in the translation; though, as has been observed before, 'tis very difficult to preserve, what I call, literal figures of speech, on these occasions. For words are arbitrary, and the same sense is expressed by different sounds in different languages.

But

You, sooner than Leucadian seas can cure,  
 Your form as Phebus fair, your skill as sure !  
 Can you, than rocks and billows harder far,  
 With ease, the title of my murder bear ? 190  
 Better this breast with your's was closely join'd,  
 Than dash'd on rocks ; the sport of waves and wind !  
 The breast, which Phaon, daily critic ! prais'd ;  
 Whose sense his wonder and applauses rais'd :

## NOTES.

But what gives Ovid the greatest advantage over his antagonist in this affair, is, the propriety observed in Sappho's gratitude to the deity of her particular art ;

———*Tibi, Phæbe, poëtriæ.*

For that this was usually observed, appears, from what Horace urges in excuse for himself, in his first epistle ; that Veianius, disbanded, had nailed up his arms to the pillar of Hercules's temple. And why Hercules's ? Because, as the god of strength, he was the patron deity of Gladiators. Not to say, that at the close of his own gallantries, he directs his lute, which had been principally employed in love-songs, and his military apparatus for storming his mistresses houses, as no longer useful, to be dedicated to Venus, the goddess of gallantry ;

Nunc arma defunctumque bello  
 Barbiton his paries habebit,  
 Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus  
 Custodit, &c.

But now crown'd with conquest I hang up my arms,  
 My harp, that campaign'd it in midnight alarms.  
 Here fix on this wall, here my ensigns of wars,  
 By the statue of Venus, &c. FRANCIS.

R

Now were it eloquent!—but sorrow chills 195  
 My spirits, and my wit is damp't with ills.  
 Gone is my softness, gone my former fire,  
 Dumb is the harp with grief, and dumb the lyre.  
 Ye Lesbian married and unmarried throngs,  
 Ye Lesbian nymphs! late subject of my songs; 200  
 Ye, that with infamy my passion stain;  
 Cease, Lesbian maids! to croud around my strain.  
 With Phaon all that pleas'd you once is flown;  
 A wretch! I almost call'd the youth *my own*.  
 Phaon restor'd your poetess restores, 205  
 He gives and takes away her lyric pow'rs.  
 Yields his hard breast to my successful pray'r?  
 Or fall my words in vain, dispers'd in air?  
 O wou'd the winds, that back my vows repel,  
 Restore, slow wand'rer! your reluctant sail! 210  
 If you return, and votive gifts prepare,  
 Why shou'd so long delay increase my care?  
 Loose;—sprung from ocean, Venus smooths the sea;  
 Loose; and the gale shall find the destin'd way.  
 Love's self, on deck enthron'd, the helm shall hold,  
 His hand the sail contract, his hand unfold. 215  
 Or if from Sappho far you chuse to fly,  
 Think that you ne'er will find a reason why.  
 At least a cruel line shou'd bid me go,  
 And lose in the Leucadian sea my woe. 220

P

H

P A R I S

T O

H E L E N.

R 2



## The ARGUMENT.

*PARIS, the son of Priam, king of Troy by his queen Hecuba, having received a promise of obtaining Helen, the daughter of Tyndarus and Leda, from the goddess Venus, in return for his just decision of the dispute between the three celestial goddesses for the prize of beauty, set sail for Sparta. Here he was generously entertained by Menelaus the son of Atreus, and husband to Helen. Soon after his arrival, business calling Menelaus to Crete, he recommended his Trojan guest to the care of his queen. Paris, encouraged by the absence of her husband, conveys to her the following epistle; full of the most artful flattery, insinuations of his most ardent passion, and boasts of the splendor and gaiety of his father's court and kingdom.*

## PARIS TO HELEN.

JOY from a Trojan youth, bright nymph! receive;

What want himself he must, or you must give.

## E S S A Y.

THIS is the epistle, which, as I before observed to you, borders upon comedy. The gallantry of Paris, and the various methods he makes use of to discover, and ensure success to, his love, are very agreeable to that subject. Hence the air of the whole is quite different from that of the rest, and it has a gaiety and cheerfulness of its own.

And indeed not only the subject, but the sentiment also and diction are comic; and of a nature quite new, to what we elsewhere meet with, in this work. For a man will be ever erring against propriety, who does not see, that there is a sort of language appropriated to every different subject; and that the diction, for instance, of tragedy and comedy should be as diametrically opposite, as the different passions of joy and grief, or their concomitant effects smiles and tears.

I have given you many instances of comic expression in Terence, with correspondent ones, in our own language: and in Plautus you may furnish yourselves with many more. For certainly the latter has a great deal more of what Cæsar laments, as the only thing in which Terence is deficient, under the denomination of *vis comica*.

But as the beauty of decorum in writing is best seen, and indeed retained, from a view of the opposite improprieties,

Say, shall I speak? or is my passion known?  
Even more than I cou'd wish already shown?

## ESSAY.

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud  
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.  
HOR. Ep. lib. 2. Ep. 1. ver. 262.

—— for quickly we discern,  
With ease remember, and with pleasure learn,  
Whate'er may ridicule and laughter move,  
Not what deserves our best esteem and love.

FRANCIS.

image to yourselves a man, that uses the pompous  
language of tragedy, either in writing comedy, or in  
common life; or one, who, telling a story concerning  
trifles, affects to set it off with big words, and endea-  
vours

—— nugis addere pondus,

—— to give such trifles weight. FRANCIS.

and you will presently be sensible, how justly he will be  
ridiculous to a judicious audience.

But this kind of impropriety is most glaringly offen-  
sive, in what is delivered from the Pulpit. Thence  
nothing but what is grave and solemn, and what carries  
with it a dignity suitable to the subject, the place and  
the occasion can proceed, with any degree of grace; or  
be hear'd without pain, or a more improper passion. Dr  
South's sermons, for instance, contain in them perhaps  
as many noble sentiments and fine expressions, in short,  
as large a number of manly beauties both of thought  
and language, as any writings in the world. But whether  
through the fault of the age, in which puns and low  
wit were too much in vogue; or whether helped for-  
ward

For better were it hid, 'till times appear,  
When joy shall triumph, unallay'd with fear.  
But, ah! who well dissembles his desires?  
For light innate betrays the hidden fires.

## ESSAY.

ward by a natural turn for them, as some weeds flourish chiefly in the richest soil; he now and then descends from his own dignity, and the importance of the subject, to put off a joke. And this brings to my mind even angels punning, in the middle of a battle, in Milton, that Father of Sublimity. Such is this impropriety of sentiment. Nor is that of language less displeasing. I myself having sate for fifteen minutes together to hear a young sprig of divinity lug into his discourse all the fashionable cant of the town; to convince us, I suppose, that he kept *good* rather than *learned* company. During which time, our ears were so pestered with waving and availing, with assignations and intrigues, with whims and piques, with hums and appointments, in a word, with the whole vocabulary of the stage, most theatrically display'd; that I begun to be out of all patience, and snatch up my hat; when to my great relief, he split his polite discourse in the middle, promising us the remainder the next opportunity. Which favour, thankful not so much for what I had had of him, as what he had excused me being without, I chose to decline: for I should have expected to have been obliged to run through the fashionable diversions in the latter part, as I had done the fashionable language in the former; and to have heard of nothing but masquerades and ridottos, balls and concerts, routs and drums. And I assure you they would have been no improper sequel, nor at all more unsuitable either to the place or the subject.



Yet if not deeds, but words, my suit shou'd move,  
 Hear the true message of my heart, " I love." 10  
 My all confess'd; with frowns to kill me spare,  
 Nor be those radiant eyes less kind than fair.  
 Such of these lines your kind reception known,  
 Their fate, I'll hope, in time may be my own.  
 This, Venus, grant, nor be the promise vain 15  
 Induc'd by which I cross'd the foaming main.

## NOTES.

Line 10. *Hear the true message of my heart, " I love."* There is great strength in the original, by relating the whole in a single word. This is what the Latins particularly excelled in. Cæsar's *veni, vidi, vici*; impressed upon us not only a great idea of the hero, and the scholar; but also a strong image of the expedition with which he march'd and conquer'd. So Terence, in his *Andria*, gives us a full account of a funeral and the whole procession, in little more than a line,

————— *Funus interim*

*Procedit : sequimur : ad sepulchrum venimus :*

*In ignem posita est : fletur.*————— *Act. i. sc. 1.*

We have another example in the same author, which takes in a still longer process, in fewer words,

*Perfuasum est homini : factum est : ventum est :  
 vincimur :*

*Duxit.*————— *Phormio, Act i. sc. 2.*

And, indeed, without this faculty of comprizing a great deal in a small compass, a man will never excel in the agreeable accomplishment of a story-teller. For the mystery of that art lies, in slipping over trivial circumstances in few words, and enlarging on what will admit of ornament.

For know, by Heav'n commission'd Paris came;  
 And Love's bright goddess ratifies his claim.  
 Vast boon indeed!—yet mine are all your charms,  
 'Twas Venus' self consign'd them to my arms. 20  
 By her encouraged, from Sigeon shores,  
 The spacious deep I plow'd with Phrygian oars.  
 Sprung from the wave, she smooth'd the wat'ry reign,  
 Breath'd prosp'rous gales, and swept us o'er the main:  
 Still may she rule my bosom's am'rous tide, 25  
 And to their port my sailing wishes guide.

With me, these flames, not here conceiv'd, were  
 brought,  
 Far o'er a length of sea your charms I sought.  
 No error led me, no loud tempests drove,  
 For all my bus'ness, and my guide, was Love. 30  
 No merchant I the gainful ocean plow'd,  
 (Heaven but protect the wealth itself bestow'd!)  
 Nor came I Grecian cities to survey,  
 Our realms have cities richer far than they.

## NOTES.

Line 27. *With me, these flames, not here conceiv'd, were brought, &c.*] The chief excellence of this epistle seems to be the author's art and delicacy in making his hero set off in such various lights, the excessive strength and greatness of his passion. Here he disclaims all motives of gain or curiosity, as trivial things; affirming that love of her alone could have prevail'd with him to have undertook so hazardous an enterprize: and in the foregoing paragraph he boasts that the attempt was not only back'd, but indeed commanded by a most powerful deity. Both arguments, which would not fail of having weight with the fair.

You, love's supream reward ! I sought alone ; 35  
 My panting bosom fir'd with charms unknown.  
 First, in idea, I beheld that face,  
 When Fame's loud trumpet sung your matchless  
 grace :  
 Nor is it strange, since cruel Fates compel,  
 That at such distance Cupid's darts I feel : 40  
 Such Heav'n's high will, which that you may revere,  
 Attentive to my true relation, hear.

While yet within my mother's womb I lie,  
 (Big was the burden, and her throes were nigh :)

## NOTES.

Line 43. *While yet, &c.*] The strange circumstances of his birth, exposition, education, and life, which the author judiciously inserts here, contribute to convince her of his consequence, and the indulgence of Heaven in his favour. They serve also, which is not less to the purpose, as an introduction to his passion for her, and to acquaint her with it's no less extraordinary rise and original. The story is told in a pretty manner by Ovid ; but you will be pleas'd to see him out-done, even at his own weapons, Description, in a manuscript copy of Latin verses, intitled, *Judicium Paridis*, by Dr Markham, the present ingenious head-master of Westminster-school. They won him the prize at Christ-Church in Oxford, when a youth there ; and were a present to me from my most learned friend Dr Watson, late of Cecil-street, and I see they are wrote in his own hand. You will excuse me a few tears, on this affecting occasion ; the stroke is so heavy and so recent ; and the loss so great to myself, to the Public, to the Faculty, and to Literature in general.

His

Forth from her womb, in visionary thought, 45  
 A burning torch of monstrous size was brought.  
 Confus'd, awoke, the direful vision she  
 To Priam told; to sage diviners he.

“ Paris (they say) shall wrap our Troy in fires:”  
 Fools! 'twas the torch of amorous desires. 50  
 A sprightly vigour, and a princely air,  
 My birth above Plebeian rank declare.

Untrod by human feet, in Ida's grove,  
 A plat extends, high-arch'd with trees above!  
 No goats that rocks, no ewes, that love the green, 55  
 No wide-mouth'd cow e'er crop the vernal scene.  
 Here soft-reclin'd, I view th' adjacent plain,  
 Troy's glitt'ring turrets, and the heaving main.  
 When, lo! the ground with footsteps rock'd I deem;  
 (The truth I speak, tho' more than truth it seem.) 60  
 Swift, borne on airy wings, before my eyes,  
 Thy grandson stood, \* firm column of the skies!  
 (Guiltless I saw, and guiltless may relate;)  
 He stood, and grasp'd the pow'rful rod of fate.  
 When o'er the bending grass, the Queen of Love, 65  
 Heav'n's awful Empress, and stern Pallas move.

\* Atlas

## NOTES.

His saltem accumulem donis, & fangar inani  
 Munere. ——— *Æn.* vi. 885.

These gifts at least, these honours I'll bestow  
 On the dear youth, to please his shade below.

PITT.



Aghast I look'd, erect my bristling hair,  
 'Till Jove's wing'd messenger forbad my fear.

“ Hail, beauty's Critic ! heal our feuds, (he crys)

“ Give to the fairest of the three the prize.” 70

Which office left I shou'd decline, he show'd  
 Jove's mandate, and resum'd th' aërial road.

My fears depart, new courage I resume,  
 And view with steady eyes the heavenly bloom.

Long did I doubt but each celestial dame 75

Might seem to conquer, each the prize to claim.

Tho' one, even then, seem'd fairer than the rest ;

She whose mad tumults exercise the breast.

Yet all of conquest are so fond, they try

My partial sentence with large bribes to buy. 80

Tempted with realms and martial fame my voice,

I long, irresolute, suspend my choice.

When with sweet smiles begun the Cyprian dame ;

“ Great Juno's pow'r reject, and Pallas' fame :

“ Such presents, Paris ! are with labour gain'd 85

“ And not without anxiety retain'd.

“ With thee the brightest of her sex I join,

“ Fair Leda's fairer daughter shall be thine.”

She spoke ; her charms and present I approve ;

She mounts, victorious, to the realms above. 90

Mean time, my fate's revers'd, the tokens known,

Their absent son my royal parents own :

Rings the rich palace, and restor'd, the boy

Adds a new birth-day festival to Troy.

Courted I court ; alone you may obtain 95

Each maid's soft wish, the dread of ev'ry swain.

Nor fought your royal dames alone my bed,  
 For me a secret flame have naïds fed.  
 But with disdain I view all other charms,  
 Since hope hath promis'd Helen to my arms. 100

Fancy by day, and pleasing dreams by night,  
 Present your blooming features to my sight.  
 Unseen, remote, I love the beauteous dame ;  
 How shall I glow, when present to my flame ?  
 Nor cou'd I longer my desires contain, 105  
 But fought my charmer o'er the azure plain.  
 Fell'd by the Phrygian ax, from Ida's wood,  
 Down drops each naval plant, that sails the flood.  
 Spoil'd of it's sylvan shades, the growth of years !  
 Naked aërial Gargarus appears. 110  
 Unnumber'd planks from Ide's long brow descend ; }  
 These into keels labourious artists bend ; }  
 Raise the tall masts, and high the sail suspend. }  
 Close-wove the sides, the guardians of each ship,  
 The painted forms of gods o'erlook the deep. 115

## NOTES.

Line 107. *Fell'd by the Phrygian ax, &c.*] This is a short, but an exact and beautiful account of the building of ships. And no doubt but the forms at their heads, first introduced the custom of giving them names ; which they took from them. A maremaid, or dolphin, represented there, furnished particular ships with suitable names : the Castor and Pollux, mention'd by St Paul, had, no doubt, those tutelary deities to sailors carved or painted on it's stern ; and it was not less apropos to say that Paris carried off Helen, in the ship Venus.

On mine, attended by her fav'rite boy,  
Sat love's bright queen, the sponsor of my joy!

The fleet now built, impatient of delay,  
I take my leave, to plow the wat'ry way.  
But long my parents' pious vows detain 120  
My ardent wish, and hold me from the main.  
With hair dishevel'd long my sister stood,  
And as we launch'd amidst the briny flood,  
"Whither, ah! whither dost thou haste? (she cry'd,)  
"Ye gods! what flames attend thee o'er the tide?"  
True prophets! those flames, too sure, I feel; 126  
Fierce here, within my glowing breast they dwell.

Fair were the winds, we leave the crouded strand,  
And reach, Ebalian nymph! your wish'd-for land.  
Proud of his guest, (so Heav'n, no doubt, ordain'd,)  
Me your glad husband kindly entertain'd. 131  
Each curiosity in court and town,  
The Spartan youth and discipline are shown.

## NOTES.

Line 126. *True prophets, &c.*] We may collect, from small examples, the great exactness of the best writers, in their copies of antiquity. Ovid gives us here a true representation of the art of oracle-mongers. They always took care to leave a hole to creep out at; if events happen'd not to answer their predictions. When the literal meaning fail'd of serving their purpose, they had immediate recourse to the figurative; as in this case, and above at line the fiftieth; where the sages interpret his mother's dream: and, indeed, sometimes they were put to still harder shifts.

But eager your celestial charms to see,  
 Such tasteless objects had no charms for me. 135  
 I saw ;—I stood transported with surprize,  
 While swelling in my breast new tumults rise.  
 Such, I remember, look'd the Queen of Love  
 When, I their judge, the heav'nly rivals strove :  
 Where had those eyes, bright candidates, appear'd,  
 Even beauty's goddess a repulse had fear'd. 141

True, far around hath fame your praises sown,  
 That face throughout the world's wide circuit known!  
 Nor shines, in Phrygia, or where Phebus warms  
 With rising beams, your match in blooming charms ;  
 Yet still, I swear, she faintly speaks your face, 146  
 Her envious tongue detracting half your praise.  
 Unpromis'd charms I find ; her mighty boast  
 In your superior bloom absorb'd and lost.  
 Well Theseus lov'd ; the world he fought around, 150  
 Yet none, so worthy to be ravish'd, found.

## NOTES.

Line 140. *Where had those eyes, &c.*] To what a pitch has the author carried this refined flattery ? Even the goddess of beauty herself is hardly safe in the possession of the prize of beauty, or secure in her right of precedence. It is true indeed, that fame had very highly extoll'd her charms ; but still a gallant lover would aver that her accounts were infinitely short of the reality ; and seem'd detracting and envious. And that Theseus, who travell'd the globe around, found nothing equal or comparable to her, in all his peregrinations.

Versu 148°. *Rapina* ; a plunder, prize.



When drest in naked charms you first was seen  
 (Your country's custom!) mixt with naked men.  
 The rape I praise; but why restor'd again?  
 So bright a spoil I ever wou'd retain. 155  
 Rent from the trunk had sooner dropp'd my head,  
 Than Helen from my breast, my arms, my bed!  
 'Till forc'd to yield, the time had been employ'd,  
 I ne'er wou'd have restor'd you unenjoy'd.  
 Pure had you ne'er return'd from Paris' arms, 160  
 Untouch'd, untasted all your virgin charms!  
 Be kind, and my desires how constant, prove;  
 Death's flames alone shall end the flames of love.  
 You I to realms preferr'd, a boundless sway!  
 Which Heav'ns high Empress bad my rule obey: 165  
 And round your snowy neck my arms to throw,  
 Pallas contemn'd, I martial fame forego.  
 Yet still persisting I approve my choice,  
 Nor can succeeding ages blame my voice.  
 O let not then my hopes return in vain, 170  
 You, for whose sake, my toils I well sustain.  
 No upstart I shall with my bed disgrace,  
 A nymph of royal or celestial race.

## NOTES.

Line 154. *The rape I praise; but why restor'd again?*  
 Nothing could better convince Helen of the violence  
 of his passion for her, than a resolution sooner to have  
 lost his life, than have resign'd so valuable a prize, if it  
 had once fallen into his hands.

For not to boast what heroes reign between,

Jove and a Pleiad in our line are seen.

175

My fire's bright sceptre Asian realms obey,

No lands so fertile, and so large no sway.

Proud towns high-roof'd with gold, shall greet your  
eyes,

And shrines for which the gods may quit the skies.

Troy shall you see, and tow'rs that high aspire, 180

Deaf stones obedient to Apollo's lyre.

The number of our men what need I boast?

Thick crouds of subjects swarm on all our coast.

The Trojan dames shall join your shining train,

Nor will our court the multitudes contain.

185

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You may observe what a beautiful figure, even the most common topics of courtship make, in the hands of a good writer. Grandeur of birth, elegance of taste and living, fine buildings, both public and private, brilliance of company, and rich dresses, are the ordinary baits, by which the fair sex are caught; and how artfully has Ovid, and in how masterly a manner, introduc'd them one after another?

Versu 195°. *Dedignare*, disdain; from *dignor*, to vouchsafe, by the preposition *de* render'd of an opposite sense; such also is it's force in other verbs,

——populumque falsis

Dedocet uti vocibus.

HOR. od. lib. ii. od. 2.

i. e. docet uti veris vocibus

So also in substantives, decus, honour, dedecus, disgrace.

When drest in naked charms you first was seen  
 (Your country's custom!) mixt with naked men.  
 The rape I praise; but why restor'd again?  
 So bright a spoil I ever wou'd retain. 155  
 Rent from the trunk had sooner dropp'd my head,  
 Than Helen from my breast, my arms, my bed!  
 'Till forc'd to yield, the time had been employ'd,  
 I ne'er wou'd have restor'd you unenjoy'd.  
 Pure had you ne'er return'd from Paris' arms, 160  
 Untouch'd, untasted all your virgin charms!  
 Be kind, and my desires how constant, prove;  
 Death's flames alone shall end the flames of love.  
 You I to realms preferr'd, a boundless sway!  
 Which Heav'ns high Empress bad my rule obey: 165  
 And round your snowy neck my arms to throw,  
 Pallas contemn'd, I martial fame forego.  
 Yet still persisting I approve my choice,  
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PARIS to HELEN.

257

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"How poor our Greece!" you'll cry, when oft'  
you see

A nation's riches in a family.

Not that your Sparta I despise: for there

Rich is the soil, where sprung so bright a fair.

Yet Sparta's frugal:—you in gold shou'd shine, 190

Ill suits that state a person so divine.

Still in new fashions shou'd be deck'd that face,

And run thro' all varieties of dress.

See how polite the Trojan males appear,

And judge what greater art adorns the fair. 195

Ease then, bright Spartan maid! my anxious pain,

Nor sprung of Phrygian race a youth disdain.

Of Phrygian race was he, that, snatch'd by Jove,

With streaming Nectar crowns the feasts above.

Of Phrygian parents was Tithonus born, 200

Once thy lov'd consort, goddess of the morn!

Such was Anchises; by the Queen of Love

So oft' carefs'd, in Ide's aerial grove.

Nor can your lord, our forms and years compar'd,

Be, by your partial self, to me preferr'd. 205

No fire I give, whose feasts the sun cou'd fray,

Or backward drive the chariot of the day.

#### NOTES.

Line 198. *Of Phrygian race was he, &c.*] He artfully extolls his own ancestors, and their honours, and pre-ferments; and equally in the latter part of the paragraph depresses those of his rival.

Nor gave our grandfire, stain'd with kindred blood,  
A lasting name to the Myrtoan flood.

None of our line, in Stygian waters plac'd, 210

Thirst in the streams, that fly th' eluded taste.

Yet what avails it?—He possesses thee:—

And Jove's ally'd to such a family.

Dire thought! whole nights, unworthy of your  
charms,

Dissolv'd he lies, encircled in your arms. 215

While with your presence only I am blest,

When comes the wish'd, yet, oh! unpleasing feast.

Such entertainments be your lot, my foes!

'Midst festal pleasures tantaliz'd with woes!

I wish myself away, when by the clown 220

Around your neck his wanton arms are thrown.

I burst with envy (yet why all confess'd?)

When o'er your limbs he spreads his flowing vest.

But when soft kisses crown the close embrace,

A lifted goblet snatch'd, I hide my face. 225

You in his arms, mine eyes I downward throw,

And in my mouth th' ungrateful viands grow.

## NOTES.

Line 217. *When comes the wish'd, yet, oh! unpleasing feast; &c.*] The several methods, he mentions, as well of hiding, as discovering his passion, and the buffoonery of his behaviour at table, are well represented by the poet. Lovers act very inconsistently, and make a sort of merit with the fair sex, of being made fools of by them.

Versu 226°. *Lentus*; tough, sticky.

Oft' have I sigh'd : the wanton took th' alarms ;  
 Laught at my pain, and triumph'd in her charms.  
 Oft' have I try'd to quench my am'rous flame, 230  
 And, drench'd in wine, forget the lovely dame ;  
 In vain !—for wine increas'd my hot desires,  
 Rais'd flames on flames, and added fires to fires.  
 Such hated fights to shun, averse I lie,  
 But soon that face recalls my longing eye. 235  
 What shall I do ?—to see, how great the ill ?  
 Yet not to see you, how much greater still ?  
 Far as I can, I hide my cruel pain ;  
 But silence speaks, and all my care is vain.  
 To you my wounds, my cruel wounds ! are known ;  
 And, oh ! I fear to more than you alone. 241  
 How oft', alas ! lest he suspect my case,  
 The rising tear to wipe, I've turn'd my face ?  
 Oft' tales of love related, warm with wine ;  
 These eyes, at ev'ry period fix'd, on thine. 245  
 Feign'd was the name, but, ah ! too true the case :  
 For know, myself the real lover was.  
 Oft' drunkenness I feign, a kind excuse !  
 And under that pretence large freedoms use.  
 Once naked to my view your flowing vest 250  
 Expos'd, a blisful sight ! your heaving breast.  
 A breast, than falling snow, that whiter shone,  
 Or Leda's lover, drest in silver down.  
 Fixt as I gaz'd, (a cup I chanc'd to hold,) 254  
 Down from my touch, unheeded, dropt the gold.  
 When on your daughter's lips you print a kiss,  
 Thence quick with greedy joy I snatch the bliss.

Now, stretch'd at ease, some old amour I sung,  
 Now becks confirm'd the language of my tongue.  
 Late too with soothing speech to win I strove 260  
 Your faithful handmaids to assist my love :  
 But slender hopes they gave ; pretending fear  
 They fled ; and half-unfinish'd left my pray'r.

O were some great engagement to proceed,  
 You the rich prize to grace the victor's bed ! 265  
 As once Hippomanes, of matchless grace,  
 Won the swift nymph, victorious in the race !  
 As once Hippodamia, heav'nly fair !  
 Rewarded, Pelops ! thy successful car.  
 As Acheloüs and Alcides strove 270  
 With rival arms for Deianira's love.  
 On terms like these wou'd Paris boldly dare,  
 And lose his life, or win the beauteous fair.

## NOTES.

Line 264. *O were some great engagement to proceed, &c.* Though the low fooleries, before represented, necessarily draw the attention of the fair sex ; and make the generality of them believe that men of sense could never stoop so low, were it not for their influence over them, and the intoxication of love ; yet nothing makes a deeper impression upon them, than an opinion of courage and resolution in an admirer. 'Tis with admirable judgment therefore, that our poet makes Paris boast of his courage here, and towards the close of his epistle ; and declare (whatever his real courage might be) a readiness to imitate the ancient heroes, and dispute his title for her with any of them, either in fight, or skill at Grecian exercises.



Now what remains but suppliant words to try ;  
 And at your feet (if you permit) to lie? 275  
 Pride of your sex! O bright, celestial dame,  
 Whose form inhances your twin-brothers' fame ;  
 O nymph! whom Heav'n's high monarch well  
 might love,  
 Were not those charms to near a-kin to Jove ;  
 Or, you my bride, I seek the Phrygian plain, 280  
 Or here, 'till death, in banishment remain.  
 No trivial arrow, no slight wound I feel,  
 Deep in my bosom sinks the piercing steel.  
 True, sister! true; but, ah! believ'd too late,  
 Sung thy prophetic tongue my future fate: 285  
 I feel, divining maid! the heav'nly dart  
 Pierce thro' my breast, and rankle in my heart.  
 Cease then to scorn the loves my Fates impose,  
 So may the gods, indulgent hear your vows.  
 Thoughts croud apace; yet rather when alone, 290  
 In your apartment, be our passion known.  
 But Hymen's laws to violate you dread,  
 And, scrupulous, revere the marriage-bed?  
 Ah! simple, not to say, uncourtly thought! 294  
 Where shine such charms, as your's, without a fault?

## NOTES.

Line 294. *Ah! simple, not to say, uncourtly thought!*  
 We shall find, not only from observations upon life, as it  
 now is, but also from the history of all nations, that  
 virtue always continued longest where simplicity and  
 plainness of manners remain'd in possession of the minds  
 of

To change that face resolve, or to be kind, -  
 Such beauty never is with virtue join'd.  
 Jove and bright Venus these intrigues admire,  
 Nay, these intrigues made Heav'n's high lord your  
 fire.

And sure no lover e'er can plead in vain, 300  
 If Helen of her parents ought retain.

Then, then be chaste, when once our Troy you see,  
 Or if you sin ; O sin alone with me !

Tho' now we sin : yet soon the nuptial tie  
 The crime corrects, and sanctifies the joy. 305

Except the queen of fair Idalia's grove  
 Sooth with deceitful promises my love.

Your husband's acts declare, if not his voice,  
 He fail'd for Crete, to interrupt no joys :

## NOTES.

of men. Who, when they got together in larger bodies, and studied more the luxuries of life, always grew more vicious and debauch'd. And in courts, where this pernicious polish is usually carried to the greatest height, not only more vices, but particularly assurance and firmness of countenance, the very opposites of simplicity (and what indeed the polite world are much in the right for discountenancing under the title of rusticity) generally abound most.

Line 308. *Your husband's acts, &c.*] There is no surer method of succeeding in an attempt of this nature, than by lessening the opinion the wife has of her husband ; particularly his understanding. And there is a great deal of humour in that artful accusation in the close of the paragraph ; that she neglects her kind husband's last  
 S 4 orders,

Those realms to view when better cou'd he chuse?  
 Heav'ns! how extensive are a husband's views? 311  
 He went, and setting out, " My dear! (he cry'd)  
 " Treat with respect my honour'd guest from Ide."  
 But you unkind neglect his last commands;  
 His guest receives no favours at your hands. 315

Hope not, a man so tasteless e'er cou'd see  
 Half the perfection shining out in thee.  
 No!—had he known the value of your charms,  
 He had not left you near a stranger's arms.

Shou'd not my passion, or entreaties move, 320  
 Yet opportunity will make us love,  
 Or fools we were, nay greater sots than he;  
 Shou'd unemploy'd so safe a season be.  
 His hand nigh led me to your wish'd embrace,  
 Use then the simple dulness of the ass. 325

## NOTES.

orders, by treating his guest with slights and indifference. Neither will it be here improper, as it is as conspicuous, perhaps as in most places, to let you into one most pleasing secret of good writing; namely, to reserve something of the strength of the argument, and brilliance of the thought, for the end of the paragraph; that the reader may be left with something striking to the mind, to contemplate upon, during the pause.

Line 325: *Use then the simple dulness, &c.*] The severe raillery of this passage could hardly have fail'd of giving offence; had not the sly corrupter first season'd it with profuse flattery to herself, and the unpardonable crime of her husband's want of taste, to see the value of the jewel he was in possession of.

Long nights alone in widow'd beds we lie,  
 Let love then join us : source of mutual joy !  
 So shall the night, and Phebe's paler ray,  
 Blaze more resplendent, than the brightest day.  
 Then will I vow, by all the pow'rs above, 330  
 (That tongue my guide !) inviolable love.  
 Then (if not false my hopes,) amidst our joy,  
 The lovely fair consents to visit Troy.  
 Nor fear your kind compliance shou'd be known,  
 Pretended force makes all the crime my own. 335  
 Theseus I'll copy, or your brothers' love ;  
 And nearer precedents no breast can move.  
 You Theseus stole, they each their Spartan dame ;  
 Paris the next enroll'd, the fourth in fame !  
 Well-mann'd our fleet but waits the coming  
 breeze, 340  
 And in an instant wafts us o'er the seas.  
 Thro' Dardan streets, a mighty queen ! you go,  
 And crouds, adoring their new goddess, bow.

## NOTES.

Line 340. *Well-mann'd our fleet, &c.*] This was another opportunity, to encourage her to consent. If their love should take air, or they should be too narrowly watch'd ; there was his fleet ready to put to sea, and carry them to a place of safety. And the rich promises in the following lines add great weight to the argument ; and contributed more than all the rest, as may be seen in her answer, towards prevailing with her. She was a queen indeed already, but only of a poor and frugal state ; to arrive at profuse riches, and little less than deification would carry vanity a step higher.



Where'er you move, sweet incense breathes around,  
 And the fell'd victim knocks the bloody ground. 345  
 My parents, brothers, sisters,—all our race,  
 Their new relation, with rich presents, grace.  
 With gifts each Trojan dame your notice buys,  
 Nor can these lines the boundless sum comprize.  
 Nor fear, that wrath pursues your ravish'd charms,  
 Or rouses the bold sons of Greece to arms. 351  
 Which of the former rapes did war regain?  
 Believe a lover, all such fears are vain.

## NOTES.

Line 350. *Nor fear, that wrath pursues, &c.*] It was incumbent upon him to obviate this natural supposition; that their loves might probably be render'd uneasy, by her husband's demanding her back again, and satisfaction for the injury. And how could this be done? why, only by examples. It had never happen'd in similar cases, and therefore was unlikely to happen in this.

*Ecquæ repetita per arma est?*

What one instance of a ravish'd lady's being demanded back by arms?

Versu 346°. *Colchâ manu*; by an army of Colchans. Whoever is desirous of making himself master of languages, will do well to be very attentive to their different idioms. For what the Latins express by *manus*, we, the French, and several modern nations, use the word *body*; *a body, or corps of men*; and in a collective sense 'tis certainly full as proper, though it must be allow'd that the business of war was executed by the *hand*. And custom has transferr'd, with us, this Latin idiom, to works of art chiefly. A writer, painter, statuary, or musician, being frequently call'd a good *hand*.

Safe was the Thracian coast ; by Boreas led  
 Tho' her bold warriors seiz'd th' Athenian maid. 355  
 Safe Argo, first of ships, Medea bore ;  
 No Colchan troops alarm'd Theſſalia's shore.  
 Who seiz'd yourself, seiz'd too the Cretan fair ;  
 Yet Minos thought it no juſt cauſe of war.  
 Worſe than the danger is the terror here ; 360  
 The ſtorm o'erblown, we bluſh to own our fear.  
 But grant the worſt, that wrathful Greece alarms ;  
 I too have force, and death attends my arms.  
 Nor leſs is Aſia, than your Spartan reign,  
 As rich in horſes, and as rich in men. 365  
 Nor to Atrides' ſelf will Paris yield  
 In one illuſtrious labour of the field.  
 Yet ſcarce a youth, my force well known to fame,  
 From reſcu'd herdſmen I acquir'd a name.  
 Yet ſcarce a youth the feſtal prize I won 370  
 From great Deiphobus, and Phorbas' ſon.

## NOTES.

Line 366. *Nor to Atrides' ſelf will Paris yield, &c.*  
 The mention of war gave him a fair opportunity of  
 boaiſting of himſelf and his brave brother Hector ; and  
 at an eaſy expence inſinuating himſelf moſt ſtrongly into  
 the favour of his miſtreſs.

Verſu 369°. *Repetère* ; you will be demanded back.  
 The expreſſion by which the Romans demanded ſat-  
 iſfaction, was *repetimur res*, in plain Engliſh, we demand  
 a reſtitution of our things ; viz. the plunder made by  
 the enemy. So from Homer we learn that Paris carried  
 off effects of value, along with Helen.

Nor in close fight alone I conquer ; know,  
 With perfect art I bend th' unerring bow.  
 And on Atrides can your partial will  
 Such youthful fame confer, such matchless skill? 375  
 This granted, can he yet a brother boast,  
 A Hector? Troy's firm guard, himself a host?  
 Your fears forbid to know what strength is mine,  
 And see how great a man you soon shall join.  
 Or then no war shall interrupt our joy, 380  
 Or Greece shall sink beneath the force of Troy.  
 Nor can I fail in such a cause to dare ;  
 Who wou'd not fight, the prize so heav'nly fair?  
 Even Helen's self (if those celestial charms  
 Alarm the globe, and rouse two worlds to arms,)  
 Acquires a lasting, an immortal name, 386  
 And shines the foremost in the rolls of fame.  
 Then with bold hopes, and happy omens go :  
 And challenge Paris to perform his vow.

## NOTES.

Line 384. *Even Helen's self, &c.*] The argument concludes with uncommon strength. 'Tis highly improbable that you will be demanded again : it never has happen'd and why should it now? But grant you are, 'tis great odds but Troy will be victorious. Yet supposing the worst ; you will suffer nothing by it. On the contrary, posterity must entertain a very high idea of your beauty ; should two worlds rise up in arms upon your account.

H E L E N

T O

P A R I S.



## The ARGUMENT.

*HELEN* returns this epistle, in answer to the foregoing. She sets out, at first, with the severity of a Spartan, and severely chides his assurance; for attempting the fidelity of a hitherto-virtuous bride. But softening, by degrees, she makes a tacit acknowledgment of her affection for him; by advising him to resist what pleases his eye; in imitation of herself: and to resolve to extinguish his love in it's infancy. At last she little less than promises him success, by putting him off only to a further day.

## HELEN TO PARIS.

SUCH bold epistles sent, a Spartan dame,  
Severely chaste, must vindicate her fame.

## E S S A Y.

THE learned languages, by ascertaining the sense by the termination, as has been before observed in part, have the advantage greatly over the modern. For instance, the Latins, in their substantives, change *dominus* only into *domini* in the genitive case; whereas we are oblig'd to make the addition of two monosyllables

to give it the same power: nom.  $\left. \begin{smallmatrix} a \\ \text{or} \\ the \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$  lord; gen. of

$\left. \begin{smallmatrix} a \\ \text{or} \\ the \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$  lord; and so in the other cases. In verbs we labour

under still greater disadvantages, especially in the passive voice: where we are often drove to the necessity of making use of three or four words to express what they do by one. It is then hardly credible, that a tongue, originally so burden'd with monosyllables, should, under this additional disadvantage, be made to answer the purposes of poetry at all. Especially when we consider that no sentence can subsist without a verb in it. And yet such has been the industry of some great geniuses of our nation, Milton, Dryden, Pope, &c.; that these difficulties have, in a great measure, been surmounted.

But as there can be no poetry without musical numbers, I cannot help wondering, that our poets have never thought of discarding the word *thou* out of poetical compositions. For it lays them under the necessity of adding the

Dar'd then a stranger tempt a bride to love;  
Hymen contemn'd, and hospitable Jove?

## ESSAY.

the termination *est* to every verb they use; the harshest, especially when abbreviated, which is usually the way, of any in our language: and by adopting *you* in it's stead, as is universally done in conversation, that inconvenience might be obviated. Perhaps they think it throws a grandeur over the performance; as being found in the Holy Scriptures, and our Liturgy. But it is now not only laid aside in all addresses to earthly potentates; but even the reason why it was us'd on both those occasions may probably be, that in the age when the one was translated, and the other compil'd, it was generally in use in common conversation; as it continues still to be in the northern counties, among the common people; who retain a great deal of the old language, phrase, and modes of expression, of the translation of the Bible, i. e. of old English. And yet, though they constantly use it among themselves, when they come to address a superior, they always leave off *thouing* him, as they term it: which shows that it is no sign of respect, but the contrary.

In a work therefore, which requir'd as much smoothness as our language is capable of, being a translation of an author most remarkably musical, (as has been shown by a comparison with Virgil,) I have taken the liberty of differing from the usage of poets; and, as is customary both in conversation and correspondence, in order to soften the too harsh sound of my verbs, adopted the word *you* almost every where. A licence which if it can be granted, ought to be granted here; for in other works 'tis but now and then a poet addresses another in the second person; in epistle it is done throughout. This I thought a much better expedient, than as some of our best poets have done, after the use of the word

*thou,*

Was  
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W

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Helen  
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Line  
that tho

Was it for this, a treach'rous youth to save, 5  
 Our ports secur'd you from each rolling wave?  
 Was to a foreign prince our court display'd,  
 With injuries, like these, to be repaid?  
 Your kind reception when rewarded so,  
 Came you a public guest, or public foe? 10  
 No doubt, but reading how I here complain,  
 You smile and cry, "Uncourtly is the strain!"  
 Uncourtly let it be, so not unchaste;  
 My life preserv'd unblemish'd to the last.  
 Tho' not a solemn prude, with formal face 15  
 Demure I sit, or frown in sour grimace;

## ESSAY.

*thou*, to drop the additional termination of the verb.  
 For I look upon the one as a violation of the language,  
 and the other only a complying with custom;

Quem penes arbitrium est & jus, & norma loquendi.

HOR. Art. Poët. lin. 72.

—— Whose arbitrary sway  
 Words, and the forms of language, must obey.  
 FRANCIS.

## NOTES.

Line 2. *Severely chaste, must vindicate her fame.*] Our poet has shown great knowledge of nature in making Helen not strike immediately; but stand it out for some time. The pride of the sex requir'd it at her hands; if we may not add also; that virtue never expires, without a dying struggle.

Line 15. *Tho' not a solemn prude, &c.*] She intimates that though she be of a chearful disposition, nay perhaps  
 T a little



Yet no loose gallantry hath soil'd my name;  
 No leud adult'rer triumph'd o'er my fame.  
 Which makes me wonder, by what frenzy led,  
 Such schemes you wildly form, to hope my bed. 20  
 True, Theseus stole me, grandson of the main!  
 But am I therefore thought fit prize again?  
 For in the lawless rape what part was mine  
 But want of strength to frustrate the design?  
 Nor did the fact th' expected fruit afford; 25  
 I 'scap'd, unhurt by ought but fear restor'd.  
 The youth, too strong, a few forc'd kisses gain'd,  
 From me no further favours were obtain'd.  
 No charms, content with those, wou'd you resign;  
 Thank Heav'n! his villainy fell short of thine. 30  
 Pure I return'd, which soften'd the offence,  
 And prov'd the youth convict of penitence.  
 Repented he, for you to dare the same?  
 And am I still to be the sport of fame?  
 Nor can I hate, if true your passion prove; 35  
 For who with hate requites another's love?

## NOTES.

a little of the coquet, 'tis not always the most volatile that are soonest caught; the sly and demure are, proverbially, as fit for his purpose.

Line 35. *Nor can I hate, &c.*] She now begins to soften; yet the poet's conduct is so remarkably just, that he does not let her give him full encouragement at once; but take back with one hand what she gives with the other;

——Why not Helen of the virtuous few?

But that I doubt ;—not that your royal line  
I need distrust, or ev'n this bloom of mine.

But all your sex ('tis said) deceitful are,  
As our's too fond, too credulous the fair.

40

Few matrons now are chaste :—admit it true ;  
Yet why not Helen of the virtuous few ?

Abortive proves your hint,—my mother's love  
Can no fit pattern seem my mind to move.

Her innocent mistake wards off the blame,  
Deck'd with dissembled plumes th' adult'rer came.

45

But if I trip, I trip with open eyes ;  
And no kind error will the fault disguise.

In the great author lost, her crime's forgot ;

But here what Jove to sanctify the fault ?

50

Tho' sprung from gods a royal race of kings  
You boast ; to us that boast no glory brings :

## NOTES.

Line 43. *Abortive proves your hint, &c.*] As this epistle is in answer to the foregoing ; there will occur little besides the conduct of the piece, mention'd in the last note, particularly to be remark'd : as the observations would necessarily be of too similar a nature with the notes on the last epistle.

Line 52. *To us that boast no glory brings : &c.*] The art of the argumentation here is truly admirable. In appearance, she refutes what he had advanc'd concerning his pedigree : but in fact, she is only endeavouring to prove her own to be superiour ; that he may be the more strongly inclin'd to prosecute his purpose : serving, at one and the same time, the ends both of her pride, and of her passion.

For not to mention, from great Pelops' line,  
 And Tyndar's fame, what grace reflects on mine:  
 Great Jove my fire the beauteous Leda made, 55  
 Unthinking in the am'rous swan betray'd.  
 When in her lap, the heav'nly fraud unknown,  
 She strok'd the well-dissembled silver down.  
 Go now, and to it's heav'nly fountain trace  
 God-like Laomedon's heroic race: 60  
 For see, (tho' I your great descent approve,)  
 You are the fifth, but I the first from Jove.

Large are the realms, no doubt, your sceptres sway,  
 But why may not as large our rule obey?  
 For tho' in men and riches we're excell'd; 65  
 Your lands are barb'rous, and in culture yield.

So rich a dow'r your princely offers send,  
 As might a goddess to your wishes bend.  
 Yet was I to transgress chaste Hymen's laws,  
 Yourself shou'd be the dear, the only cause. 70  
 Bright to my dying day my fame shall shine,  
 Or all I follow is that form of thine.

## NOTES.

Line 70. *Yourself shou'd be the dear, the only cause* ]  
 Here the woman appears very strongly; and shows our  
 author to have had a perfect insight into human life.  
 For though it may seem a paradox, (because as the more  
 beautiful sex, in reason, they ought to be more desir'd,  
 exclusive of the fortunes they bring with them;) yet  
 many examples to one make it undeniable, that they are  
 more disinterested in their love than we.

For tho' your wealthy presents are approv'd,  
 (Still grateful is the gift, the giver lov'd!)  
 Far more your am'rous pains my mind engage, 75  
 And daring hopes, that scorn'd the ocean's rage.

Insensibly I mark, a thousand ways,  
 How plain your ev'ry act your love betrays.  
 When at the genial feast the flowing bowl  
 Dilates with gen'rous juice the opening soul. 80  
 Fixt on my eyes with wanton looks you gaze,  
 And call up all the colour in my face.

Now snatch the glass I us'd, and with a sigh  
 Soft to your lip the part I touch'd apply.  
 A finger oft' proclaims your kind intent, 85  
 Dumb action speaks, and eyes are eloquent.  
 Oft', lest my lord shou'd read your looks afraid,  
 I blush'd to see your love so open laid.

Oft' in low murmurs have I thus complain'd,  
 "The prince is by no sense of shame restrain'd."  
 Oft' on the table's orb, (my name above,) 91  
 Drawn out in wine I found these words, "I love."  
 Yet I reprov'd your boldness with a frown;  
 Wretch that I am;—I quite forgot my own.

## NOTES.

Line 81. *Fixt on my eyes, &c.*] Though much the same actions are describ'd, in Paris's epistle to her, yet the variety is very remarkable; and prove our author not only most knowing in the art of love, but, as was observ'd above, by birth and education a gentleman, and consequently master of language, and abounding in copiousness of good phrase.



These are the means, were I dispos'd to yield, 95  
 These are the arts (I own) to win the field.  
 Besides, so matchless, so divine your charms,  
 Each nymph must wish to languish in your arms.  
 Yet may some happier fair enjoy with peace,  
 What want I must, or purchase with disgrace. 100  
 Learn then of me to want what charms your eye,  
 'Tis doubly virtuous pleasing crimes to fly.  
 Nor vaunt your judgment, or superior taste,  
 (Critic in beauty!) nor despise the rest.  
 In the same wishes num'rous suitors join, 105  
 Whose taste, tho' not assurance, equals thine.

## NOTES.

Line 102. *'Tis doubly virtuous, &c.*] Even the obscenest fables admit of useful morals. There is no great degree of merit in avoiding a vice to which you have little temptation; the virtue lies in conquering your strongest inclinations; and avoiding the vice, you are most prone to.

Line 103. *Nor vaunt your judgment, &c.*] Helen's epistle was wrote on purpose to refute what Paris had advanc'd in his. The arguments indeed were all that there was a necessity for answering; but when one gets upon the refuting strain, (as is ever seen in polemic writing) every opportunity is embrac'd of humbling the adversary. She had just took him down in the article of pedigree, and now she does the same with respect to taste.

Verfu 103°. *Cordis*; of taste; — *aris*, of front, — impudence.

Hither O had you then your vessel sped,  
 When thousand rivals fought my virgin bed :  
 First had you been amidst the anxious strife,  
 Pardon, great Sparta ! your impartial wife. 110  
 But, ah ! too slow your hopes, too late you came ;  
 Cropt are your joys, possess'd the wish'd-for dame.  
 Nor am I so averse to lawful joy.  
 As (Sparta scorn'd) to wish for you and Troy.  
 Cease then, O cease, a tender mind to move, 115  
 Nor hurt the person you pretend to love.  
 O let me learn my present lot to bear,  
 Nor rob me of my spotless character.

But Venus gave me, deep in Ida's grove,  
 Where naked three celestial rivals strove : 120  
 One brib'd with empire, one with martial fame ;  
 The last successful with the Spartan dame.  
 Scarce can I think celestial forms wou'd deign  
 To stand the test of any rural swain :  
 But grant so far be true :—the rest you feign. 125 }

## NOTES.

Line 107. *Hither O had but then your vessel sped, &c.*  
 She here takes an indirect, but genteel, method of showing him how far she preferr'd him to all the world. Had he but arriv'd before she was dispos'd of, he had certainly been the first in her choice. But recollecting quickly that she had made too open a discovery, she turns it off, with a most pathetic entreaty, that he would not take the advantage of her concession ; but leave her to her lot, in peace and innocence.

For can I be so vain to think these eyes,  
 To bribe your sentence, a sufficient prize?  
 And cou'd a goddess' partial voice declare  
 Helen the fairest of ten thousand fair?  
 Enough if mortals mortal charms approve; 130  
 Invidious is thy praise, bright Queen of Love!  
 Yet be it true!—myself why shou'd I wrong,  
 And frustrate my own praises with my tongue?  
 Nor grieve, because not credited with ease,  
 Cautious we trust such grand affairs as these. 135

First then, I joy, that Venus' self declar'd,  
 Then that you thought, me a supream reward.  
 And next, that Juno's realms, and Pallas' arms  
 Your choice rejected for these brighter charms.  
 Am I your empire then, and fame in one? 140  
 If so; your loves wou'd melt a heart of stone;  
 Yet softer far am I:—your ardent vows  
 My fears, you never can be mine, oppose.  
 Hopeless of love, I cease with fruitless toil  
 Dry sands to cultivate, a barren soil? 145

Unpractis'd frauds I try;—ye pow'rs above!  
 Witness a heart unskill'd in arts of love.  
 New to the task, now first my fingers try  
 To speak by silent tablets to your eye.

## NOTES.

Versu 141°. *Rudis ad veneris furtum*; unskill'd in the intrigues of love.

Blest they ! that by long use are taught to dare ; 150

Me, yet unskill'd, even fancied dangers scare.

Full in my face (fears antedate my shame :) 30

Methinks already stares each wond'ring dame.

Nor vain my fears ;—for scandal's on the wing :—

Such the sad news my fav'rite hand-maids bring. 155

Cease then to urge me, or our loves conceal ;

A science Paris understands so well !

In secret love :—this absence of my lord's

Great yet not boundless liberties affords. 35

Far hence he's gone :—affairs of great import 160

(At least I thought so) call'd him from his court.

“ Go, love ! (I said) secure of Helen's charms,

“ But soon, O soon return, to bless these arms.”

Pleas'd with the prosp'rous omen, and the fair, 140

His realms, his all, committed to my care, 165

And snatch'd the parting kifs, “ above the rest

“ Distinguish (he enjoin'd) my Trojan guest.”

Scarce for a burst of laughter cou'd I say,

“ Command, my lord ! 'tis Helen's to obey.” 145

True, swift to Crete he flies before the wind ; 170

Yet are not here your freedoms unconfin'd.

## NOTES.

Line 152. *Full in my face, &c.*] This representation of guilt is highly just and natural. Suspicion construes even looks into censure. The guilty person imagines every one he meets as conscious to his crimes, as himself.



Here, tho' far-distant, still the prince commands,  
Think how extensive are a monarch's hands.

Fame is my foe: for, thus extoll'd my charms,  
His fears the busy fantom more alarms. 175  
Safer we had indulg'd our am'rous flame,  
Had Helen's beauty been less known to fame.

No wonder that he left me here alone,  
His consort's prudent conduct well was known.  
My charms he might distrust, but not my life; 180  
Endanger'd was the fair, but safe the wife.

His kind simplicity you bid us use,  
Nor moments, which he gave himself, abuse.  
I wish, but, ah! I fear;—my wav'ring mind  
Hangs dubious, yet to neither part inclin'd. 185

## NOTES.

Line 176. *Fame is my foe, &c.*] There is nothing more absurd than the dull race of commentators. They have several ways made absolute nonsense of this passage; which of itself is extremely clear and easy. She says that the fame of her extraordinary charms being spread far and near, must more alarm the possessor; because more would hear of them: whereas had she been less extoll'd for beauty, and consequently less known, he would of course have been less watchful, and suspicious. The deception of fame express'd by *verba dedisse fama*, is what our author elsewhere expresses by the word *sefellit*, that is liv'd retir'd and unknown:

*Nec vixit malè, qui natus, moriensque, sefellit.*

Lines 184—5. —*my wav'ring mind hangs dubious, &c.*] The image here is very beautiful: In one scale she throws,

Absent my lord remains, alone you lie ;  
 And both our forms attract each other's eye ;  
 Long are the nights, already am'rous strains  
 Have pass'd alternate, and one house contains.  
 And let me die, but ev'ry thing appears 190  
 To draw me to your arms,—except my fears.

Since vain your eloquence, compulsion try,  
 There force is needful, where the fair are coy.

## NOTES.

throws, the absence of her husband, her own and Paris's reciprocal admiration of each other's person ; the length of the nights ; their having already broke the ice, by a correspondence by letter, and their living in the the same house. Indeed at first sight one would expect that this scale would certainly preponderate, 'till we see the equilibrium establish'd by a very weighty article, her fears, thrown into the opposite one.

Versu 192°. *Fuit* : is no more. There is something of the pun, or conundrum, in this expression ; yet it appears to have been highly in vogue in our author's age, from it's having a place even in Virgil, a most chaste and correct writer ; *Æn.* ii. 325 ——— *fuit Ilium* ; Troy is no more ; it has had it's day ; 'tis all over with it. The like agreement we find between Cæsar and Tully in the use of the word *repræsentò* in the uncommon sense of *bringing on immediately, or sooner than intended*. Itaque se, quod in longiorem diem collaturus esset, *repræsentaturum* ; & proximâ nocte de quartâ vigiliâ castra moturum. De bel. Gall. lib. 1. Quin etiam corpus libenter obtulerim, si *repræsentari* morte meâ libertas civitatis potest ; ut aliquando dolor popi. Romi. pariat, quod jamdiu parturit. Philip. 2. in Peroratione.

Sometimes the wrong'd no injury receive;  
 Take then, O take, what I shou'd blush to give. 195  
 No!—our new passion rather let us tame;  
 Few drops apply'd may quench a recent flame.

Yet what less constant than a stranger's love?  
 Still flits his passion, as his ships remove.  
 With him, it wand'ring roves from shore to shore,  
 And when you think it safest, 'tis no more. 201  
 Witness the Lemnian and the Cretan maids,  
 Left to complain alone in widow'd beds.  
 Long too the bright Enone was your care,  
 But now, false swain! abandon'd mourns the fair.  
 This can't yourself deny:—hence, Paris! see 206  
 My love enquires what fame reports of thee.  
 But long you cannot, grant you wou'd, be kind;  
 For now your ready sail invites the wind.  
 Even while we speak, the gales expected come, 210  
 The hop'd-for night prevent, and waft you home.  
 Scarce-tasted your new joys abrupt you leave,  
 And Helen's loves fly distant o'er the wave.

## NOTES.

Line 208. *But long you cannot, &c.*] This paragraph contains a list of weighty arguments why she should refuse him. The shortness of the time he could stay with her. Or if she sail'd with him, the clamour of the world against her, and the hazard of being an abhorrence to his relations, friends, and countrymen. And, what was worse than all, the fear of his proving jealous of her, and abusing her for that very compliance in his favour.

Or shall I follow the persuasive boy,

And court alliance with the house of Troy? 215

## NOTES.

Line 217. *To fill the world's wide circuit with my shame?*] Wherever the idea is of large capacity, 'tis a technical beauty to make the line as slow and long as possible. Of this Virgil, the greatest artist in this respect that ever wrote, affords innumerable instances. I shall mention but one, where Sinon going to address the Trojans, who had just taken him prisoner,

Constitit, atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit.

Æn. ii. 68.

—— trembling views around the Phrygian bands.

PITT.

where by the assistance of a synalæpha, a spondee in the fifth place, and the length of the word, circumspexit, he draws a picture rather than an image. And yet Horace hath improv'd upon his contemporary,

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-  
spectemus vacuum Romanis vatibus ædem.

Ep. lib. ii. Ep. ii. 93.

See, with what air of magisterial pride  
And high disdain we view from side to side  
Apollo's temple, as if we ourselves,  
And none but we, supply the vacant shelves.

FRANCIS.

For by lengthing the word circumspicio, and making it part of both lines, he has given a more precise picture of it's sense; and improv'd upon Virgil, in like manner as we have shown that Pope has done upon Homer, in the last note on Penelope to Ulysses. This is a beauty

not



Can I so far neglect the voice of Fame,  
 To fill the world's wide circuit with my shame?  
 How will our Sparta, how all Greece reprove,  
 How Asia and your Troy detest our love?  
 How Priam and his queen, the Dardan dames, 220  
 And all the youth of Ilium, curse our flames?  
 How will yourself believe your Helen chaste,  
 True to the present, faithless to the past?  
 Each stranger youth, that in your ports appears,  
 Each foreign sail arriv'd, will wake your fears. 225  
 Black names of guilt will in my teeth be thrown,  
 Your rage forgetting half the guilt's your own.  
 No!—sooner than my crimes their author blame,  
 Gape wide, kind earth! and hide a lover's shame.

But rich in Trojan pride shall Helen blaze, 230  
 And all the labour'd elegance of dress?  
 Much have you promis'd, but you'll give me more  
 Gold, gems and purple vests, a countless store.  
 Yet pardon, when I own how light they prove,  
 Thrown in the balance with my country's love. 235

Besides, affronts receiv'd from Trojan throngs,  
 What fire or brothers there; t' avenge my wrongs?  
 What did not once the false Thessalian swear?  
 Yet banish'd flies at last the Colchan fair:

## NOTES.

not unknown even to prose writers of the first class: for where he extends his line of battle, you will be pleas'd to observe what a proper use Cæsar makes of several long words, especially *decucurrerunt*.

HELEN to PARIS.

287

No fire was left, to guard her from her foes, 240

No friend, no mother ; to partake her woes.

Like usage fear I not ;—no more did she ;—

But oft' good hopes mistake their augury.

Observe, tho' now the raging billows sport,  
Those ships, in a calm season, left the port. 245

The torch affrights me too, distain'd with gore,  
Which in divining dreams your mother bore.

Nor less the prophecies, divulg'd by Fame,

Which doom the Trojan tow'rs to Grecian flame.

What tho' bright Cytherea be your friend, 250

That double trophy by your sentence gain'd ?

Yet (grant your boasts be true) two are your foes,

Which from your partial judgment lost their cause.

Nor can I doubt, but, shou'd I join your train,  
Thro' swords we fly, and fleets oppress the main.

With the fell centaurs, Atracis ! thy charms 256

Rous'd the revengeful Lapithites to arms.

And will Atrides, to recover mine,

My fire, or brothers martial toils decline ?

NOTES.

Versu 247°. *Indicere bella* ; to denounce war. This is the common phrase among the purest Latin writers. 'Tis taken, as I suppose, from the judicial form, *diem dicere*, to appoint a day for trial : war being a kind of law-suit ; with this difference, that the pleadings are in blows instead of words. Upon which plan, you will find, Swift's allegorical history of John Bull, to have been built.

Heroic acts to boast too nice your frame, 260  
That face quite contradicts all martial fame :  
Too fine your limbs, to delicate your air,  
And fitted only too engage the fair,  
Their worth in arms let brawner heroes prove,  
Be it your province, beauteous youth ! to love. 265  
Let Hector in surrounding squadrons rage,  
A diff'rent warfare shou'd your thoughts engage.  
Myself wou'd once these modest terrors yield,  
Myself wou'd dare you, to the downy field,  
Yet who can tell, but baffled shame may fly, 270  
And time may grant you what my fears deny.

A private conference you wish to gain,  
And well I know what conference you mean :  
Too hasty are your hopes :—their harvest shows  
Green yet ; but time may ripen all your vows. 275

Then of these guilty lines my love hath penn'd,  
Here let my weary fingers fix the end.  
My trusty handmaids instruments may prove,  
Fit to keep up our intercourse of love.

LEANDER

TO

HERO.

U



## The ARGUMENT.

*LEANDER*, a youth of *Abydos*, was in love with *Hero* a young lady of *Sestos*. The former city was situate on the *Asiatic* side of the *Hellepont*, and the latter on the *Thracian* or *European*. 'Twas his custom, unknown to his parents, in the evening, to swim cross the straits of the sea; and having spent the night with his mistress, return the same way, in the morning. But a storm lasting for seven days successively, his wonted passage was stop'd. Knowing, therefore, how suspicious love is, by the only marriner that had the courage to put to sea, he sends her this epistle; to inform her of the true cause of his absence: with assurances, that if the tempest lasted much longer, he would visit her in despite of it, or perish in the attempt.

## LEANDER to HERO.

YOUR Asian youth, fair Sestian ! sends you joy,  
And wish'd to bring ; but angry seas deny.

## ESSAY.

OUR language abounds with monosyllables, and is clogg'd with expletives. For by that name I take the liberty of calling those little words before the cases of our substantives, and the tenses of our verbs. Ovid wrote in a language, of all others, the most close and chaste : and the sense, from the nature of his verse, terminated every two lines. An English translator, therefore, was drove to the necessity of including the same quantity of matter in a like number of verses, (though the ratio of syllables, as I observ'd before, was, upon an average, one third against him) or of taking in more compass by half, than his author ; which must have swell'd out the translation to an insufferable length, and have weaken'd the sense to soup-meagre. A fault very frequent in the Pindaric Odes of the last century and the beginning of this. The authors of which having purloin'd a thought from some good writer, have, by torturing it ten thousand ways, at last drawn it out into a thread still finer and weaker than the French manufacture, stigmatiz'd by Lord Roscommon, in that beautiful thought in his comparifon between the English and French poetry :

The weighty bullion of one sterling line,  
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages  
shine.

*Essay on translated verse.*

In such circumstances, you will probably say, what remains to be done ? Why, only to contract the senti-

Were gods but kind my am'rous vows to speed,  
 Reluctant these unwelcome lines you'd read.  
 But they're averse ;—for gods my vows delay ; 5  
 Nor let me shoot along th' accustom'd way.

## NOTES.

ment to a kind of focus, to observe what words in the original are of remarkable beauty and strength, and to preserve both the one and the other in your copy. For if you take care to make sure of the true outlines, and strong likeness of your picture ; the remainder is only drapery, and of no great consequence, whether exactly copied or no.

There is another expedient of contracting the sentiment ; and what I shall beg leave to call the accumulation of thought. This happens where an action, represented in it's different parts, is too diffuse to be so taken in by you ; which yet may be comprehended by a single lucky word. An instance will make this much clearer to you. In Enone to Paris are two lines, in which the different circumstances of felling the timber, of sawing or splitting the beams, of building the navy, and pitching and launching the ship in which he was to sail to Sparta, are compriz'd.

Cæsa abies, sectæque trabes, &, classe paratâ,  
 Cæula ceratas accipit unda rates.

All that is left for a translator to do on this occasion is, to let the reader see, he was sensible of the beauty, (had his language allowed him to have copied it,) by some word, which may express the particular excellence of the original, as here by the *sudden navy*.

Now fell'd and cut the firs, by num'rous hands,  
 On the green wave, your sudden navy stands.

The skies (you see) a pitchy darkness veils ;  
 Scarce passable by ships the ocean swells :  
 This youth alone of all th' advent'rous train,  
 Dar'd with my mandates crosses the stormy main. 10  
 With him I stood prepar'd to plow the deep :  
 But all Abydos watch'd the flying ship.  
 They to our parents had our stealth reveal'd,  
 And told to Fame the passion we conceal'd.

In act to write, " Blest Tablet ! go, (I cry) 15  
 " Touch her fair hand, and bask beneath her eye.

## NOTES.

Line 7. *The skies (you see) a pitchy darkness veils, &c.*]  
 Virgil, in that most finish'd of poems, his *Georgics*,  
 describing the rage of love in brutes, introduces this  
 story, of it's similar force on the human race ;

Quid juvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem  
 Durus amor ? nempe abruptis turbata procellis  
 Nocte natat cæcâ ferus freta : quem super ingens  
 Porta tonat cæli, & scopulis illisa reclamant  
 Æquora : nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,  
 Nec moritura super crudeli funere virgo.

Georg. lib. iii. 258.

How fares the youth, who feels the pleasing pain ?  
 In darkness drear he swims the stormy main :  
 Above, from Heav'n's high gate, the thunder roars,  
 And dashing waves re-echo round the shores.  
 Nor weeping parents, nor the fated fair  
 Retards his course, too soon his cruel death to share.

WARTON.

Line 15. — *Blest Tablet ! go, &c.*] This apostrophe  
 is a very natural one, and gives variety to the piece : and



" Perhaps the honey of her lips to taste,  
 " Broke by her tooth your ligament, you haste."  
 Thus far in sounds my passion was express'd ;  
 But tablets and this hand must speak the rest. 20  
 Which glad, would quit the labours of the style,  
 To bear me o'er the well-known waves with toil.  
 More fit indeed the peaceful seas to move ;  
 Yet no unfit interpreter of love. 24  
 For seven long nights, a lover's year ! and more,  
 Hoarse, boiling waves have rock'd the groaning shore :

## NOTES.

the thought of speaking to her by the tablet and his hand, is very pretty and elegant : suitable to the subject, and characteristical of our author. Not to say that it was a convenient foundation for the following turn,

More fit indeed the peaceful seas to move ;  
 Yet no unfit interpreter of love.

Line 25. *For seven long nights, a lover's year ! and more,*] The length of the line here is a representation of the idea, and another species of mechanic beauty in poetry ; Virgil gives us a remarkable instance of it, in his seventh Eclogue, versu 43°.

Si mihi non hæc lux toto jam longior anno est.  
 If a year's length exceeds this tedious day.

WARTON.

In Latin this is easily attain'd by employing spondees, monosyllables, ecthipfises, and synalæphas ; in English only by the use of monosyllables, consisting of as many letters each, as possible. I cannot here pass over a line in Pope, instanc'd before for another reason,

And

When if soft slumbers ever seal'd these eyes,  
May storms on storms, to blast my hopes, arise.

Those shores I view, to some bleak rock confin'd,  
And visit you, with what I can, my mind. 30

Where, from the tow'r, the wakeful torch's blaze  
Sends to my eye, or seems to send, it's rays.

Thrice on the barren beech my vest I laid,  
And thrice the dang'rous enterprize essay'd:  
Thrice swelling waves my vain attempts deride, 35  
And o'er my head impel th' opposing tide.

But why determin'd war with me, you wind!  
Of ev'ry rapid blast the most unkind!

Not on the waves, but me, your rage is prov'd;  
What cou'd you worse, tho' you had never lov'd?  
Yet once, cold Boreas! must it be confess'd, 41

Aetean flames dissolv'd that icy breast,  
How cou'd you then the disappointment bear;  
If stopp'd your airy passage to the fair.

Urge gently then the main, and spare my woes; 45  
So may old Eol no hard task impose.

But murmurs he returns, and pray'rs are vain,  
Nor smooths he, what his rage embroil'd, the main.

Now, Dedalus! thy daring pinions lend,  
Tho' nigh at hand Icarian shores extend. 50

## NOTES.

And ten slow words oft' creep in one dull line.

Essay on Criticism.

Et bis quinque uno versu vix verba movent se.

Line 49. Now, *Dedalus! thy daring pinions lend, &c.*  
'Twas very natural, from the neighbourhood of the  
U 4 Icarian

But come what will, so I'm allow'd to raise  
These limbs in air, which oft' have rode on seas.

Mean time, by seas and winds, the rest deny'd,  
I muse how first the daring theft I try'd. 54

The night (O sweet remembrance!) veils the skies,  
Forth from his father's gate the lover flies :

And soon of cloaths divested, and of fear,  
High o'er the waves my pliant arms I rear.

The moon, a kind companion ! lights my way,  
And the clear azure trembles with her ray. 60

When, looking up, " Bright goddess ! aid ; (I cry)

" Mindful of Latmian rocks, and stolen joy !

" Let young Endymion harder thoughts beguile ;

" And view my labours with a gracious smile.

" A goddess, you, for mortal charms, resign 65

" Your skies ; but I, a mortal, seek divine.

## NOTES.

Icarian sea, for Leander to wish for a passage through one fluid element, when the other was obstructed. And indeed the analogy between flying and swimming is so obvious, that it cannot but strike a mind intent on transferring ideas, the most pleasing work of poetry. Hence Virgil's *remigium alarum*, steerage of wings ; where he reverses our author's image, upon Dedalus's alighting at Cuma in Italy.

Line 65. *A goddess, you, for mortal charms, &c.*] This thought made our author happy in a double capacity ; as it serv'd as a very high compliment, and gave him an opportunity of indulging his favourite passion for turn ; which occurs, in the complex form ; a rare instance !

- " For heav'nly charms not only fill her breast,  
 " But, in her form, the goddess stands confess'd.  
 " To thee and Venus none so near in grace;  
 " And ask (if you distrust me) ask her face! 70  
 " Far as thy silver rays the stars outshine,  
 " Whose faint effulgence darkness seems to thine:  
 " She's fairer than the fairest of her kind:  
 " This if you doubt, bright Cynthja! you are  
 " blind."

Thus I the pow'r, or in like words, address, 75  
 While the slow waves roll'd back beneath my breast.

## NOTES.

Line 76. *While the slow waves roll'd back beneath my breast.*] This line exhibits an example of mechanic structure, to represent to the eye and ear, the distinct succession, and slow motion, of the still waves: and is of a different kind from what Pope exemplifies in his Essay on Criticism,

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow:  
 where the labour and difficulty of the enterprize, and the consequent slowness of the action, is describ'd. Whereas the majesty of Juno's movement only is painted thus by Virgil,

Ast ego, quæ divûm incedo regina, Jovisque  
 Et foror & conjux,———Æn. i. 46.

But I, who move supreme in Heaven's abodes,  
 Jove's sister-wife.——— PITT.

and probably her priests took example from her; for we find from Horace that their processions were proverbially slow;

——— Sæpe



The marble plain reflects the lunar ray,  
 And beaming brightness emulates the day:  
 No sounds, no murmurs strike my list'ning ear,  
 But what from the divided waves I hear. 80  
 The halcyons only, of their am'rous pain  
 Seem'd in soft numbers sweetly to complain.  
 When nigh with toil oppress'd, I strongly rise,  
 And list above the top-moſt wave my eyes. 84  
 The diſtant torch eſpy'd, "Lo! there's my flame,  
 "Those ſhores (I cry) contain my lovely dame."  
 New vigour ſhoots thro' each exhausted vein,  
 And eaſier ſeem the labours of the main.  
 While love's ſtill fires, that in my boſom ſleep,  
 Repel the native chillneſs of the deep. 90  
 When near advanc'd, I view the wiſh'd-for ſhore,  
 The leſs of toil remains, I toil the more.

## NOTES.

—— Sæpe velut qui  
 Currebat fugiens hoſtem; perſæpe velut qui  
 Junonis ſacra ferret.—— Sat. lib. i. ſat. iii. 9.

Sometimes he like a frightened coward ran,  
 Whoſe foes are at his heels;—now ſoft and ſlow  
 He mov'd, like folks, who in proceſſion go.

Line 89. *While love's ſtill fires, &c.*] No author ever excell'd Ovid in elegant and pretty thoughts. And thoſe are what ſuit beſt both with love-poems, and epiſtles. He obviates the objection, that Leander, by being ſo long in a cold element, and naked, muſt neceſſarily be incommoded with cold and cramps: no! he has a remedy for that, the warmth of affection within.

But when I once am seen, those eyes dispense  
 New spirits, mixt with healing influence.  
 With swimming then I strive to please my fair, 95  
 And high in view I tofs my arms in air.  
 Scarce was you held from plunging in the main,  
 This too I saw, and coy excuse is vain :  
 Nor cou'd your nurse, with all her skill, dissuade,  
 But to the margin rush'd th' impatient maid. 100  
 You fold me panting in a warm embrace,  
 And kisses print my hands, my neck, and face.  
 Kisses, ye gods ! a-crofs the ocean sought,  
 And reach'd with labour, yet too cheaply bought !  
 Your shoulders next you bare, to cover mine, 105  
 And squeeze, from my wet locks, the soaking brine.  
 Our selves, and genial night, what more besel,  
 The blazing torch, and conscious tow'r can tell.  
 Joys, that by tongue no more can number'd be,  
 Than weeds, that bend o'er hapless Helle's sea. 110  
 The less the time, allow'd for secret joy,  
 Taught us the more each moment to imploy.

When Phosphor now, day's harbinger ! was come,  
 And bright Aurora nigh dispers'd the gloom.  
 Kisses, a countless sum ! we snatch with haste ; 115  
 Griev'd that the short'ning night shou'd wain so fast.

## NOTES.

Versu 113°. *Oscula congerimus properata sine ordine raptim,*] The hurry and rapidity of dactyls in this line, exactly represent the haste of the action. There is a remarkable aptitude in the word *propero* for it. Horace has

Warn'd by your nurse, our short-liv'd pleasures o'er,  
 The tower I leave, slow-pacing to the shore,  
 In tears we part: I post to Helle's sea;  
 Yet keeping, while I can, my eyes on thee. 120  
 I swim: (how diff'rent think you is the strife?)  
 Thither for pleasure; back again for life.  
 To you I shoot down the declining deep:  
 But homeward labour up the painful steep.  
 My native shores, unwilling I review, 125  
 Unwilling do they keep me now from you.  
 Ah! minds so pair'd as our's; shou'd oceans part?  
 Why not our country one, since one our heart?  
 You let Abydos own, or Sestos me; 129  
 No clime, where dwells our love, can foreign be.

## NOTES.

has made the same use of it, to represent the same beauty:

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi:  
 Ep. lib. ii. Ep. i. 58.

Plautus as rapid in his plots appears  
 As Epicharmus. —

FRANCIS.

The synalœpha towards the end of the verse, in both instances the same, has a most beautiful effect: the words seem to be in such a hurry as to tread upon each other's heels.

Line 127. *Ah! minds so pair'd as our's, &c.*] There is not a little of the *lusus puerilis* in the sentiment and diction of the remaining part of this paragraph, and the following. The worst we can say of it, is, that 'tis ingenious trifling. We can hardly be displeas'd with what cannot but make us smile.

Why sympathizes with vext seas my breast?

Why breaks so light a cause, as wind, my rest?

Our loves to crooked dolphins now are known,  
And me no stranger sportive fishes own. 134

Such, as where circ'ling wheels plow up the way,

Lies my known track, impress'd upon the sea!

Too difficult I thought my toils before,

But now, my toils remov'd, complain the more.

White foam deforms the Hellespontic tide,

And, scarce in harbour safe, tall vessels ride. 140

Such was (no doubt) the sea; it's rage the same;

When Helle's fate impos'd a lasting name.

Yet may the waves, once branded for the fair,

By infamy be taught the youth to spare.

Thee, envy'd Phryxus! safely to the shore 145

The gold-fleec'd ram, o'er turbid billows bore.

But I the aid of rams and ships disdain,

Give me a calm, to cross the azure plain.

No arts I need;—for, smooth the boist'rous sea,

Myself shall vessel, sailor, pilot be. 150

Let Tyrian merchants steer by northern bears;

My love disdains to sail by common stars.

## NOTES.

Versu 138°. *Fluctibus immodicis Athamantidos æquora canent;*

White foam deforms the Hellespontic tide,  
here the enormous size of the waves is describ'd by the length of the words. See note on line 67th of *Enone* to *Paris*.

Line 151. *Let Tyrian merchants sail by northern bears; &c.* No author ever possess'd more dexterity in introducing



Let others gaze, 'till Heav'n around them roll,  
 To find the constellations of the Pole :  
 Or those bright nymphs, whom Perseus, Bacchus,  
 Jove,

155

Fixt in the skies, and deify'd for love.

A diff'rent star attracts my ravish'd sight,

A sure director thro' the gloom of night.

Led by whose beams, I'd seek the Colchan shore,

And view the seas tall Argo plow'd before ;

160

Outstrip Palemon, in the liquid road,

Or Glaucus, made, by potent herb, a god.

Oft' tir'd with constant toil, my arms unbrace,

Dragg'd slow, with labour, o'er the azure space :

But when I say, " o'er-paid your toils you'll own,

" Soon round her snowy neck, in rapture, thrown."

Their strength resum'd, they spring to reach the prize,

Fresh as the horse from Elis' barrier flies.

Thus, stars neglected, I observe my love,

A nymph, more fit to grace the realms above !

170

Yet deign, celestial maid ! on earth to stay,

Or show me to those blissful seats the way.

Here, true ! you stay ; but, ah ! not oft' are mine ;

My breast still troubled with the turbid brine.

## NOTES.

ducing a compliment, or embellishing a trite comparison. The whole of this elegant paragraph is built on the common, indeed vulgar observation ; that the eyes of a beauty are as bright as stars, and herself as fair as a goddess.

What then avails it, that such straits divide? 175  
 Shou'd I less joy possess, the seas more wide?  
 No?—better were it, if, by worlds disjoin'd  
 I left my loves, with all my hopes, behind.  
 At this small distance nearer flames subdue,  
 And still I've hopes. but, ah! too seldom you. 180  
 Nigh with my hand I reach my lovely fair,  
 Yet this same *nigh* hath often cost a tear.

## NOTES.

Line 179. *At this small distance, &c.*] Though this, at first sight, may appear paradoxical, yet there is a great deal of true philosophy in it. Nearness of the object of desire keeps the expectation always awake and impatient; which at a greater distance, and absolutely out of reach, would in some degree be relax'd. The fires of love, like other flames, burn the more intensely, the nearer you approach them: and Parmeno in the Eunuch of Terence shows no little knowledge of life, where he advises his master, in his shivering fit, only to step up to his mistress, to be warm with a vengeance.

Accede ad ignem hunc, jam calefces plus satis.

Aët. i. sc. 2.

Versu 178°. Res; the reality;—*spes*, the shadow:—where the similitude of sound is certainly a beauty. 'Tis inconceivable how commentators could blunder in so plain a case. But 'tis observable that they generally do it, where any degree of taste is requir'd, to find out the sense.

Versu 180°. Hoc penè; this same *nigh*. An example of what in the *Amplianda Grammatices Lillii, Busbeii, & aliorum*; I have distinguished by the title of the technical nominative case. An adverb converted into a substantive,

What's else to catch at fruit, that flies the taste,  
Or fixt in streams with hopeless thirst to waste?

Must I not clasp you, but when waves allow, 185  
And must each wintry storm augment my woe?  
Must all my hopes on winds and seas rely,  
Things most notorious for inconstancy?

See what dire storms in summer vex the skies,  
What must succeed, when wat'ry signs arise? 190

Yet if I rightly know my am'rous pain,  
Rash love will force me then to tempt the main.

Nor think, that in things distant I engage,  
Soon shall you see fulfill'd the true presage:

If few nights longer seas persist to roar, 195  
I seek, in spite of rolling waves, your shore;

For blest by daring will I cross the main,  
Or death shall terminate the lover's pain.

Yet grant this only boon, indulgent Heav'n!

Let my wreck'd limbs on Sestian shores be driv'n.  
There weeping shall you clasp my corpse and cry, 201

"Of his untimely end the cause was I!"

Perhaps the omen of my death may move  
Ungrateful passions, and less fit for love.

#### NOTES.

stantive, with an adjective, or what is equivalent, join'd with it: which on these occasions is ever of the neuter gender.

Line 183. *What's else to catch at fruit, &c.*] An elegant paraphrase of *being tantaliz'd*.

Versu 203. —*parce queri*, forbear or leave off, to mourn. Virgil uses it in the same sense more than once in his Eclogues.

Parcite,

LEANDER to HERO.

305

I've done!—forbear to mourn, and only join 205

In this one pray'r your ardent wish with mine:

'Till I arrive, may waves a moment sleep,

But roar for ages, when I've cross'd the deep.

Safe in that harbour shall my ship abide,

And brave, secure, all insults of the tide. 210

Let Boreas rage: I'll seem confin'd to stay,

'Twill well excuse my am'rous, fond delay.

Reluctant sloth, and fears unknown before,

Shall long detain me, on that blissful shore.

No keen reproaches then shall urge the main, 215

No more of tempests shall my tongue complain;

NOTES.

Parcite, oves! nimium procedere:— Ecl. iii. 94.

Parcite, ab urbe venit, jam parcite, carmina!

Daphnis.

Ecl. viii. 109.

Versu 210. Piger, cowardly.

Versu 215. Remis corporis; the arms. Ovid had a knack at metamorphosing, and has touch'd upon this thought already twice before, in this epistle;

Idem navigium, navita, vector ero. Versu 148. and.

Illic est aptum nostræ navale carinæ. Versu 207.

This is Ovid's true element, and I can imagine to myself how his fingers itch'd to anatomize his lover, and to be at work of this kind on each of his parts;

— Jam fiunt brachia remi;

Inque cavam *ventrem* flexit natura carinam;

Vomere pro rostris secat æquora *nasus* adunco;

Inque gubernac'lum *caput* it; formamque deorum

*Frons* dedit, atque *oculi*; se *crates* pectoris ima

In latera extendunt; sentinamque accipit *alvus*.



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In latera extendunt; sentinamque accipit *alvus*.

But winds and your persuasive arms shall join,  
To hold me fast, and keep me ever thine.

Soon as the waves hush'd ; I come—I fly ;  
Still fix, my guide ! the blazing torch on high : 220  
Mean time let this supply my vacant room,  
Which grant, kind Heav'n ! I quickly may resume.



H E R O

T O

L E A N D E R.

X 2



## The ARGUMENT.

*HERO, having received the foregoing epistle, returns this answer ; describing her method of amusing herself in his absence. The principal beauty is a fine description of the struggle between her fears for his danger, and her impatience for his company.*

## HERO to LEANDER.

**T**O give, Leander, what your words impart,  
Fly to my arms ; still present to my heart.

## ESSAY.

**H**AVING now finished what I had to observe to you concerning the excellence of our author, the many beauties of his poems in general, and of these epistles in particular ; I should not deserve the character of an impartial critic, or discharge my duty as preceptor to you, were I not to add a word or two concerning his imperfections.

Yet, we may indeed apply in a literary, what Horace uses in a moral, sense ;

—— Vitiis nemo sine nascitur : optimus ille est  
Qui minimis urgetur. —— 1. Sat. Sat. iii. 68.

For we have all our vices ; and the best  
Is he, who with the fewest is oppress'd. FRANCIS.

This excuse may serve in general. But Pope hath carried the thought still further ; affirming (and with equal truth) that

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
Essay on Crit. 255.

And writers have the sanction of Horace for excuse, where their beauties exceed their faults in number ; whether occasion'd by negligence, or human frailty :

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis ; quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura. — Art. Poët. 351.

Too long are all delays that blifs remove ;  
Pardon the fond impatience of my love.

## E S S A Y.

But where the beauties more in number shine,  
I am not angry, when a casual line  
(That from some trivial faults unequal flows)  
A careless hand, or human frailty shows. FRANCIS.

But the case of our author is peculiarly hard ; the displeasure he gives being occasion'd by a too ardent desire to please ; and the bulk of his faults consisting of a redundancy of wit. So that his own miser's motto is very applicable to himself

——inopem me copia fecit. Met. iii. 466.

——Too much plenty makes me die for want.  
ADDISON.

Not to say, that even with regard to wit, or indeed witticisms, the taste and judgment of men differ greatly ; which makes it a difficult point to determine how far one may venture to go. So that the excuse Horace makes on another account, my fairly be urg'd on this ;

Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,  
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato ; &c.  
Ep. lib. ii. Ep. ii. 61.

Three guests I have, dissenting at my feast,  
Requiring each to gratify his taste ; &c. FRANCIS.

You will be so kind as to pardon me, for taking up all the room that can be allow'd for this essay, in excuses for my author. Criticism, in the modern idea of the word, is what I am not fond of ; and therefore put off the disagreeable task, as long as I can. And copiers seldom see any faults in their archetypes. Not to say,  
that

HERO to LEANDER.

311

Our flames are are equal, but not so our force ; 5

Your sex can check the passion in it's course.

Weak, as your bodies, are your minds, ye fair !

Haste then, and save me from extream despair.

With sylvan pastime, or with rural toil,

You, happier men ! your varied hours beguile. 10

In bus'ness, or in exercise contend,

Or to your wills the manag'd courser bend.

Or fowls with nets, or fish with hooks, ensnare.

And drown in floods of wine at night your care.

From me these helps the cruel gods remove, 15

My bus'ness, my diversion all is love !

ESSAY.

that the practice is hardly fair to expose the imperfections of an intimate acquaintance. However, I sincerely promise to be as good as my word, in the two following essays.

NOTES.

Line 9. *With sylvan pastime, &c.*] As idleness is the nurse, so consequently business and exercise must be the cure, of love. Our sex therefore, as Hero rightly observes, has, as in other respects, so also in this, the advantage greatly over the other. If a lady has a particular regard for a gentleman, custom and modesty forbid her to make the first advances. If two persons are equally fond of each other ; the gentleman by business, diversions, or exercise ; by rural labour ; or sports ; has an opportunity of diverting his passion : while the lady sits at home brooding over, and thereby increasing, her's.



And, O my sole delight ! for you I burn,

With flames too pow'rful to admit return.

Now, in soft whispers, to my nurse I say,

“ 'Tis strange what causes this severe delay !” 20

#### NOTES.

Line 12. *Now in soft whispers, &c.*] The great beauty observable in this account of Hero's, how she spent her time in his absence, is, that it is nature itself ; every circumstance rising, in an easy manner, from her situation, her employment, and passion. Neither is the beauty of the order less remarkable. She begins with the day. All it's business and amusements relate to him. She wonders what can be the reason of his absence. Then observing that the wind is high, and the sea stormy, she chides them both : and if they remit ever so little, she complains that he may come, but will not. She takes a walk on the shore, to see if she can find so much of him, as the prints of his footsteps ; which he made when he last departed. And at last makes it her business to inquire if any vessel is arriv'd from, or going to sail to, Abydos ; for an opportunity of hearing from, or writing to him. Next comes on the night ; when she first lights up the lamp in the tower, his land-mark by which to direct his course. She next endeavours by work to divert her thoughts, 'till the hour of his arrival. In vain ! she cannot help talking of him, and teasing her old nurse with questions whether she thinks he can, by that time, have escap'd out of the house, stripp'd, and suppled his joints with oil. Again, after a short pause, she expresses her hopes, that he is certainly upon his voyage ; now that he hath reach'd the middle of the sea. Then that, in every murmur of the wind, and noise, she hears him coming. And when, at last, tir'd out with expectation, she finds he does not arrive ; sleep steals upon her ; the last thing in order. Yet even in that,

Now tofs'd with hateful winds I view the brine,  
 And chide the tempests with such words as thine ;  
 Now, when their rage the winds remit, complain  
 " He might, but, ah ! neglects to cross the main."  
 Mean time the tears, that issue at my eyes, 25  
 My conscious nurse with trembling finger dries.  
 Oft' I your footsteps, on the winding shore,  
 As if the sands a print retain, explore.  
 Oft' ask, soft messages to send or hear,  
 Who from your ports arrive, or thither steer. 30  
 Oft' print the vest with kisses, which you lay  
 On Sestian sands, when plunging in the sea.  
 The day thus past, when night's more friendly shade  
 O'er Heav'n's high arch it's dusky veil hath spread ;  
 High on the tow'r the wakeful lamp I place, 35  
 Your sure director o'er the accustom'd space.  
 Our labours chase the midnight hours away,  
 And female art deceives the slow delay.  
 Yourself of our discourse the constant theme,  
 The burden of my tongue Leander's name ! 40  
 " Can, nurse ! my lovely youth the shores have  
 " gain'd ?  
 " Or is he by domestics still detain'd ?  
 " Hath he already stripp'd, and, fit for toil,  
 " Suppled each pliant nerve with fragrant oil ?"

## NOTES.

that, she does not lose sight of her beloved youth ; he then comes to her and acts over again, in her imagination, all his toils, and all his joys.—You may observe from this, what may be done, on a very barren subject, by good disposition.

She nods assent;—not minding what is said, 45  
 But pow'rful humbers move her aged head.  
 A pause now made, (I cry) “ E'er this, he rides  
 “ On tilting waves, and cleaves the yielding tides.”  
 Then a small task perform'd, I ask again,  
 If now you can have measur'd half the main? 50  
 Now to the seas I look, and trembling pray  
 Some prosp'rous gale wou'd smoothe the wat'ry way.  
 Now catch each murmur, with attentive ear,  
 And glad, in ev'ry sound, your footsteps hear.  
 Thus all night long, my fruitless watch I keep, 55  
 'Till o'er my temples steal the dews of sleep.  
 Then to my arms your kinder image flies,  
 And in the place, by you abandon'd, lies.  
 For now the briny surge you seem to plow,  
 Now round my neck your circling arms to throw. 60  
 Now wrapp'd within my silken veil, you rest  
 Your weary temples on my heaving breast.  
 And much besides, which modest tongues conceal;  
 We act with pleasure, what we blush to tell.  
 Ah how unreal, and how short, our joys! 65  
 Still with my sleep unkind Leander flies.  
 O may fond lovers solid pleasures know;  
 Not empty visions, tantalizing woe!  
 Alone how many widow'd nights I've lay,  
 Why, my slow swimmer! why so long away? 70

## NOTES.

Line 70. *Why, my slow swimmer! why so long away?*  
 The struggle between her impatience to see him, and her  
 fears



Tho' now the seas untractable appear,  
Last night the winds were hush'd, the skies were clear.  
Why did you let those lucky minutes pass,  
Nor measure, void of fear, the liquid space?  
Then was your time, lest seas again should roar, 75  
In that bright interval, to reach our shore.  
Tho' soon a like occasion might appear,  
The first, as first, you ever shou'd prefer.  
But soon, you'll say, is chang'd the ocean's face,  
And storms returning swell the azure space. 80  
A weak excuse!—when, wing'd with love, you fly,  
Your wat'ry toils not half the time employ.  
And wou'd you, clasp'd within these arms, complain  
Should howling tempests toss the roaring main?  
The whistling winds I then, secure, shou'd hear, 85  
And for a lasting storm my vows prefer.  
Say, why of late you dread the briny wave,  
Once us'd, with youthful arms, it's rage to brave:  
When vex'd with almost equal storms, as now,  
You ventur'd the tumultuous tides to plow. 90  
When glad, I cry'd, “ Thus ever scorn the deep,  
“ Nor let me once your want of courage weep.”

## NOTES.

fears for his safety, is inimitably well kept up. In this paragraph she accuses him of want of courage, and negligence in overlooking the opportunities of crossing the sea, during the intervals of the storm, in the next she commends his caution, and advises him to avoid his fate, in such imminent hazard. Such contradictory behaviour proceeds from the true dictates of nature.



Where now your vaunts? whence this unusual dread?  
 Where hides the mighty youth his tim'rous head?  
 Yet, oh! 'tis better thus to shun your fate, 95  
 Than rashly daring, to repent too late.  
 Stay 'till calm breezes smooth the liquid plain;  
 So you are constant, peaceful I remain.  
 Long as love's flames glow warm within your breast,  
 And strong as in your am'rous lines express'd. 100  
 The winds I fear not, which prolong your stay,  
 But lest your wand'ring heart shou'd change as they.  
 Lest for the pains the prize shou'd seem too vile,  
 Or the reward unequal to the toil.  
 Now lest you scorn my country I'm afraid, 105  
 And think below your match a Thracian maid.  
 Yet this, nay all things, I cou'd better bear,  
 Than see you captiv'd by some other fair.  
 If other arms must needs that neck enfold,  
 And some new flame extinguish quite the old: 110  
 O may I die! before your guilt I know;  
 E're your unkindness gives the fatal blow.

## NOTES.

Line 101. *The winds I fear not; &c.*] The simplicity of the following sentiments is extremely beautiful. Her fear, lest his heart should wander after some new object; or lest satiety should make him sick of his old flame; lest ballancing his toils against his enjoyments, he should conclude them not worth the labour, and sit down securely at home: lest her country shou'd hurt her in his opinion, or lastly lest he should be taken by some other mistress; is a true representation of absent love; which is ever conjuring up phantoms to torment itself.

Not that you give me reason to suspect  
Some future woe, from your unkind neglect.

## NOTES.

Line 113. *Not that you give me reason, &c.*] Absent love is a true self-tormentor, and has no occasion for bad news, (false or true,) nor indeed any other reason for uneasiness; jealousy and imagination can create sufficient cause for it; and indeed sufficiently lasting; imaginary fears being much harder to cure than real ones. This paragraph is beautifully elegiac, both in the softness of it's sentiments and numbers.

Versu 101°. —*quanto planguntur littora fluctu!*] The dashing of the waves against the shore, is well imag'd by the sonorous vowels employ'd in this line; and the strong syllables in the word *planguntur*. And indeed this word, with it's derivatives, was in general use on these occasions. Thus Virgil

—*resonat magnis plangoribus æther.* Æn. iv. 668.

—The shrill echoes ring amidst the skies. PITT.

To speak truth, the Classics had the art of representing almost every different sound, and passion, by the formation of the line. Thus the scream of women in Virgil,

*Lamentis, gemituque & fæmineo ululatu :*

To female shrieks the regal dome replies. PITT.

where by avoiding the *synalœpha* in *fæmineo*, and thereby continuing the sound, he has imitated Homer; who has represented female lamentation, in a line, which is almost one continued hiatus.

—*ζῶν γόν' Ἑκτορα ᾗ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ.* Il. Z. 500.

—Mourn the living Hector, as the dead. POPE.

But

Not that new rumours have alarm'd my cares : 115  
But absent love is ne'er without it's fears.

Thrice happy maids ! who, present to their flame,  
Can judge, when false, when true, the voice of Fame.  
My wongs, if real, 'scape my knowledge still ;  
And tho' but fancied, yet those fancies kill. 120

O wou'd you come ! or were I sure your fire,  
Or winds detain you, not some new desire.  
Which if 'tis found confirm'd, oppress'd with woes,  
Your victim to the shades poor Hero goes.  
But you are innocent, and vain my fear, 125  
This envious storm alone detains you there.

How high, alas ! the thund'ring billows rise,  
How dark a night of clouds involves the skies !  
Perhaps sad Nephele disturbs the main,  
And weeps her daughter in tempestuous rain ; 130

## NOTES.

But not to multiply instances, in a case so clear, I shall only mention how exactly Virgil has imagin'd that hoarse rumbling noise of the water, so well known to such as are accusom'd to dive, in his fourth Georgic ;

—ingenti motu stupefactus aquarum. ver. 365.

—Deaf'ning roar of subterraneous floods. WARTON.

Line 129. *Perhaps sad Nephele disturbs the main, &c.*]  
There is a beautiful quaintness in the thoughts of this paragraph. Either of these two may be the reason of this storm ; Nephele may vent her sorrow in a shower of tears over her daughter Helle ; or Ino may be wreaking her step-dame rage, in a storm of wind, upon her.  
However,



Or, now a goddess, sea-green Ino raves,  
 And vents her step-dame rage on Helle's waves.  
 Still to the fair these boist'rous seas are foes.  
 Hence Helle's fate, and hence sad Hero's woes.

Yet, Neptune! mindful of thy am'rous pain, 135  
 O! smooth, to aid our loves, thy wat'ry reign.  
 If Tyro, not by ancient fame bely'd,  
 Or fair Amymone, you e'er enjoy'd;  
 If bright Alcione's celestial charms,  
 Or Iphimedia blest thy longing arms: 140  
 If e'er Medusa shar'd thy genial bed,  
 Not arm'd as yet with curling snakes her head.  
 Or fair Laodice, with golden hair,  
 Or bright Celeno, now a glitt'ring star.  
 With many more, whose names on record stand, 145  
 Fixt by the deathless poet's tuneful hand.  
 Why then, the force of love so often try'd,  
 Why a safe passage to my youth deny'd?

## NOTES.

However, let it be as it will; these seas are no friends to the female sex; for here poor Helle met with her fate, and hence arises the source of Hero's sorrows. Sentiments truly feminine; the great beauty of which is, that there is nothing manly in them.

Versu 132°. Vana; lying, deceitful. So vane Ligur! in Virgil, false Ligurian! and, *ni frustra augurium vana docuere parentes*: except my parents have taught me a pack of lies instead of true augury. Vanæ umbræ, lying shades; that is, which seem to be, what they are not; falsely pretend to have real forms.



Cease here thy rage, and vex more distant strands,  
Here narrow seas divide the neighb'ring lands. 150

## NOTES.

Line 149. *Cease here thy rage, and vex more distant strands, &c.*] The remainder of this paragraph consists of sentiment, which, as was observ'd in the last note but one, may boast of their infirmity: for, like the sex to which they belong, they captivate by their weakness. " 'Tis a shame for so great a god to employ his power " to fright a poor boy from swimming over to his " mistrels: it would become you to vex wider seas, and " exercise your rage upon a large vessel, or indeed whole " fleets." And the following paragraph sets out with sentiment equally feminine; divination from the spurting of the lamp, and a weak omen drawn from a casual expression, dropt by her nurse. The art of making characters think and speak like themselves is what has ever been, and ever will be, a secret to any, but the best writers. Shakespear possessed that excellence, from nature, as is generally suppos'd, above all modern writers; and Horace has left a precept for it, how little soever regarded.

Intererit multum Davusne loquatur, an heros;  
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ  
Fervidus; & matrona potens, & sedula nutrix;  
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;  
Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.  
Art. Poët. 114.

Your style shou'd an important diff'rence make  
When heroes, gods, or awful fages speak;  
When florid youth, whom gay desires enflame;  
A busy servant, or a wealthy dame;  
A merchant, wand'ring with incessant toil;  
Or he who cultivates the verdant soil;

But

On some large vessel exercise thy reign,  
 Or tofs whole fleets along the liquid plain,  
 'Tis mean, thy pow'r, great Neptune ! to employ,  
 To scare from swimming a lascivious boy.  
 True, from a noble race Leander springs, 155  
 Yet not from Ithaca's detested kings.

O smooth thy seas, and two fond lovers spare :  
 He swims, 'tis true ! yet I the danger share.

The torch, divining, snaps ; by which I write ;  
 It snaps ; I, joyful, hail the lucky fight : 160

Lo ! while, o'er holy flames, in silent show'rs,

My aged nurse the pure libation pours :

These om'nous words her ready tongue exprefs'd :

“ To morrow's fun our number sees increas'd.”

Come, lovely youth ! victorious o'er the main, 165

Increase our number, and relieve my pain.

Back, your deserter of our social joy !

Back, to you camp, on love's swift pinions fly.

For the dear partner of our pleasure gone,

Why press these limbs the nuptial bed alone ? 170

Your fears dismiss, and dare the liquid plain,

Venus for you shall smooth her native main.

Myself wou'd meet you in the middle way,

Were not the men more favour'd by this sea.

Why else shou'd Phryxus 'scape the rolling tide, 175

While by the waves his hapless sister dy'd ?

## NOTES.

But if in foreign realms you fix your scene,  
 Their genius, customs, dialects maintain. FRANCIS.

Y

Perhaps, lest day prevent your speed, you fear,  
 Or strength shou'd fail the doubled toil to bear ;  
 Then let each lover seek the middle space,  
 And, meeting, snatch at least one short embrace.  
 That done, seek diverse, each our native shore, 181  
 'Tis something this, since fate allows no more.

O cou'd we disregard the voice of Fame !  
 What inconsistent things are love and shame ?  
 Lost in the maze, I neither yet approve ; 185  
 Tost by extreams of decency and love.

When first tall Argo reach'd the Colchan shore,  
 Thence conqu'ring Jason his Medea bore :  
 When first to Sparta lustful Paris came ;  
 Soon he return'd with his adult'rous dame : 190  
 But you so oft' arriv'd, not half so kind,  
 Still leave the object of your flame behind.  
 Alone you measure back the liquid space,  
 Even when talls vessels dread the boist'rous seas.

## NOTES.

Line 179. *Then let each lover, &c.*] This sentiment also may be justly reckon'd among the foregoing ; or perhaps rather a degree more frigid, than any of them.

Line 191. *But you so oft' arriv'd, &c.*] Here was just reason of complaint. Her fate, amidst that of her sister heroines, was peculiarly hard. Their lovers, upon the first visit, carried them off along with them ; whereas she was left behind after repeated visits, 'till, as last, by the interposition of a storm, their commerce was intirely broke off.

HERO to LEANDER.

323

Yet be not rash, affecting to be brave,  
My youthful conqu'ror of each rolling wave!  
Tho' strong by labour'd art, the largest ship  
Sinks, torn and shatter'd, in the gulphy deep.  
And shall, amidst the surge, your arms avail,  
More than the mutual aid of oars and sail? 200  
What you, Leander, wish, the sailors dread;  
They only swim, when other hopes are fled.

NOTES.

Line 195. *Yet be not rash, affecting to be brave.*] Nothing ever equal'd the art of our author, or his knowledge in the science of love. One would think he had studied nothing else from his infancy! 'Twas impossible for us not to expect, from a lover so sincere as Hero, a tender concern for Leander's safety; and that she would somewhere, in her epistle, discourage him from attempting a passage, in so stormy a season. And has she not done it? Yes, truly; in this very paragraph. But 'tis to be observed, only where he is represented as leaving her. Then she cries out

Yet be not rash, affecting to be brave,  
My youthful conqu'ror of each rolling wave! &c.

whereas, considering him as absent, she had before tax'd him with cowardice.

Alone how many widow'd nights I've lay;  
Then why, slow swimmer! why so long away? &c.

Not to say that she immediately retracts her advice, in the beginning of the next paragraph.

How wretched I!—industrious to dissuade,  
Yet wish my prudent counsel disobey'd.



How wretched I! industrious to dissuade,  
 Yet with my prudent counsel disobey'd?  
 Than my advice more daring may you prove, 205  
 Deaf to my fears, attentive to my love!  
 So those tir'd arms, that cut the parting seas,  
 Secure may clasp me in a close embrace;  
 But, oh! whene'er I view the sea-green plain,  
 Cold runs my blood thro' ev'ry chilling vein. 210  
 Nor less my tim'rous breast sad dreams of night,  
 Tho' expiated since with care, affright.  
 For just at morn, when the dull taper dies,  
 What time truth-telling dreams are wont to rise:  
 Down from my slacken'd fingers fell the thread, 215  
 And on the downy pillow dropp'd my head.

## NOTES.

Line 211. *Nor less my timorous breast sad dreams, &c.*  
 The observations made upon several portions of this epistle, relating to the propriety of the sentiment, had not here been repeated; only to confirm to you the justness of the criticism. Tho' the dream, she relates, be extremely well imagin'd, and consequently could not but alarm a person ever so little superstitiously inclin'd; (and Sostрата in Terence owns the whole sex to be so,

— flultè & miserè omnes sumus  
 Religiosæ. — Heaut. Act. iv. sc. i. 37.)

yet she deprecates his making a joke of it. Which proves that even in times of ignorance and superstition, men's natural courage exempted them from many female fears. Which incontestably proves sentiment of this kind to belong, with more propriety, to female characters.

HERO to LEANDER.

325

When to my fancy rose, (not life so plain !)  
 A dolphin shooting o'er the stormy main ;  
 Which, dash'd by rolling waves against the sand,  
 The tides left breathless, on the naked strand. 220  
 Mean what they will, O don't my dreams deride,  
 Nor trust the ocean, 'till the waves subside.  
 Tho' careless of yourself, your Sestian fair,  
 Whose life is lock'd in your's, may claim your care.  
 Yet less'ning waves proclaim a calm is nigh, 225  
 Then, void of fear, the peaceful ocean ply.  
 Mean time, 'till Neptune smooth the wat'ry way,  
 These am'rous lines may shorten the delay.





A C O N T I U S

T O

C Y D I P P E.

Y 4



## The ARGUMENT.

*ACONTIUS* seeing *Cydippe*, at the temple of *Phebus* and *Diana*, in *Delos*, an island in the *Egean* sea, fell in love with her. But on account of the inequality of their birth and fortunes, he did not presume to make proposals to her. This put him upon the following stratagem. On an apple he wrote these lines,

To thee by *Dian's* mystic rites I swear  
Thy love, thy fortune, and thy bed to share ;

and rolling it to her feet, excited her curiosity to take it up and read the inscription. And there being a law, that whatever was spoke in the presence of the deity there, was ratified ; she bound herself to the performance of it's contents. Soon after her father designing to marry her to another person, she fell dangerously ill of a fever. *Acontius* takes that occasion to insinuate, by means of this epistle, that her sickness was caused by the goddess, on account of the violation of her promise.

## ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

**R**EAD this secure;—for here you swear no more;

Enough for me the oath you made before.

## ESSAY.

**I**N the same manner, as we admire those heroes of antiquity, who, guilty of no mean actions, spent all their days in purging the world of it's monsters, and benefiting mankind; so we cannot but prefer such authors as have in them no signs of a littleness of soul. For it cannot be denied, but that all far-fetch'd prettiness of thought, all double entendres in words, and all playing upon the sentiment or expression, have a degree of puerility in them.

Yet there is a more manly and ingenious method even of doing this; and some subjects admit of it, more than others. A comparison between Ovid's Epistles and his Metamorphoses will be sufficient to convince us of it. For the former, being, as Horace affirms of his Satires and Epistles, *sermoni propiora*, may, as well as comedy, demand the licence of more conversation language, jokes, and play upon words. Whereas the latter, being on the subject of religion, (I had almost said the bible and creed of Heathenism, for it contains far the greatest part of their theogony and mythology,) ought to have been as clear of blemishes of that kind, as even Virgil himself. And yet these epistles, whether they underwent more correction, or whatever else was the reason, stand so far clearer of blame in this respect; that I shall in a good measure be drove to hunt for examples in that other work, to enable me to fulfill my promise to you in my last essay.

The

So may your ling'ring pains, remitting, cease;  
Pains, which afflict your absent youth no less!

## E S S A Y.

The first objection then made to Ovid, with any show of justice, is, that in the general his works are incorrect. This is undoubtedly an unpardonable fault, supposing a man has health and opportunity of emending them. Horace indeed denies the privilege of publishing under a considerable number of years spent in polishing. But our author here has for answer, that his banishment hinder'd their appearing to better advantage:

Emendaturus, si licuisset, eram.

The poor man was dead, to society at least; and who could have the courage to sit down to correct Latin poetry in Pontus?

The next accusation is, that he indulg'd an intemperate flow of words, and never knew when to leave off.

Omnia pontus erant:—deerant quoque littora ponto.  
Met. i. 292.

This is a very trite example, neither should I have instanc'd in it, only that the absurdity is carried to the highest pitch, even that of an Irish blunder; and may be compar'd even with Sir Richard Blackmore's dressing up one of his heroes in armour,

Which from a *naked* Pi& his grandfire won.

The following are less flagrant bad, and owe their original, I am persuaded, to his fondness for turn,

—Utinam modo dicere possem  
Carmina digna Deâ;—certè Dea carmine digna est.  
Met. v. 344.

Vellet

Blush not : (for now, as at Diana's shrine,  
 Glow with a sudden red those cheeks of thine :)  
 I no rash favours ask, forbidden joy !  
 But loves made lawful by the nuptial tie.  
 Read once again, what, rolling o'er the floor,  
 To your chaste hands th' ensnaring apple bore : 10  
 You'll find, you promis'd what were better paid  
 By you, than punish'd by the sylvan maid.

Now the same fears torment, as then were shown,  
 But stronger by delay my fears are grown.

## ESSAY.

Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest; velletque videre  
 Non etiam sentire canum fera facta suorum.

Met. iii. 247.

There is something intolerably disagreeable in the frigid ;  
 and a stronger instance can hardly be met with, than this  
 last example. But I must apologize thus far for Ovid,  
 that there are several whole books in his *Metamorphoses*  
 clear of it ; and sometimes he can rise as well as Virgil  
 in the second attempt : witness

Pignora certa petis ;—do pignora certa *timendo* ;  
 Et patrio pater esse metu probor. — Met. ii. 91.

## NOTES.

Line 1. *Read this secure ;—for here you swear no more ;*]  
 Our author begins this epistle very judiciously. She would  
 naturally have been afraid of reading it, lest some new  
 stratagem might be play'd upon her, without this as-  
 surance. The supposition also that she blush'd at the  
 receipt of it, is well imagin'd.



Time and the hopes you gave have fed the fires, 15  
 And rais'd to no low pitch my hot desires :  
 For hopes you gave, which fed my am'rous flame,  
 Witness the holy shrine, and virgin dame.  
 Your words the goddesses heard, for she was there,  
 Confirm'd your vows, and shook her holy hair. 20  
 Urge, while you please, that fraud your heart  
 betray'd,  
 And baffled an unwilling thoughtless maid.  
 On me no scandal that aspersion draws,  
 All stratagem is fair, where love's the cause.

## NOTES.

Line 20. *Confirm'd your vows, and shook her holy hair.*]  
 This was the usual sign of ratification with the gods.  
 Thus we find Jupiter giving sanction to his promise to  
 Thetis in the first Iliad of Homer ;

ἦ, καὶ κυανέην, &c. ——— lin. 528.

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows ;  
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod ;  
 The stamp of Fate, and sanction of the god. POPE.

Line 24. *All stratagem is fair, where love's the cause.*]  
 I took occasion before to hint to you the similitude be-  
 tween love and war. This sentiment arises from that  
 analogy. And

Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit ? VIRGIL.

But the paragraph ends with a stroke of galantry worthy  
 of Ovid, and most ingeniously applied, as well as agree-  
 able to the subject ;

Those charms (believe me) taught me to deceive.

What fought my love but means to make you mine?  
 Wars cease of course when leagues the parties join. 26  
 Cunning to me not use, or nature gave;  
 Those charms, (believe me) taught me to deceive.

Those artful verses, which your vow contain,  
 'Twas love that dictated, and held the pen. 30  
 Love drew the contracts, which so firmly bind.  
 The deeds, 'twas love, a cunning lawyer! sign'd.

A fraud then let it be, and I a cheat;  
 If wishing to obtain your love's deceit.  
 Again I write, and send the suppliant strain, 35  
 Still of new frauds Cydippe may complain.  
 If love offends, I must offend, I own;  
 And court your favour, tho' I feel your frown.  
 Their nymphs shall others seize by fire and sword,  
 I not allow'd to write one artful word? 40

Snares still more intricate O cou'd I find,  
 And ties, that might your faith more firmly bind.  
 A thousand frauds, as yet untry'd, remain,  
 Which love and diligence will soon attain.

## NOTES.

Versu 30°. Consultus juris; i. e. juris-consultus, seu-  
 peritus; a lawyer

Line 40. *I not allow'd to write one artful word*] There  
 is a vein of triumph, natural to successful fraud, which  
 runs through the whole of this epistle. And the argu-  
 ment for his own right to make use of art in a case,  
 where many have employ'd arms, seems to carry reason  
 with it; for if stratagem be culpable, force must needs  
 be more so,

True, the success is doubtful, yet my love 45  
 Resolv'd attempts, and trusts th' event to Jove.  
 Part you may 'scape, but ev'ry snare to shun,  
 Which Cupid spreads, is more than can be done.  
 If arts shall fail me, steel's my last resource,  
 I'll snatch the ravish'd fair away by force. 50  
 Of Paris' noble rape I much approve,  
 And all who show such spirit in their love.  
 I too :—but hold,—death oft' attends the deed ;—  
 What then? 'Tis better than despair to bleed.  
 Were you less beauteous, then I might forbear ; 53  
 But charms so great wou'd make a coward dare.  
 Your shape, your eyes, than stars a brighter fire,  
 Provoke my courage, and my breast inspire.  
 Those golden locks, and snowy breasts of thine, 59  
 Those waxen arms, which may this neck entwine ;

## NOTES.

Line 53. *I too :—but hold,— &c.*] He had just commended the spirit which Paris shew'd on a like occasion ; and was going to say that he would not be behind him in resolution. But the poet, by a beautiful aposiopesis, makes him recollect the fate which attended that former act, and almost relinquish the enterprize ; but in the next line, by the help of a fine reflexion, that death is preferable to despair, he settles more firmly in his first determination. 'Tis more easily felt, than describ'd, what a charming effect these sudden starts give to composition. We almost see the thing acted. And the following detail of her charms, as the incentives to his resolution, fully displays the author's skill in disposition.

That modest grace, and blush, unknown to shame,  
And feet, that might become the ocean-dame.

Thus cou'd I all your charms recount 'twere well,  
No doubt, but parts untold, as much excel:  
Struck by such beauties, cou'd the youth be blam'd,  
If, deaf to tears, your plighted faith he claim'd? 66

So you allow you're caught, still be it said  
I caught by fraud an unexperienc'd maid:  
Willing the weight of public hate I bear,  
So I possess the prize, the heav'nly fair. 70  
Thus Ajax and Achilles, sons of fame!  
Enjoy'd, victorious, each his captive dame.

Fret as you please, and fight with wordy arms,  
So I'm in full possession of your charms.  
Myself, th' unhappy cause of all your rage, 75  
Give me but leave, will soon the storm assuage.  
Full in your sight the penitent appears,  
First, with the silent eloquence of tears;  
'Till mournful accents, suited to his woe,  
'Twixt intermitting sighs, have learnt to flow. 80

NOTES.

Line 77. *Full in your sight, &c.*] This was an image, familiar to the Romans, and to be daily met with in their courts of judicature. The *reus* or accus'd person, with his relations and friends appearing in court in mourning; by their sorrow and tears to incline the judges to mercy. And the theatricalness of the action, then practised, I am persuaded, was the reason, that the verb *ago* came to suit both ideas. *Agere causam*, to plead a cause, at the bar; and *agere partes*, to act a part, on the stage.



Then, as your slave, the youth, of stripes afraid,  
 Clings to your knees, and droops his suppliant head.  
 Know your authority : with stern command,  
 Bid in your sight your trembling slave to stand.  
 Let that fair hand, imperious rend my hair ; 85  
 Resign'd the utmost of your rage I bear.  
 Tho' struck, my cheek no other pain shall know,  
 But lest your hand shou'd suffer from the blow.  
 No fetters need this willing body bind,  
 Strong love already hath enchain'd the mind. 90  
 When glutted all your rage, yourself shall swear,  
 " No love e'er better knew the art to bear."  
 You'll say, my patient suff'rings when you see,  
 " A youth so servile is the youth for me."  
 Tho' absent, yet against me you proceed, 95  
 My cause is lost, for want of leave to plead.  
 Yet grant, what I call right with you be wrong,  
 To me restrain the licence of your tongue.

## NOTES.

Line 81. *Then, as your slave, &c.*] I have elsewhere observed to you in how dextrous a manner Ovid manages common topics. See here also how greatly he hath improv'd that vulgar expression, " I am your most humble slave." By converting it into a familiar image, he hath work'd it up into an agreeable picture, and lengthened it out into a considerable paragraph. A no contemptible acquisition on a barren subject ! This will also serve to show you, how simple a thing a naked thought is ; and yet how good a figure it may make, when properly dress'd up.

Say, shou'd the Delian goddess be abus'd,  
 Her rightful due, no less than mine, refus'd? 100  
 Present she saw your crimson'd features glow,  
 And treasur'd, in her breast, the solemn vow.  
 O may my words no future ill presage,  
 But much, too much, I fear her virgin rage.  
 No pow'r so dreadful as the Delian maid, 105  
 Her shrines when slighted, and her dues unpaid.  
 Witness the bear of ruin'd Calydon;  
 That mov'd the mother's rage against the son.

## NOTES.

Line 107. *Witness the bear of ruin'd Calydon, &c.]*  
 Our author is supremely happy in his examples. Here are three of the most dreadful instances of resentment ever shown by any deity. Well might he therefore beg and beseech of her to avoid falling under the displeasure of so vindictive a goddess. But the grand beauty of this paragraph is, that he never loses sight of his subject, *Love*; why should dire fevers waste that delightful bloom of your's; pray, preserve it to heighten my passion for you. Thus good authors ever keep their eye upon their subject. One would have imagin'd, that Virgil had forgot himself, where he introduces the dire omens and prognostics, which preceded the murder of Julius Cesar, into this Georgics. But in the close we find them most artfully connected with his subject,

Scilicet & tempus veniet, cum finibus illis  
 Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,  
 Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:  
 Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,  
 Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

Geo. i. 493.

Z

The

Witness the youth, that for a stag was tore, 109  
 By hounds, with which he chac'd the stag before.  
 And the proud dame, whose stony sorrows flow,  
 Fixt a Migdonian monument of woe.  
 Ah! beauteous nymph; to speak the truth I dread,  
 Lest my own cause I falsely seem to plead:  
 Yet speak I must:—'Tis hence your pains arise, 115  
 When Hymen shou'd perform the nuptial ties.  
 Your good the goddess seeks, supremely kind!  
 To keep you sound in body, and in mind.  
 Hence, often as against your oath you strive,  
 Swift from above th' avenging shafts arrive. 120  
 Cease then to irritate the virgin's bow,  
 Repent, e'er mercy shall repress it's flow.  
 Why shou'd dire fevers revel in your charms?  
 O save that bloom to bless my longing arms.  
 Save, to inflame my breast, the red that glows 125  
 Fresh in your cheeks, and shames the blushing rose.  
 May such as cross my loves, the torments bear  
 Which kill Acontius in his languid fair.  
 Your pains and nuptials equal cares impart,  
 Nor can I tell which most distracts my heart. 130

## NOTES.

The time at length shall come, when lab'ring fwains,  
 As with their ploughs they turn these guilty plains,  
 'Gainst hollow helms their heavy drags shall strike,  
 And clash 'gainst many a sword, and rusty pike:  
 View the vast graves with horror and amaze,  
 And at huge bones of giant heroes gaze. WARTON.

Now that I cause your sickness I repine,

And curse the artifice that made you mine.

“ Full on this head, bright goddess! bend thy bow,

“ And punish here (I cry) the perjur’d vow.”

Oft’ slow, before your door, your state to hear,

Anxious I walk ’till some kind slave appear. 136

With nimble footsteps to the youth I go,

And how you eat and sleep desire to know.

Wretch that I am! your nurses not to aid,

Your hands to wipe, and sit beside your bed. 140

Ah! still more wretched! that my rival there

My place usurps, and tends my lovely care.

The happy youth enjoys indulgent fate,

In spite of mine and heav’n’s superior hate :

Plac’d at your side, with frequent touch he tries, 145

To feel your beating pulse, redundant, rise ;

With that pretence, familiar with your charms,

His eager fingers clasp your snowy arms.

Your breasts he presses now, now steals a kiss,

Reward too great for any care of his! 150

Hold, daring youth! who gave you leave to mow

The rip’ning crops, that for another grow ?

NOTES.

Line 151. *Hold, daring youth! &c.*] This application to his rival himself in the *second*, of whom he had been speaking in the *third* person has a very strong effect, and forcibly carries away the reader with it. And the abruptness of the figure heightens the force and beauty of it. Here it is the effect of the two passions of love and



Mine are those breasts, those kisses all I claim ;  
Unhand, audacious man ! my promis'd dame.

## NOTES.

anger mixt together, and heated into rage ; but in Virgil, Ovid, and Milton, a like instance proceeds from affection, and the enthusiasm of prayer,

———ut duros mille labores,  
Regē sub Eurystheo, fatis Junonis iniquæ,  
Pertulerit. Tu nubigenas, invictæ, bimembres,  
Hylæumque Pholūque, manu, tu Cressia mactas  
Prodigia.——— *Æn. viii. 291.*

The thousand labours of the hero's hands,  
Enjoin'd by proud Eurystheus' stern commands,  
And Jove's revengful queen. Thy matchless might  
O'er came the cloud-born centaurs in the fight ;  
Hyleus, Pholus, sunk beneath thy feet,  
And the grim bull, whose rage dispeopled Crete.  
PITT.

Additur his Nyseus, indetonfusque Thyoneus,  
Et cum Lenæo genialis confitor uvæ,  
Nycteliusque, Eleleusque parens, & Iacchus & Evan ;  
Et quæ præterea per Graias plurima gentes  
Nomina, Liber, *habes.* *Tibi enim inconsumpta ju-*  
*ventas, &c.* OVID. Met. lib. iv. ver. 13.

I cannot add the translation, because the beauty is not preserv'd either in Garth's or Sewell's. You must therefore be satisfied with Milton's imitation.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood  
Both turn'd, and under open sky, ador'd  
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heav'n,  
Which they beheld ; the Moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole ;—Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker Omnipotent ! and Thou the day !  
Parad. lost, b. iv. 720.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

341

Hands off, bold ruffian! let my virgin go; 155

Do this hereafter, and you feel the law.

Fix on some other fair, engag'd to none;

This has an owner, who may claim his own.

Yet shou'd you doubt my words, herself may read

Our mutual contract, and the marriage deed. 160

Quick, quick (I say) depart: too late you come,

Supply'd already is the bridal room.

What tho' your hands some human contract join?

Yet far inferior is your cause to mine.

I from th' original, the beauteous dame! 165

You from a second hand derive your claim.

Say, can her fire, in reason, nearer be

Than to her own dear self the lovely she?

You a weak promise, by the father made,

The blooming nymph's more binding oath I plead.

Men he attested; her more solemn vow 171

To witness call'd the goddess of the bow.

NOTES.

Line 165. *I from th' original, &c.*] Ovid here gives us a specimen of the improvement he had made in the study of the Law. The claim of Acontius is better than his adversary's, because the bargain was made with the party herself, not with the father; the daughter had sworn, the father had only promis'd; consequently she had call'd the gods, he only men, to witnesses; and supposing it were done falsely, he would only be guilty of a deceit, but she of perjury. He has reserv'd the invincible argument for the close; "view the consequence in the event, the father is in perfect health, the daughter in extream danger."

His promise broke, he's only call'd a cheat,  
 Her's will the guilt of perjury compleat.  
 At least, the dangers of them both compare ; 175  
 Look on th' event, you find it written there :  
 See ! while the fire a vig'rous health enjoys,  
 Scorch'd with dire fevers the weak daughter lies.

Unequal is our strife ;—I fight, my breast  
 With hopes, to you unknown, the fears oppress'd, 180  
 Secure you court her, while my life depends,  
 For if I lose her, this frail being ends.  
 Me the fierce pains of love already kill,  
 Which you, perhaps, in length of time, my feel.  
 Was justice your regard, you wou'd resign 185  
 All claim, spontaneous, to these flames of mine.

Since then his cause, tho' wrong, the brute defends,  
 Observe, dear nymph ! to what my letter tends.

## NOTES.

Line 187. *Since then his cause, &c.*] This supposition, that his adversary though fairly cast, would still obstinately persist to prosecute his claim, gives him an opportunity of very artfully insinuating to her (what indeed was the real design of the epistle) that his pretensions were the reason of the goddess's resentment ; and to hint to her a ready cure, namely to avoid being perjurd, turn off that lover, and inviolably observe her engagements to himself. There is a beautiful poetic amplification in the manner ; some patients are cur'd by the painful application of cauteries, and the Surgeon's instruments, or the nauseous draughts of the Physician ; you have no occasion for such disagreeable methods of cure ; avoid perjury only, and you are safe. This is what distinguishes poetry from prose !



Admission once deny'd him, I engage,  
 Instant shall cease Diana's dreadful rage. 190  
 From his pretensions spring your various woes,  
 O might the ills descend upon their cause!  
 His suit rejected, heav'n and you agree,  
 To you your health returns, my joys to me. 194  
 Fear not, bright maid! your heath shall be restor'd,  
 Seek but the shrine, and keep your plighted word.  
 Not blood of victims bends the pow'rs above;  
 Truth and self-conscious honesty they love.  
 Let some from fire or steel new vigour gain,  
 Or, cur'd by nauseous draughts, forget their pain;  
 No need of these:—If perjury you flee, 201  
 Your faith you shall preserve; yourself and me.

Thus far on ignorance throw all the fault,  
 The shrines neglected, and the vows forgot.  
 Henceforth these lines prevent it, and the snare, 205  
 Whose force, attempting to elude, you bear.  
 Which grant you 'scape; yet to assist your throes,  
 Shou'd you invoke the author of your woes:

## NOTES.

Line 203. *Thus far on ignorance, &c.*] He now, towards the close of his epistle, crowds all his strong arguments upon her. You may hitherto plead ignorance of the resentment of the goddess; but for the future, this letter of mine, by having inform'd you of the true reason of your disease, will prevent your urging that plea.

Line 207. *Which grant you 'scape, &c.*] But even suppose your perjury should not, at this time, cost you your life;



Quick wou'd the goddesses hear, and stern enquire  
Whence come your pains, and who the happy  
fire : 210

Rich vows preferr'd, the pow'r rejects with scorn ;  
Swear ;—'tis in vain : she knows you are forsworn.  
Regardless of myself, for you I fear ;  
Your life alone can wrap my soul in care.

Still, at your danger, can you let repine 215  
Your parents, thoughtless that the fault is thine ?  
In order, to your mother, all relate,  
Nor blush to own the partial work of Fate.  
How, 'tending once the rites of Delos' queen,  
First by these eyes your blooming charms were seen.

## NOTES.

life ; yet, if you marry with my rival, you will probably have occasion to invoke the offended deity, on another account ; and run a risque of not only receiving no assistance in the last extremity, but also of putting the goddesses upon enquiring more strictly into matters, and being further enrag'd against you.

Line 217. *In order, to your mother, &c.*] A man must be very ignorant of life, not to see the beauty and propriety of this passage. It is the finishing stroke of the epistle ; to prevail with her to let her parents into the secret of her vow. But then for the *mollissimus fandi modus* ? Why, attack the mother first, as the softest sex, and the person soonest alarm'd, And for fear that Cydippe might urge the usual excuse with young and modest folks, " What shall I say ?" he hath subjoin'd her lesson at large. And to encourage her to put it in practice, in the close of the paragraph, he ensures her success, if her mother was not a monster of cruelty ; in a most ingenious turn,

Talis erit mater, si modò mater erit.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE. 345

How, when I saw you, stupid, fixt, amaz'd, 221

Insatiate of the sweet surprize, I gaz'd :

How, while I gaz'd, (sure sign of love !) my gown

Off from my shoulders dropt, neglected, down.

How, bouncing to your feet, along the floor, 225

Insidious words a tempting apple bore.

Which read, the quiver-bearing goddess there,

Observe you must, or dreadful torments bear :

And, the full purport of the lines to show,

To her once more repeat the solemn vow. 230

“ With him, that hath your oath, your hand shall

“ join,

“ So shall th' united choice of heav'n be mine :

“ Us he shall please, who pleas'd the Delian dame,”

Your mother cries ;—if she deserves the name.

Yet bid her first enquire what note we bear, 235

She'll find your honour was Diana's care.

Cos, the Corycian nymphs' frequented seat,

Whose rocky sides Egean billows beat :

Cos is my native soil ; nor mean my race :

If, merit slighted, birth alone can please. 240

Wealth too we have, and manners none can blame ;

To these add love the best, the strongest claim.

Such am I, as unsworn you'd wish to join ;

And were I worse, your oath hath made you mine.

This still in silent dreams, the queen of night, 245

This still by day, love urges me to write.

His shafts already wound my bleeding heart,

O may you cease to feel the other's dart !

NOTES.

Line 245. *This still in silent dreams, &c.* ] Our author  
(as has before been observed) is happy above all others, in  
hitting

Join'd is our welfare ; spare yourself and me ;  
 To two one med'cine salutary be ! 250  
 Grant this ; and when shrill pipes shall give the sign  
 And blood devoted dye the Delian shrine ;  
 High in the temple, bright in gold, shall glow  
 'The lucky apple :—this inscrib'd below.  
 “ By this Acontius to the world declares, 255  
 “ His vows are ratify'd, and eas'd his cares.”  
 But lest, if more I add, with reading spent,  
 Weak as you are, your languid spirits faint,  
 I cease, unwilling : and that nothing new  
 Close these unlabour'd lines, dear nymph ! adieu. 260

## NOTES.

hitting the propriety of things. It would add no small weight to his pretensions, to have it believed, that the gods had put him upon writing this epistle ; but what deity most proper ? Why, the very same she had offended ; the goddess of night suggested it to him in his dreams ; and the god, who had been the author of his passion and enterprize, in his waking thoughts, by day.

Line 253. *High in the temple, bright in gold, shall glow, The lucky apple.* ] It was a customary thing to hang up the arms, in which they conquer'd, to the pillars, or middle stones in the arches, of the temples of their gods. In this light, the thought here is every way grand and beautiful. The apple by which I won you, and gain'd that glorious victory, shall be represented in gold, and suspended in the temple ; with a suitable inscription, testifying my gratitude to the goddess Diana, to whose severity I owe you.

C Y D I P P E

T O

A C O N T I U S.



## The ARGUMENT.

*THIS epistle is in answer to the last. It invalidates the greatest part of his chicanery, in an ingenious and solid manner. However, at last, she grows more passive, feeling too strongly the effects of her unwise curiosity, and the anger of the goddess. She informs him, that she had broke the ice by telling the whole affair to her mother ; and hints her acceptance of his love ; by putting him in mind, that as she had gone as far as a virgin ought, it belong'd to him to make further application.*

## CYDIPPE to ACONTIUS.

YOUR's, trembling, I perus'd ; with silent fear :  
Lest my unconscious tongue again shou'd swear.

## E S S A Y.

ANOTHER fault justly chargeable on our author, is, that by running on, in too precipitate a manner, he falls into forced construction, and indeed, except the verb be taken in more senses than one, (a thing by no means allowable in one and the same place) hardly possible to be reconcil'd with good sense.

Aurigam ; pariterque, animâque rotisque  
Expulit. ——— Met. ii. 312.

Arcuit omnipotens ; pariterque ipsosque nefasque  
Sustulit. ——— Met. ii. 505.

Et pariter vultusque Deo, plectrumque colorque  
Excidit. ——— Met. ii. 601.

Et mens, & quod opus fabrilis dextra gerebat,  
Excidit. ——— Met. iv. 175.

There is a quaintness, of this kind, in Phebus's noble adhortatory speech to his son Phaëton, sufficient to cause distaste to me,

Confiliis non curribus utere nostris. Met. ii. 146.

not to say, that, verse the ninth of Dido to Eneas borders upon the same fault ;

Certus es, Ænea, cum fœdere solvere naves ?

For the marriage contract, being, like other contracts, of the nature of the Gordian knot, not be loos'd without violence, the word *rumpo* would have been more proper to convey the idea. *Solvere* is applicable enough to *naves* by synecdoche, 'for *rudentes navium*.

This

Nor had you fail'd new stratagems to try,  
Were not one oath enough my faith to tie.

## E S S A Y.

This I take to be one of the passages, in our author, condemn'd by Mr Dryden, in general terms; but he hath precisely copied it in his translation, and consequently fallen into the same fault; *with loosen'd sails and vows*; for I dare appeal to any man, whether *solvere fœdus* be not a better phrase in Latin, than to *loose vows* in English.

As to the rest of our author's faults, they may not improperly be comprehended under a too great fondness for witticisms. This must have been owing to his natural turn, for they were not the taste of the times he liv'd in: there being little of that sort to be collected out of all his cotemporary writers. To speak truth, learning and taste arriv'd at too high a perfection, to admit even agreeable trifles. But the case is not the same with modern ears. They are accusom'd, as to rhyming in poetry, so also to chimings of all kinds; even similitude of sound in words, as well as syllables, and all the various play upon the sentiment. So that had not Ovid been a little too intemperate in the use of witticisms, he might very well have pass'd without censure with us; especially as, with it, he was still accounted a valuable author, by his own countrymen, and critics of a purer age. Not to urge, what hath been touch'd upon before, that they are no improper ingredients either for love-poems or epistles.

## N O T E S.

Line 1. *Your's, trembling, I perus'd, &c.*] The terror Cydippe may be suppos'd to be in, at the sight of more of that hand-writing, by which she had so severely suffered already, was as proper an opening for her epistle,

Unopen'd I'd return'd it ; but the flight 5  
 Might wake new vengeance in the queen of night :  
 Too much your friend !—for, to relieve my pain,  
 Rich vows ascend, and incense burns, in vain.  
 The pow'r too mindful of your cause we find ;  
 Scarce to her own Hippolytus so kind ! 10  
 Yet, oh ! a virgin's age, bright virgin ! spare ;  
 Nor finish, in life's shorten'd race, my fear.  
 Still from a cause unknown the fever burns,  
 And physic's feeble aid, indignant, scorns.  
 A skeleton, I write ; oppress'd with pain 15  
 Scarce can this arm my languid limbs sustain.  
 And lest our correspondence shou'd be known  
 To any, but my conscious nurse alone ;  
 To hinder all surprize the door she keeps,  
 And, ask who will, her answer is, " she sleeps." 20

## NOTES.

epistle, as obviating that very objection was, of his. What then was to be done?—The only remaining expedient was to return it unopened. But as the goddess had already inflicted so heavy a punishment upon her, for neglecting to perform the purport of the former, might it not further enrage the deity, if this also should have such an affront put upon it? Especially as she had reason to believe him almost as great a favourite with her as Hippolytus himself. See note the last on Phædra to Hippolytus. By this you see how easy and artful the composition is ; 'tis in answer to his, and yet as unconstrain'd, as if it were not.

Line 19. *To hinder all surprize, &c.*] This ingenious contrivance of an opportunity to write unsuspected, may convince



Soon, when this feign'd excuse, this kind repose,  
 Stretch'd out beyond it's length, suspected grows,  
 Or one, that cannot be refus'd, appears ;  
 She coughs ; the well-known signal strikes my ears :  
 Th' imperfect lines I leave, and, unesp'y'd, 25  
 Quick in my lap the cautious letter hide.

Thence I the dull fatigue resume again ;—  
 See, wretch ! for you what labours I sustain.  
 Yet far too mean you are to touch my mind ;  
 As undeserving you, as I too kind ! 30

Then am I doom'd to feel the wrath divine,  
 For one poor trick, one paltry fraud of thine !  
 Is this my gain, whose charms extort your praise ?  
 Deserves it such a punishment to please ?

## NOTES.

convince us how great a master of plot our author was.  
*Rogantibus* for *interrogantibus* in the original of this line ;  
 by a common figure ; the simple for the compound.  
 So Virgil frequently

——— *justissimus unus*

*Qui fuit in Teucris, & servantissimus æqui. Æn. ii. 426.*

*servantissimus* for *observantissimus*

Versu 36°. *Ope* ; *Physic.* So in Enone to Paris,  
 versu 151°.

*Ipse repertor opis* :—the very inventor of the art of  
 physic.

Line 33. *Is this my gain, &c.*] There is an uncommon  
 elegance in the sentiment of this paragraph ; as well as  
 a striking justice in the complaint. It being extremely  
 hard to suffer for giving pleasure to others. And the  
 wish, that she had appear'd ugly in his eye, is both  
 natural and pathetic.

O had I seem'd ill-favour'd in your eye: 35  
 Scorn'd I had been, yet blest with health and joy.  
 Now prais'd I weep, and of your strife repent;  
 That proves my bane, which for my good was  
 meant.

His rival claim while neither will decline,  
 You hinder his success, he frustrates thine. 40  
 I like a ship am tost by tide and wind;  
 This loud impells before, that roars behind.

But when the day, my parents' wish! arrives,  
 My fever, with redoubled rage, revives.  
 Just at the nuptial hour, the queen of Fate, 45  
 (Tremendous visit!) thunders at our gate.  
 I blush, of crimes unconscious, at the thought,  
 That Heav'n may seem offended by my fault.  
 Some say, " 'tis chance;" and some "that Jove's  
 " own voice  
 " Shows his aversion to my parents' choice." 50

## NOTES.

Line 41. *I like a ship am tost, &c.*] This beautiful simile very naturally represents her situation, amidst their obstinate struggles for her. And it so far excels any thing of the kind, as there is an internal, as well as external, likeness; her danger being assimilated by the distress of the vessel.

Line 49. *Some say, " 'tis chance, &c.*] Persons of various dispositions will for ever assign uncommon cases to various causes, according to the different turn of their own minds. Here the Epicurean and Atheist attribute her sickness to chance, the religiously-inclin'd to the disapprobation of the gods, and the superstitious to witchcraft.

Nor are you free from censure ;—of my woes  
 Part think your pow'rful magic is the cause.  
 The reason is unknown ; the ill is plain :  
 'Tis you contend, but I endure the pain.  
 Say, and, as wont, deceive ;—if angry fate 55  
 Attends your love, how dreadful is your hate ?  
 If hurtful be your love ;—O love your foes,  
 But hate Cydippe, and relieve her woes.

Either is banish'd your pretended care ;  
 Since here, unpity'd, dies your wish'd-for fair ; 60  
 Or, if unheard you sue ; the angry pow'r  
 (Vain-glorious boaster !) is your friend no more.  
 Will you not bend the pow'r ?—you love not me :—  
 And if you cannot ;—she regards not thee.

O had I ne'er beheld, at least not then, 65  
 Delos, surrounded by th' Egean main.

## NOTES.

craft. This is what I call anatomizing the sentiment, and holding it up to the light ; in order to show you it's simplicity and regularity.

Line 55. *Say, and, as wont, deceive ; &c.* The following lines contain a most ingenious and beautiful turn for epigram.

Line 59. *Either is banish'd, &c.* She here attacks him with the argumentum anceps, or two-fac'd proof ; utrum horum mavis accipe ; turn which way he will, he is caught. He either will not, or cannot relieve her ; if the former, he hath no regard for her, and his pretensions to love are false ; if the latter, the goddess hath no regard for him, and consequently his boasts of her patronage and favour are vain.

Line 65. *O had I ne'er beheld, &c.* This wishing the effect had been buried in it's cause, and consequently their

Th' unwilling tides oppos'd the launching ship,  
 In a sinister hour we plow'd the deep.  
 With luckless feet th' ill omen'd gate was pass'd,  
 With luckless feet, to climb the bark, I haste. 70  
 Twice adverse winds our opening sails oppose,  
 Mistaken maid!—for prosp'rous winds were those!  
 Those were the prosp'rous gales, that caus'd our stay,  
 Not those, that bore us o'er the watry way.

## NOTES.

their misfortunes stifled in their birth, as we observ'd before, occurs almost in every epistle. And yet by the management of the author, and the variety of the story, is kept from cloying; and like the idea Horace gives us of the sun.

Nascitur; —Aliusque & idem  
 Carm. sec. 10.

It's brightness prevents satiety. Cydippe's account in particular excels in a lively description of the sinister omens at her setting out; in that beautiful epanorthosis on the *prosp'rous winds*; in her ardent impatience to get thither; her chiding the gales for not carrying them on faster; and thinking the island still floated, and avoided them, like Eneas's Italy,

—*Italix fugientis prendimus oras.* Æn. vi. 61.

Her joy at her arrival; the riches of her dress; her wand'ring about to take a view of the temple, it's riches, and curiosities; and her surprize and blushing at the sight of the apple and it's contents, are circumstances equally as new and entertaining to the reader, as the place was to herself.



O had 'till now the blasts remain'd the same; 75  
Fool that I am! unconstant winds to blame.  
On wing the celebrated isle to view,  
My eager wish the tardy ship outflue.  
Oft, "mend your pace, ye lagging oars!" I cry;  
And "may less sparing gales the canvas ply." 80  
Now, Tenos, Myconos, and Andros past,  
Bright Delos' chalky cliffs appear at last:  
Which 'spy'd, I say; "Thou flying island! stay;  
"What still unfix'd, and floating in the sea?"  
Joyful, at length, the wish'd-for port we gain, 85  
When Sol's red horses plung'd beneath the main.  
Which, when o'er eastern hills their fronts they rear,  
Obsequious handmaids fold my braided hair;  
Her treasur'd stores my mother's hands unfold,  
With gems my fingers glow, my hair with gold. 90  
Then to the guardians of the isle, whose beams  
Dart round the globe, the pure libation streams.  
And while my pious mother tends her vows,  
And on the festal flames warm entrails throws,  
Me round the shrines my nurse, industrious, led, 95  
The hallow'd ground with wand'ring feet we tread;  
Admire what monuments the rich bequeath;  
And statues on all hands, that seem to breathe;  
The altar, which on horns exalted rose;  
And tree which aided fair Latona's throes; 100  
With what besides the various domes contain;  
Part now forgot, part tedious to explain!  
Me thus employ'd you saw, that fatal day;  
And thought these artless charms an easy prey.

The lofty fane we re-ascend ;—ah ! where 105  
Is virtue safe ; no sanctuary there ?

Bounce to my feet these words an apple bore ;—  
(Wretch that I am, again I'd almost swore :)

Snatch'd by my wond'ring nurse 'twas brought to me ;  
I read, great bard ! your treach'rous poetry. 110

I read ; my blushing cheeks, with conscious shame,  
Unbidden glow at Hymen's sacred name.

Fix'd on my lap these down-cast eyes I throw ;  
These eyes, the fatal ministers of woe !

Whence, wretch ! your joy ? your fame no triumphs  
raise. 115

A maid deceiv'd is all the mighty praise.

No heroine I, of Amazonian strain,

Fell, by your prowess, on the Trojan plain.

## NOTES.

Line 105. *Ah ! where is virtue safe, &c.*] Near half the epistle is employ'd in answering his claim, invalidating his arguments, and pleading her own innocence. And sure no complaint can be more strongly urg'd, than that virtue should be endanger'd in so sacred a place.

Line 108. *Wretch that I am, again I'd almost swore ;*] The break in the former line is one of those figures, which have a fine effect in composition both poetic and oratorial ; and strongly paints the horror impress'd upon her mind by the first pronounciation, and her succeeding sufferings.

Line 115. *Whence, wretch ! your joy ? &c.*] This sudden transition from a plain narrative of the fact, to an address to himself, is a beauty of the first magnitude ; especially as it arises from strong sallies of rage, at seeing him exult in his successful villainy. It gives indeed a severe check to his triumph ; and is enough to damp the most exalted joy on the occasion.

No belt inwrought with gold, Herculian spoil !  
 Your conquest graces, or rewards your toil. 120  
 Cease then your vaunts, since an imprudent maid  
 'Twas verbal treachery alone betray'd.  
 Cydippe thus, like Atalanta, fell,  
 By treach'rous fruit, and not by dint of steel.  
 While you, a new Hippomanes ! repeat 125  
 The paltry artifice, a stale deceit !  
 Yet had the little wanton seiz'd your heart,  
 Arm'd, as you paint him, with his torch and dart !  
 You shou'd have took the honourable course ;  
 Have won by eloquence, not storm'd by force. 130  
 You shou'd, when first resolv'd to woo the dame,  
 Have prov'd your merit equal to your claim.  
 To which if no objection cou'd be made,  
 Why wou'd you force me, rather than persuade ?  
 How weak your plea ?—in presence of the pow'r  
 'Twas my uncautious tongue alone that swore : 136  
 Nor can the tongue's unmeaning accents bind,  
 Unconscious of the solemn vow the mind :

## NOTES.

Versu 121°. There is a turn, and play, upon the word *verba*, by means of the Latin phrase *verba dare*, to deceive ; which could not be imitated in our language ; if it were worth while. The phrase seems odd, at the first sight, but arose, no doubt, from the promiser's giving *verba* & *præterea nihil*, when he run off from his agreement.

Line 137. *Nor can the tongue's unmeaning accents bind, &c.* After having vented her rage upon his triumph for  
 so



Oaths from deliberate thought proceed alone,  
 Nor swears the sense to articles unknown. 140  
 If 'twas my will the binding promise made,  
 Your promis'd right demand, the nuptial bed :  
 If empty words, the mind averse ! you boast,  
 Words you have won, but all the rest have lost.  
 No oath I took ;—the form I only read : 145  
 Nor chuse I so the partner of my bed.  
 Thus others cheat ;—th' ensnaring apple throw,  
 And let your summons thus succeed the vow ;  
 By guileful arts enrich'd, (if this will hold,)  
 Bilk the penurious miser of his gold : 150

## NOTES.

so poor a conquest, and by such low and ungenerous means ; she proceeds to invalidate his plea relating to her oath. She observes with truth, that it was not taking an oath, but only reading the form of it, which he trick'd her out of in the temple. She rightly defines taking an oath into what is assented to by the understanding, not what the tongue unmeaningly pronounces. If he could prove, that she agreed to swear, he might lawfully demand her, and she had nothing to object ; but that without such previous consent his claim upon it had but a very weak foundation.

Line 147. *Thus others cheat, &c.*] This argument, as being the strongest, is reserv'd to close her pleadings. And indeed it overthrows, by unanswerable example, his whole claim. For if his paultry tricks were valid in this, they must be so in other cases. Go then, (says she) and, by the same art, oblige the rich to give up their gold, and kings to resign their crowns, to you. At this rate, it will be an easy matter for you to secure the possession of the whole world, and exceed even your own goddess in power.



Let kings to you resign each realm and crown,  
 Supream in treach'ry ! make the world your own.  
 Believe me, if your words thus sacred be,  
 In pow'r the goddess' self submits to thee.

Yet tho' your suit, relentless, I've deny'd, 155  
 Plead'd my cause, and prov'd your promise void :  
 I own, th' avenging deity I fear,  
 And fancy all my ills proceed from her.  
 Else why, as oft' as meets the nuptial train, 159  
 Slack drop my nerves, and quick returns my pain ?  
 Thrice Hymen came, and thrice, with hasty flight,  
 Confus'd he left the interdicted rite.  
 The lights his weary fingers scarce cou'd raise ;  
 Tho' shook, th' unwilling torches faintly blaze :  
 Oft' spread his hair a rich perfume around, 165  
 And oft' a length of vestment swept the ground.  
 He comes ; an unexpected scene appears ;  
 Th' intended bride in death ; all eyes in tears :  
 From his contracted brow the wreath he threw,  
 And shook from off his hair th' Arabian dew. 170  
 Sad while he sate, gay mirth asham'd to raise,  
 His crimson garment kindled half his face.

## NOTES.

Line 155. *Yet tho' your suit, &c.* Having now given vent to all her resentment, and humbled his triumph ; she begins to relent, and own that she fears the vengeance of the goddess, and believes her pains proceed from her. The following description of the behaviour of the god Hymen, upon entering the house of mourning, is ingeniously imaged.

Mean time my veins with burning fevers glow'd,  
 Beneath my cloaths I sunk, oppressive load!  
 My parents weeping o'er my face I see, 175  
 And death's pale torch, not Hymen's burnt for me.  
 O spare a tortur'd wretch, bright, quiver'd maid!  
 And rather lend thy brother's balmy aid.  
 Why shou'd thy virgin shafts, relentless, kill,  
 While his kind art, auspicious, shines to heal. 180  
 When did I e'er, tho' with imprudent eyes,  
 Thee naked in the shaded stream surprize?  
 While to each heav'nly pow'r bright altars shine,  
 With gifts did I neglect to grace thy shrine?  
 Or did my mother, with presumptuous pride, 185  
 Latona's double offspring e'er deride?  
 O spare a virgin, conscious of no crime,  
 But reading that unlucky, perjur'd rhythm.  
 You too wou'd offer, were your loves sincere,  
 To heal the wound your rashness gave, a pray'r. 190

## NOTES.

Line 179. *Why shou'd thy virgin shafts, &c.*] The strong contrast between the cruelty of Diana, and the humanity of Phebus is very properly introduc'd. The example of so near a relation being most likely to influence the goddess to have compassion upon an innocent virgin. For when did she ever, like several others, affront her; nay, even imprudently incur her displeasure? And the apostrophe to Acontius in the last lines, that if he lov'd her, he also would endeavour to propitiate the deity in her favour, hath in it a most beautiful pathos.

Why does the pow'r of broken vows complain?  
 Her rage the cause, in my continu'd pain.  
 Life only can the fraud reward; for death  
 Robs you of hope, and me of vital breath.

Nor think your happier rival e'er possess'd, 195  
 Such lavish favours, as your fears suggest;  
 True;—on the bed he is allow'd to sit,  
 Far as the rules of decency permit.  
 Some change in my affection too he fears,  
 His cheeks, the cause unknown, oft' drench'd in  
 tears. 200

His freedoms are retrench'd; salutes more rare  
 He gives, and trembles when he says, "my dear!"  
 Yet where the wonder? since so plain my scorn;  
 The youth appearing, still averse I turn:  
 To talk refuse, and throw his hand aside, 205  
 And in feign'd slumbers these dim eye-balls hide.

## NOTES.

Line 195. *Nor think your happier rival e'er possess'd, &c.*] Her regard for the honour of her sex and her own character requir'd, that she should give an answer at large to his jealousy, that his rival was allow'd to take large freedoms with her, in her present condition. She asserts the falsehood of his suspicions; and by describing that rival's behaviour, vindicates her own modesty, and proves that he also observed the strictest decency; express'd the tenderest concern for her misfortune; and the highest affliction for the change in her countenance towards him; and upon all these accounts deserved much better of her, than his sharper antagonist.



Soft bursts the secret sigh, nor can his thought  
Trace out th' offence, unconscious of a fault !  
Ah ! how with joy I swell your haughty breast ;  
Wretch that I am ! my all is now confess'd. 210  
Yet you more justly merit my disdain,  
Such the reward your fraudulent arts shou'd gain.

You write for leave to see your languid fair,  
Yet, tho' so distant, you are still too near.  
Acontius now you are, in deed as name ; 215  
Expert from far to shoot the flying game.  
Still bleeds the wound afresh, receiv'd from you ;  
When words, more sharp than any shaft, you threw.  
Say, wou'd you come my death-like face to see,  
And view your cunning's double victory ? 220  
Fresh in my cheeks no roses glow, no blood ;  
Such was the face your treach'rous apple show'd.  
All the vermillion from my visage gone,  
I look a statue, new from Parian stone.  
Such on rich tables, silver vases shew, 225  
Whene'er cold water aids the pallid hue.

## NOTES.

Line 214. *Yet, tho' so distant, &c.*] There is a prettiness in the thought here, if it has not rather too much levity in it, for a person in her condition. Acontius's name is deriv'd from a Greek word, signifying a javelin, or missive weapon ; on that she builds the allusion. You may find in Genesis (chap. xxvii. ver. 36.) a sentiment precisely the same with this : " Is not he rightly named " Jacob ? for he hath supplanted me these two times : " he took away my birth-right ; and, behold, now he " hath taken away my blessing."



Me shou'd you now behold, you wou'd deny  
This form had pleas'd, or cou'd your art employ.

“ Hear, goddess ! (wou'd you cry,) and grant my  
“ pray'r ;

“ Re-call thy arrows, and release the fair.” 230  
New forms perhaps you wou'd again compose,  
And make me counter-swear my former vows.

But come, nor be your just request deny'd,  
Come, see how languid lies your future bride ;  
Tho' hard as steel, Acontius ! be your heart, 235  
Yourself, by pray'rs, shall strive to ease my smart.

Know then by what kind aid I must be heal'd,  
The Delphian god, consulted, hath reveal'd.  
Th' unerring oracle complains, ('tis said,)  
Of faith neglected by a perjur'd maid. 240  
And to confirm a lover's wish in thee,  
The god, the poet, and the nymph agree.

## NOTES.

Line 227. *Me shou'd you now behold, &c.*] The sentiment here is inimitably beautiful. She tells him that she is so alter'd by sickness, that she would probably be as much his aversion now, should he see her, as formerly his desire. That he would make application to the goddess to release her from her engagement : nay, even compose a counter form, and make her unswear again, what she before had vow'd.

Versu 232°. *Canente* ; giving out the oracle. The word *canto* came to have this signification from oracles being given out in verse.

Whence this uncommon favour? Have you found  
Some spell, that Heav'n with all it's pow'rs, hath  
bound?

I yield:—for where immortal wisdom fails, 245  
Nought sure weak woman's feeble wit avails.

I've told my mother, how deceiv'd I swore,  
Unmov'd these eyes, and fixt upon the floor!

Your's be the rest:—enough a virgin dares, 250  
Who thus in writing all her mind declares.

Enough the pen my languid nerves hath tir'd,  
My strength unequal to the task requir'd!

## NOTES.

Versu 238°. *Littera*; a charm. Such, I suppose, as she imagin'd that to have been, which was wrote upon the apple. Antient superstition attributed great power to witchcraft. Nor indeed is it totally eras'd out of the minds of Moderns; especially the vulgar. 'Tis little more than a century, since trials of witches were not infrequent, in our own courts of judicature. The grand process of witchcraft hath been spoken of before, as represented in Theocritus, Virgil, and Horace, under the denomination of *carmina*,

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea *carmina*, ducite Daphnim.

VIRG.

What is here mention'd under the title of *littera* is an inferior species, and answers to the remains of Popish superstition among us, (which is only a new edition of the Pagan) under the titles of charms for the tooth-ach, head-ach, agues, &c. and spells for orchards. The Jewish doctors at and before the coming of our Saviour, were far gone in this delusion; and suppos'd the miracle wrought

What now (besides my wishes soon to join,)  
Remains, but to subscribe Cydippe thine?

## NOTES.

wrought upon the impotent man, Acts the 3<sup>d</sup> chapter, to have been effected by something of this sort. For the question that was ask'd of the Apostles by the Sanhedrim was, by what *power*, or by what *name* have ye done this? To which Peter answers, be it known unto you, that by the *name* of Jesus Christ of Nazareth—doth this man stand here before you whole: i. e. If you suspect me of conjuring, know that I conjure by no meaner *name* than that of the Prince of Life, and Lord of Glory.



## The CONCLUSION.

**W**E have now, my dear youth, gone through the best and most correct part of Ovid's works ; with my observations upon them. As to the language, you are either already masters of it ; or if any part should slip your memories, we shall have frequent opportunities, in reading other authors, of refreshing them ; so that I shall have no need to swell out the volume with many of the shorter notes of that kind : and that you may always have it in your power to recur to the critical observations, I will, for your sakes, commit them to the press. One thing more let me remind you of, which will best enable you to understand the phrase of each language, of any thing I can think of. That is, make yourselves perfectly acquainted with the customs of the people, whose language you are reading ; for from these, most of the particular phrases in their language are deriv'd : and their authors had their eye upon the action, not the language, when they wrote ; in the same manner as I have often observ'd to you, that their poets had their's, upon some fine piece of painting or statue, in their allusions and descriptions. For instance, when a *Greek* says of a league, that it was *cut* (*ὅρνια τέτρετα τὰ μὲν*), he hath respect to the party's cutting off the hair from the victim's forehead ; when a *Latin* says, it was *struck* (*ictu fœdere*) he hath equally a retrospect to the hog, which was knock'd down in the ceremony ; and when an *Englishman* says, it was *sign'd*, he hath his eye upon the executing of the instrument, in which the terms of it are contain'd. Thus you see from the different customs of three nations, their languages obtain'd three different phrases, to express the same act.

There is nothing wanting to render the Essays a regular composition, besides the addition of one or two more of them, in which to show the faults of the translation. But you will please to excuse my doing it. For, as a  
parent,



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parent, I may be suppos'd, out of a natural partiality to my own, to see none in it. The critics may view it with other eyes, and, in the same capacity towards it, as I to you, reduce it to order, and make it sensible of it's errors, by proper discipline. When therefore it comes crying home with complaints of intolerable severity, I shall, like a true parent, with tears in my eyes, answer them, with, " my dear! you must submit; it is all for your " good."

*F I N I S.*



